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The Golden Scorpion

AN ORIENTAL MYSTERY

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DR. KEPPEL STUART awoke with a start, and discovered himself to be bathed in cold perspiration. The moonlight shone in at his window, but did not touch the bed; therefore his awakening could not be due to this cause. He lay for some time listening for any unfamiliar noise which might account for the sudden disturbance of his usually sound slumbers.

In the house below nothing stirred. His windows were widely open, and he could detect that vague drumming which is characteristic of midnight London; sometimes, too, the clashing of buffers upon some side track of a near-by railway, and occasional siren-notes from the Thames. Otherwise—nothing.

He glanced at the luminous disk of his watch. The hour was half past two. Dawn was not far off. The night seemed to have become almost intolerably hot, and to the heat Stuart felt disposed to ascribe both his awakening and also a feeling of uncom-

fortable tension, of which he now became aware.

He continued to listen, and, listening and hearing nothing, he recognized with anger that he was frightened. A sense of some presence oppressed him. Some evil thing or person was near him—perhaps in the room, veiled by the shadows. This uncanny sensation grew more and more marked.

Stuart sat up in bed, slowly and cautiously, looking all about him. He remembered that he had once awakened thus in India, and had found a great cobra coiled at his feet. His inspection revealed the presence of nothing unfamiliar, and he stepped out upon the floor.

A faint clicking sound reached his ears. He stood quite still. The clicking was repeated.

"There is some one down-stairs in my study!" he muttered.

He became aware that the fear which

held him was such that unless he acted, and acted swiftly, he would become incapable of action; but he remembered that whereas the moonlight poured into the bedroom, the staircase would be in complete darkness. He walked barefooted across to the dressing-table and took up an electric torch that lay there. He had not used it for some time, and he pressed the button to make sure that the torch was charged. A beam of white light shone out across the room, and, at the same instant, there came another sound.

Whether it came from below or above, from the adjoining room or from outside in the road, Stuart knew not; but, following hard upon the mysterious disturbance which had aroused him, it seemed to pour ice into his veins, it added the complementary touch to his panic. For it was a kind of low wail—a ghostly minor wail in falling cadences—unlike any sound he had heard. It was so excessively horrible that it produced a curious effect.

Discovering from the dancing of the torch-ray that his hand was trembling, Stuart concluded that he had awakened from a nightmare, and that this fiendish wailing was no more than an unusually delayed aftermath of the imaginary horrors which had bathed him in cold perspiration.

He walked resolutely to the door, threw it open, and turned the beam of light on the staircase. Softly he began to descend. Before the study door he paused. There was no sound. He threw open the door, directing the torch-ray into the room.

Cutting a white lane through the blackness it shone fully upon his writing-table, which was a rather fine Jacobean piece with a sort of quaint bureau superstructure containing cabinets and drawers. He could detect nothing unusual in the appearance of the littered table. A tobacco-jar stood there, with a pipe resting in the lid. Papers and books were scattered untidily as he had left them, surrounding a tray full of pipe and cigarette ash. Then, suddenly, he saw something else.

One of the bureau drawers was half opened.

Stuart stood quite still, staring at the table. There was no sound in the room. He crossed slowly, moving the light from right to left. His papers had been overhauled methodically. The drawers had been replaced, but he felt assured that all of them had been examined.

The light switch was immediately beside the outer door, and Stuart walked over to it and switched on both lamps. Turning, he surveyed the brilliantly illuminated room. Save for himself, it was empty.

He looked out into the hallway again. There was no one there, and no sound broke the stillness; but that consciousness of some near presence asserted itself persistently and uncannily.

"My nerves are out of order!" he muttered. "No one has touched my papers. I must have left the drawer open myself."

He switched off the light and walked to the door. He had passed out, intending to return to his room, when he became aware of a slight draft. He stopped.

Some evil and watchful being seemed to be very near again. Stuart turned, and found himself gazing fearfully in the direction of the open study door. He became persuaded anew that some one was hiding there, and, snatching up an ash stick which lay upon a chair in the hall, he returned to the door. One step into the room he took, and paused, palsied with a sudden fear which exceeded anything he had known.

A white casement curtain was drawn across the French windows, and outlined upon this moon-bright screen he saw a tall figure. It was that of a cowed man. Such an apparition would have been sufficiently alarming had the cowl been that of a monk, but the outline of this uncanny creature suggested one of the Misericordia brethren or the costume worn of old by the familiars of the Inquisition.

Stuart's heart leaped wildly, and seemed to grow still. He sought to cry out in his terror, but only emitted a dry, gasping sound.

The psychology of panic is obscure, and has been but imperfectly explored. The presence of the terrible cowed figure afforded confirmation of Stuart's theory that he was the victim of a species of waking nightmare.

Even as he looked the shadow of the cowed man moved—and was gone. Stuart ran across the room, jerked open the curtains, and stared out across the moon-bathed lawn, its prospect terminated by high privet hedges. One of the French windows was wide open. There was no one on the lawn; there was no sound.

"Mrs. McGregor swears that I always forget to shut these windows at night!" he muttered.

He closed and bolted the window, stood for a moment looking out across the empty lawn, then turned and left the room.

II

DR. STUART awoke in the morning and tried to recall what had occurred during the night. He consulted his watch, and found the hour to be 6 A.M. No one was stirring in the house, and he rose and put on a bath-robe. He felt perfectly well, and could detect no symptoms of nervous disorder. Bright sunlight was streaming into the room.

He went out upon the landing, fastening the cord of his gown as he descended the stairs. His study door was locked, with the key outside. He remembered having locked it. Opening it, he entered and looked about him. He was vaguely disappointed. Save for the untidy litter of papers upon the table, the study was as he had left it on retiring. If he could believe the evidence of his senses, nothing had been disturbed.

Not content with a casual inspection, he particularly examined those papers which, in his dream-adventure, he had believed to have been submitted to mysterious inspection. They showed no signs of having been touched. The casement curtains were drawn across the recess formed by the French windows, and sunlight streamed in where he had seen the cowed man silhouetted against the pallid illumination of the moon.

Drawing back the curtains, he examined the window-fastenings. They were secure. If the window had really been open in the night, he must have left it so himself.

"Well," muttered Stuart, "of all the amazing nightmares!"

He determined, as soon as he had bathed and completed his toilet, to write an account of the dream for the *Psychical Research Society*, in whose work he was interested. Half an hour later, as the movements of an awakened household began to proclaim themselves, he sat down at his writing-table and commenced to write.

Keppel Stuart was a dark, good-looking man of about thirty-two, an easy-going bachelor, not overambitious, but nevertheless a brilliant physician. He had worked for the *Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine*, and had spent several years in India studying snake poisons. His purchase of a humdrum suburban practise had been dictated by his desire to make a home for a girl who, at the eleventh hour, had declined

to share it. Two years had elapsed since then, but the shadow still lay upon Stuart's life, its influence being revealed in a certain apathy, almost indifference, which characterized his professional conduct.

His account of the dream completed, he put the paper into a pigeonhole and forgot all about the matter.

That day seemed to be more than usually dull, and the hours dragged wearily on. Stuart was conscious of a sort of suspense. He was waiting for something, or for some one. He did not choose to analyze this mental condition. Had he done so the explanation was simple—and one that he dared not face.

At about ten o'clock that night, having been called out to a case, he returned to his house, walking straight into the study, as was his custom, and casting a light *Burberry* and a soft hat upon the sofa, beside his stick and bag. The lamps were lighted, and the book-lined room, indicative of a studious and not overwealthy bachelor, looked cheerful enough with the firelight dancing upon the furniture.

Mrs. McGregor, a gray-haired Scottish lady, attired with scrupulous neatness, was tending the fire at the moment. Hearing Stuart come in, she turned and glanced at him.

"A fire is almost superfluous to-night, Mrs. McGregor," he said. "I found it unpleasantly warm walking."

"May is a fearsome treacherous month, Mr. Keppel," replied the old housekeeper, who, from long association with the struggling practitioner, had come to regard him as a son. "And a wheen o' dry logs is worth a barrel o' pheesic. To which I would add that if ye're hintin' it's time ye shed yer wooolsies for yer summer wear, all I have to reply is that I hope sincerely yer patients are more prudent than yersel'!"

She placed his slippers in the fender and took up the hat, stick, and coat from the sofa. Stuart laughed.

"Most of the neighbors exhibit their wisdom by refraining from becoming patients of mine, Mrs. McGregor."

"That's no weesdom; it's preejudice."

"Prejudice!" cried Stuart, dropping down upon the sofa.

"Aye," replied Mrs. McGregor firmly, "preejudice! They're no that daft but they're well aware o' who's the cleverest physeecian in the deestrick, and they come to nane other than Dr. Keppel Stuart when

they're sair sick and think they're dying; but ye'll never establish the practise ye desairve, Mr. Keppel—never, until—"

"Until when, Mrs. McGregor?"

"Until ye take heed of an auld wife's advice and find a new housekeeper."

"Mrs. McGregor!" exclaimed Stuart with concern. "You don't mean that you want to desert me? After—let me see, how many years is it, Mrs. McGregor?"

"Thirty years come last Shrove Tuesday I dandled ye on my knee, and, eh, but ye were bonny! God forbid, but I'd like to see ye thriving as ye desairve, and that ye'll never do whilst ye're a bachelor."

"Oh!" cried Stuart, laughing again. "Oh, that's it, is it? So you would like me to find some poor, inoffensive girl to share my troubles?"

Mrs. McGregor nodded wisely.

"She'd have nane so many to share. I know ye think I'm auld-fashioned, Mr. Keppel, and it may be I am; but I do assure ye I would be sair harassed, if stricken to my bed—which, please God, I won't be—to receive the veesits of a pairsonable young bachelor—"

"Quite so, Mrs. McGregor," interrupted Stuart; "but I think we have discussed this point before. As you say, your ideas are a wee bit, just a wee bit, behind the times—on this particular point, I mean. Well, I am very grateful to you, very sincerely grateful, for your disinterested kindness; and if ever I should follow your advice—"

Mrs. McGregor interrupted him, pointing to his shoes.

"Ye're no that daft as to sit in wet boots?"

"Really they are perfectly dry. Except for a light shower this evening there has been no rain for several days. However, I may as well, since I shall not be going out again."

He began to unlace his shoes as Mrs. McGregor pulled the white casement curtains across the windows and then prepared to retire. Her hand upon the door-knob, she turned again to Stuart.

"The foreign lady called half an hour since, Mr. Keppel."

Stuart desisted from unlacing his shoes and looked up with lively interest.

"Mlle. Dorian? Did she leave any message?"

"She obsairved that she might repeat her veesit later," replied Mrs. McGregor, and

added, after a moment's hesitation: "She awaited yer return with great patience."

"Really, I am sorry I was detained," declared Stuart, relacing his shoe. "How long has she been gone, then?"

"Just the now—no more than two or three minutes. I trust she is no worse!"

"Worse?"

"The lass seemed o'eranxious to see you."

"Well, you know, Mrs. McGregor, she comes a considerable distance."

"So I am given to understand, Mr. Keppel," replied the old lady dryly; "and in a grand, luxurious car!"

Stuart assumed an expression of perplexity to hide his embarrassment.

"Mrs. McGregor," he said rather ruefully, "you watch over me as tenderly as my own mother would have done. I have observed a certain restraint in your manner whenever you have had occasion to refer to Mlle. Dorian. In what way does she differ from my other lady patients?"

Even as he spoke the words, Stuart knew in his heart that she differed from every other woman in the world. Mrs. McGregor sniffed.

"Do yer other lady patients wear furs that yer airnings for six months could never pay for, Mr. Keppel?" she inquired.

"No. Unfortunately they pin their faith, for the most part, to gaily colored shawls. All the more reason why I should bless the accident which led Mlle. Dorian to my door!"

Mrs. McGregor, betraying real suspicion in her keen interest, murmured *sotto voce*:

"Then she is a patient?"

"What's that?" asked Stuart, regarding the old housekeeper with surprise. "A patient? Certainly. She suffers from insomnia."

"I'm no surprised to hear it!"

"What do you mean, Mrs. McGregor?"

"Now, Mr. Keppel, laddie, ye're angry with me, and like enough I am a meddlesome auld woman; but I know what a man will do for shining een and a winsome face—none better, to my sorrow—and twa times have I heard the warning."

Stuart stood up in real perplexity.

"Pardon my density, Mrs. McGregor, but—er—the warning? To what warning do you refer?"

Seating herself in the chair before the writing-table, Mrs. McGregor shook her head pensively.

"What would it be," she said softly, "but the pibroch o' the McGregors?"

Stuart came across and leaned upon a corner of the table.

"The pibroch of the McGregors?" he repeated.

"Nane other. 'Tis said to be Rob Roy's ain piper that gives warning when danger threatens ane o' the McGregors, or any they love."

"A well-meaning but melancholy retainer!" Stuart commented, restraining a smile.

"As well as I hear you now, laddie, I heard the pibroch on the day a certain woman first crossed my threshold, nigh thirty years ago, in Inveraray; and as plainly as I heard it wailing then, I heard it the first evening that Miss Dorian came to this house!"

"If I remember rightly," said Stuart, torn between good-humored amusement and real interest, "Mlle. Dorian first called here just a week ago, immediately before I returned from an infirmity case?"

"Your memory is guid, Mr. Keppel."

"And when, exactly, did you hear the warning?"

"Two minutes before you entered the house; and I heard it again the now."

"What? You heard it to-night?"

"I heard it again just the now, and I lookit out the window."

"Did you get a glimpse of Rob Roy's piper?"

"Ye're laughing at an auld wife, laddie. No, but I saw Miss Dorian away in her car, and twa minutes later I saw yersel' coming round the corner."

"If she had only waited another two minutes!" murmured Stuart. "No matter; she may return. And are these the only occasions upon which you have heard the mysterious sound, Mrs. McGregor?"

"No, Master Keppel, they are not. I assure ye something threatens. It wakened me up in the wee sma' hours last night—the piping—and I lay awake shaking for long enough."

"How extraordinary! Are you sure your imagination is not playing you tricks?"

"Ah, ye're no takin' me seriously!"

"Mrs. McGregor"—he leaned across the table and rested his hands upon her shoulders—"you are a second mother to me. Your care makes me feel like a boy again; and in these gray days it's good to feel like a boy again. You think I am laughing at

you, but I'm not. The strange tradition of your family is associated with a tragedy in your life; therefore I respect it. But have no fear with regard to Mlle. Dorian. In the first place, she is a patient; in the second, I am merely a penniless suburban practitioner. Good night, Mrs. McGregor. Don't think of waiting up. Tell Mary to show *mademoiselle* in here as soon as she arrives—that is, if she really returns."

Mrs. McGregor stood up and walked slowly to the door.

"I'll show *mademoiselle* in mysel', Mr. Keppel," she said; "and I'll show her out!" She closed the door very quietly.

III

SEATING himself at the writing-table, Stuart began mechanically to arrange his papers. He loaded his pipe from the tobacco-jar, but his manner remained abstracted. He was not thinking of the phantom piper, but of Mlle. Dorian.

Until he met this bewilderingly pretty woman, he had thought that his heart was permanently proof against the glances of bright eyes. *Mademoiselle* had disillusioned him. She was the most fragrantly lovely creature he had ever met, and never for one waking moment since her first visit had he succeeded in driving her bewitching image from his mind. He had tried to laugh at his own folly, then had grown angry with himself, but finally had settled down to a dismayed acceptance of a wild infatuation.

He had no idea who Mlle. Dorian was. He did not even know her exact nationality, but he strongly suspected that there was a strain of Eastern blood in her veins. Although she was quite young, apparently little more than twenty, she dressed like a woman of unlimited means. All her visits had been at night, but he had had glimpses of the big car which had aroused Mrs. McGregor's displeasure.

Yes—so ran his musings, as, pipe in mouth, he rested his chin in his hands and stared grimly into the fire—she had always come at night, and always alone. He had supposed her to be a Frenchwoman, but an unmarried French girl of good family does not make late calls, even upon a medical man, unattended. Had he unwittingly made himself a party to the escapade of some unruly member of a noble family? From the first he had shrewdly suspected the ailments of Mlle. Dorian to be imaginary. Mlle. Dorian—it was an odd name!

"I shall be imagining she is a disguised princess if I wonder about her any more!" he muttered angrily.

Detecting himself in the act of heaving a weary sigh, he coughed in self-reproval and reached into a pigeonhole for the manuscript of his unfinished paper on "Snake Poisons and Their Antidotes." By chance he pulled out the brief account, written the same morning, of his uncanny experience during the previous night. He read it through reflectively.

It was incomplete. A certain mental haziness which he had noted upon awakening had in some way obscured the facts. His memory of the dream had been imperfect. Even now, while recognizing that some feature of the experience was missing from his written account, he could not precisely identify the omission. But one memory arose starkly before him—that of the cowed man who had stood behind the curtains. It had power to chill him yet.

The old incredulity returned, and methodically he reexamined the contents of some of the table drawers. Ere long, however, he desisted impatiently.

"What the devil could a penniless doctor have hidden in his desk that was worth stealing?" he said aloud. "I must avoid cold salmon and cucumber in future!"

He tossed the statement aside and turned to his scientific paper. There came a knock at the door.

"Come in!" snapped Stuart irritably; but the next moment he had turned, eager-eyed, to the servant who had entered.

"Inspector Dunbar has called, sir."

"Oh, all right!" said Stuart, repressing another sigh. "Show him in here."

There entered, shortly, a man of unusual height, a man gaunt and square both of figure and face. He wore his clothes and his hair untidily. He was iron-gray, with a grim mouth partly concealed by a wiry mustache. The most notable features of a striking face were the tawny, leonine eyes, which could be fierce, could be pensive, and were often kindly.

"Good evening, doctor," said the visitor. His voice was pleasant and unexpectedly light in tone. "Hope I don't intrude."

"Not at all, inspector," Stuart assured him. "Make yourself comfortable in the armchair and fill your pipe."

"Thanks," said Dunbar. "I will." He took out his pipe and reached out a long arm for the tobacco-jar. "I came to see

if you could give me a tip on a matter that has cropped up."

"Something in my line?" asked Stuart, a keen, professional look coming momentarily into his eyes.

"It's supposed to be a poison case, although I can't see it myself," answered the detective, to whom Keppel Stuart's unusual knowledge of poisons had been of service in the past. "If what I suspect is true, it's a very big case, all the same."

Laying down his pipe, which he had filled but had not lighted, Inspector Dunbar pulled out from the inside pocket of his tweed coat a bulging note-book, and extracted therefrom some small object wrapped in tissue-paper. Unwrapping this object, he laid it upon the table.

"Tell me what that is, doctor," he said.

Stuart peered closely at that which lay before him. It was a curiously-shaped piece of gold, cunningly engraved in a most unusual way. Rather less than an inch in length, it formed a crescent made up of six oval segments joined one to another, the sixth terminating in a curled point. The first and largest segment ended jaggedly, and had evidently been snapped off from the rest of the ornament—if the thing had formed part of an ornament.

Stuart looked up, frowning and puzzled.

"It is a curious fragment of jewelry—possibly of Indian origin," he said.

Inspector Dunbar lighted his pipe and tossed the match-end into the fire.

"But what does it represent?" he asked.

"Oh, as to that, I said a *curious* fragment advisedly, because I cannot imagine any woman wearing such a loathsome thing. It is the tail of a scorpion."

"Ah!" cried Dunbar, his tawny eyes glittering with excitement. "The tail of a scorpion! I thought so! And Sowerby would have it that it represented the stem of a prickly-pear!"

"Not so bad a guess," replied Stuart. "There *are* resemblances—not in the originals, but in such a miniature reproduction as this. He was wrong, however. May I ask where you obtained the fragment?"

"I'm here to tell you, doctor, for now that I know it's a scorpion's tail, I know I'm out of my depth as well. You've traveled in the East and lived in the East—two very different things. Now, while you were out there—in India, China, Burma, and so on—did you ever come across a religion or a cult that worshiped scorpions?"

Stuart frowned thoughtfully, rubbing his chin with the mouthpiece of his pipe. Dunbar watched him expectantly.

"Help yourself to whisky and soda, inspector," said Stuart absently. "You'll find everything on the side-table yonder. I'm thinking."

Inspector Dunbar nodded, stood up, and crossed the room, where he busied himself with siphon and decanter. Presently he returned carrying two full glasses, one of which he set before Stuart.

"What's the answer, doctor?" he asked.

"The answer is *no*. I am not acquainted with any sect of scorpion-worshippers, inspector; but I once met with a curious experience at Suchow, in China, which I have never been able to explain, and which may interest you. It wanted but a few minutes to sunset, and I was anxious to get back to my quarters before dusk fell. Therefore I hurried up my rickshaw boy, telling him to cross the Grand Canal by the Wu-men Bridge. He made speed in that direction, and we had just come to the steep acclivity of the bridge, when suddenly the boy dropped the shafts and fell down on his knees, hiding his face in his hands.

"Shut your eyes tightly, master!" he whispered. "The Scorpion is coming!"

"I stared down at him in amazement, as was natural, and not a little angrily, for his sudden action had almost pitched me on my head; but there he crouched, immovable. Staring up the slope, I saw that it was entirely deserted except for one strange figure at that moment crossing the crown of the bridge and approaching me. It was the figure of a tall and dignified Chinaman, or of one who wore the dress of a Chinaman; but the extraordinary thing about the stranger's appearance was this—he also wore a thick green veil!"

"Covering his face?"

"So as to cover his face completely. I was staring at him in wonder when the boy, seeming to divine the other's approach, whispered: 'Turn your head away! Turn your head away!'"

"He was referring to the man with the veil?"

"Undoubtedly. Of course, I did nothing of the kind; but it was impossible to discern the stranger's features through the thick gauze, although he passed quite close to me. He had not proceeded another three paces, I should think, before my boy had snatched up the shafts and darted across

the bridge as if all the fiends were after him. Here's the odd thing, though—I could never induce him to speak a word on the subject afterward. I bullied him and bribed him, but all to no purpose. And although I must have asked more than a hundred Chinamen, in every station of society, from mandarin to mendicant, who or what the Scorpion was, I could get no further. Every one to whom I put the question blandly assured me that he did not know what I meant."

"H-m!" said Dunbar. "It's a queer yarn, certainly. How long ago would that be, doctor?"

"Roughly, five years."

"It sounds as if it might belong to the case. Some months back, early in the winter, we received instructions at the Yard to look out everywhere in the press, in the theaters, in the talk of the buffets, and particularly in criminal quarters, for any sort of reference to a scorpion. I was so puzzled that I saw the commissioner about it, but he could tell me next to nothing. He said that word had come through from Paris, and that Paris seemed to know no more about it than we did. It was associated in some way with the sudden deaths of several public men about that time; but as there was no evidence of foul play in any of the cases, I couldn't see what it meant. Then, six weeks ago, Sir Frank Narcombe, the surgeon, had a fatal seizure in the foyer of a West End theater—you remember?"

"Perfectly—an extraordinary case. There should have been an autopsy."

"It's curious that you should say so, doctor, because we had the tip to press for one, but Sir Frank's people had big influence, and we lost. This is the point, though—I was working day and night for a week or more, cross-questioning Tom, Dick, and Harry, and examining shoals of papers, to try and find some connection between Sir Frank Narcombe and a scorpion. Paris information again! Of course, I found no trace of such a thing. It was the deuce of a job, because I didn't really know what I was looking for. I had begun to think that the scorpion hunt had gone the way of a good many other giant gooseberries when last night the river police got the grapple on a man off Hanover Hole—a rich spot for such finds. He was frightfully battered about; he seemed to have been mixed up with a steamer's propeller-blades. The only two things by which he may ultimately be

identified are a metal disk which he wore on a chain around his wrist, and which bore the initials 'G. M.' and the number 49685, and—that."

"What?" said Stuart.

"The scorpion's tail. It was stuck in the torn lining of his jacket pocket."

IV

THE telephone-bell rang. Stuart reached across for the instrument and raised the receiver.

"Yes!" he said. "Dr. Stuart speaking. Inspector Dunbar is here. Hold on!"

He passed the instrument to Dunbar, who had stood up on hearing his name mentioned.

"Sergeant Sowerby at Scotland Yard wishes to speak to you, inspector."

"Hello!" said Dunbar. "That you, Sowerby? Yes, but I arrived here only a short time ago. What's that—Max? Did you say Max? Good Heavens! what does it all mean? Are you sure of the number—49685? Poor chap! He should have worked with us instead of going off alone; but he was always given to that sort of thing. Wait for me. I'll be with you in a few minutes. I can get a taxi. And, Sowerby, listen—it's the scorpion case right enough. That bit of gold found on the dead man is not a cactus-stem; it's a scorpion's tail!"

He put down the telephone and turned to Stuart, who had been listening with growing concern. Dunbar struck his open palm down upon the table with a violent gesture.

"We have been asleep!" he exclaimed. "Gaston Max, of the Paris service, has been at work in London for a month, and we didn't know it!"

"Gaston Max!" cried Stuart. "Then it must be a big case, indeed!"

The name of the celebrated Frenchman was familiar to him as that of the foremost criminal investigator in Europe. He found himself staring at the fragment of gold with a new and keener interest.

"Poor chap!" continued Dunbar. "It was his last. The body brought in from Hanover Hole has been identified as his."

"What? It is the body of Gaston Max?"

"Paris has just wired that Max's reports ceased more than a week ago. He was working on the case of Sir Frank Narcombe, it seems, and I never knew; but I predicted a long time ago that Max would play the

lone-hand game once too often. They sent particulars. The identification disk is his. There's no doubt about it, unfortunately. The dead man's face is unrecognizable, but it's not likely there are two disks of that sort bearing the initials 'G. M.' and the number 49685. I'm going along now. Would you care to come, doctor?"

"I am expecting a patient, inspector—rather a special case," replied Stuart; "but I hope you will keep me in touch with this affair."

"Well, I shouldn't have suggested your coming to the Yard if I hadn't wanted to do that. As a matter of fact, this scorpion job seems to resolve itself into a case of elaborate assassination by means of some unknown poison, and although I should have come to see you in any event, because you have helped me more than once, I came tonight at the suggestion of the commissioner. He instructed me to retain your services, if they were available."

"I am honored," replied Stuart. "But, after all, inspector, I am merely an ordinary suburban practitioner. My reputation has yet to be made. What's the matter with Halesowen, of Upper Wimpole Street? He's the big man."

"And if Sir Frank Narcombe was really poisoned—as Paris seems to think he was—he's also a big fool," retorted Dunbar bluntly. "He declared that Sir Frank's death was due to heart trouble."

"I know he did—unsuspected ulcerative endocarditis. Perhaps he was right."

"If he was right," said Dunbar, taking up the piece of gold from the table, "what was Gaston Max doing with this thing in his possession?"

"There may be no earthly connection between Max's inquiries and the death of Sir Frank."

"On the other hand, there may. Leaving Dr. Halesowen out of the question, are you open to act as expert adviser in this case?"

"Certainly. I should be delighted."

"Your fee is your own affair, doctor. I will communicate with you later, if you wish, or call again in the morning."

Dunbar wrapped up the scorpion's tail in the piece of tissue paper, and was about to replace it in his note-case. Then he changed his mind.

"I'll leave this with you, doctor," he said. "I know it will be safe enough, and you might like to examine it at leisure."

"Very well," replied Stuart. "Some of the engraving is very minute. I will have a look at it through a glass later."

He took the fragment from Dunbar, who had again unwrapped it, and, opening a drawer of the writing-table, in which he kept his check-book and a few personal valuables, he placed the curious piece of gold-work within and relocked the drawer.

"I will walk as far as the cab-rank with you," he said, finding himself to be possessed of a spirit of unrest.

Whereupon the two went out of the room, Stuart extinguishing the lamps as he came to the door. They had not been gone more than two minutes when a car drew up outside the house, and Mrs. McGregor ushered a lady into the study, turning up the lights as she entered.

"The doctor has gone out but just the now, Miss Dorian," she said stiffly. "I am sorry ye are so unfortunate in yer veesits. But I know he'll be no more than a few minutes."

The girl addressed was of a type fully to account for the misgivings of the shrewd old Scotswoman. She had the ripe beauty of the East allied to the slender elegance of the West. Her features, while cast in a charming European mold, at the same time suggested in some subtle way the Oriental. She had the long, almond-shaped eyes of the Egyptian, and her hair, which she wore in an unusual and picturesque fashion reminiscent of the harem, was inclined to be fuzzy, but gleamed with coppery tints where the light touched its waves.

She wore a cloak of purple velvet with a hooded collar of white fox fur; it fastened with golden cords. Beneath it was a white-and-gold robe, cut with classic simplicity of line and confined at the waist by an ornate Eastern girdle. White stockings and dull-gold shoes exhibited to advantage her charming little feet and slim ankles, and she carried a hand-bag of Indian bead-work. Mlle. Dorian was indeed a figure calculated to fire the imagination of any man, and to linger long and sweetly in the memory.

Mrs. McGregor, palpably ill at ease, conducted her to an armchair.

"You are very good," said the visitor, speaking with a certain hesitancy, and with a slight accent that was musical and fascinating. "I wait a while, if I may."

"Dear, dear!" muttered Mrs. McGregor, beginning to poke the fire. "He has let

the fire down, of course! Is it out? No, I see a wee sparkie!"

She set the poker upright before the nearly extinguished fire and turned triumphantly to Mlle. Dorian, who was watching her with a slight smile.

"That will be a comforting blaze in a few minutes, Miss Dorian," she said, and went toward the door.

"If you please!" called the girl, detaining her. "Might I speak on the telephone a moment? As Dr. Stuart is not at home, I must explain that I wait for him."

"Certainly, Miss Dorian," replied Mrs. McGregor. "Use the telephone, by all means; but I think the doctor will be back any moment now."

"Thank you so much!"

Mrs. McGregor went out, not without a final backward glance at the elegant figure in the armchair. Mlle. Dorian sat there with her chin resting in her hand and her elbow upon the arm of the chair, gazing into the smoke that rose from the embers in the grate. The door closed, and Mrs. McGregor's footsteps could be heard receding along the corridor.

Mlle. Dorian sprang from the chair and took out of her hand-bag a number of small keys attached to a ring. Furtively she crossed the room, all the time listening intently, and cast her cloak over the back of the chair which was placed before the writing-table. Her robe of white and gold clung to her shapely figure as she bent over the table and tried three of the keys in the lock of the drawer which contained Stuart's check-book, and in which he had recently placed the mysterious gold ornament.

The third key fitted the lock, and Mlle. Dorian pulled open the drawer. She discovered first the check-book and next a private account-book; then from under the latter she drew a foolscap envelope sealed with red wax and bearing, in Stuart's handwriting, the address:

Lost Property Office,
Metropolitan Police,
New Scotland Yard, S. W. 1.

She uttered a subdued exclamation. Then, as a spark of light gleamed within the open drawer, she gazed as if stupefied at the little ornament which she had suddenly perceived lying near the check-book. She picked it up and stared at it aghast. For a moment she hesitated; then, laying both the envelope and the fragment of gold upon the table, she took up the telephone.

Keeping her eyes fixed upon the closed door of the study, she asked for a number—East 89512. While she waited for the connection she continued her nervous watching and listening. Suddenly she began to speak in a low voice.

"Yes! Miska speaks. Listen! One of the new keys—it fits. I have the envelope; but in the same drawer I find a part of a broken gold *agrab*. Yes, it is broken. It must be they find it on *him*." Her manner grew more and more agitated. "Shall I bring it? The envelope it is very large. I do not know if—"

From somewhere outside the house came a low, wailing cry—a cry which Stuart, if he had heard it, must have recognized to be identical with that which he had heard in the night, but which he had forgotten to record in his written account.

"Ah!" whispered the girl. "There is the signal! It is the doctor who returns." She listened eagerly, fearfully, to the voice that spoke over the wires. "Yes—yes!"

Always glancing toward the door, she put down the instrument, took up the long envelope, and paused for a moment, thinking that she had heard the sound of approaching footsteps. She exhibited signs of nervous indecision. She tried to thrust the envelope into her little bead bag, but realized that, even folded, it would not fit so as to escape observation. She ran across to the grate and dropped the envelope upon the smoldering fire.

As she did so, the nicely balanced poker fell with a clatter upon the tiled hearth. She started wildly, ran back to the table, took up the broken ornament, and was about to thrust it into the drawer when the study door opened and Stuart came in.

V

"Mlle. Dorian!" cried Stuart joyously, advancing toward the girl quickly and with outstretched hand.

She leaned back against the table, watching him. Suddenly he perceived the open drawer. He stopped, and his expression changed to one of surprise and anger. The girl's slender fingers convulsively clutched the edge of the table as she confronted him. Her exquisite color fled, leaving her pallid, dark-eyed, and dismayed.

"So," he said bitterly, "I returned none too soon, Mlle. Dorian!"

"Oh!" she whispered, and shrank from him as he approached nearer.

"Your object in selecting an obscure practitioner for your medical adviser becomes painfully evident to me. Diagnosis of your case would have been much more easy if I had associated your symptoms with the presence in my table drawer of"—he hesitated—"of something which you have taken out. Give me whatever you have stolen and compose yourself to await the arrival of the police."

He was cruel in his disillusionment. Here lay the explanation of his romance; here was his disguised princess—a common thief! She stared at him wildly.

"I take nothing!" she cried. "Oh, let me go! Please, please, let me go!"

"Pleading is useless. What have you stolen?"

"Nothing—see." She cast the little gold ornament on the table. "I look at this, but I do not mean to steal it."

She raised her beautiful eyes to his face again, and he found himself wavering. That she had made his acquaintance in order to steal the fragment of the golden scorpion was impossible, for he had not possessed it at the time of her first visit. He was hopelessly mystified and utterly miserable.

"How did you open the drawer?" he asked sternly.

"I—have a key that fits it. Look!"

She took up the bunch of keys which lay upon the table, and naively exhibited the one that fitted the lock of the drawer. Her hands were shaking.

"Where did you obtain this key, and why?"

She watched him intently, her lips trembling, her eyes wells of sorrow into which he could not gaze unmoved.

"If I tell you, will you let me go?"

"I shall make no promises, for I can believe nothing that you may tell me. You gained my confidence by a lie, and now, by another lie, you seem to think that you can induce me to overlook a deliberate attempt at burglary—common burglary." He clenched his hands. "Heavens! I could never have believed it of you!"

She flinched as if from a blow, and regarded him pitifully as he stood with face averted.

"Oh, please listen to me!" she whispered.

"At first I tell you a lie, yes."

"And now?"

"Now I tell you the truth."

"That you are a petty thief?"

"Ah, you are cruel—you have no pity!"

You judge me as you judge one of your Englishwomen. Perhaps I cannot help what I do. In the East a woman is a chattel, and has no will of her own."

"A chattel!" cried Stuart scornfully. "Your resemblance to the chattels of the East is a remote one. There is Eastern blood in your veins, no doubt, but you are educated, you are a linguist, you know the world. Moreover, right and wrong are recognizable to the lowest savages."

"And what if they recognize, but are helpless?"

Stuart made a gesture of impatience.

"You are simply seeking to enlist my sympathy," he said bitterly. "You have said nothing that inclines me to listen to you any longer. Apart from the shock of finding you to be—what you are, I am utterly mystified as to your object. I am a poor man. The entire contents of my house would fetch only a few hundred pounds, if sold to-morrow; yet you risk your liberty to rifle my bureau. For the last time, what have you taken from that drawer?"

She leaned back against the table, toying with the broken piece of gold, and glancing down at it as she did so. Her long lashes cast shadows below her eyes, and a hint of color was returning to her cheeks. Stuart studied her attentively. No matter what she had done, he knew in his heart that he could never give her in charge of the police. More and more the wonder of it all grew upon him. He suddenly found himself thinking of the unexplained incident of the previous night.

"You do not answer," he said. "I will ask you another question—have you attempted to open that drawer prior to this evening?"

Mlle. Dorian looked up rapidly, and her cheeks, which had been pale, now flushed rosily.

"I try twice before," she confessed, "and cannot open it."

"Ah! And—has *some one else* tried also?"

Instantly her color fled again, and she stared at him wide-eyed, fearful.

"Some one else?" she whispered.

"Yes, some one else—a man wearing a sort of cowl."

"Oh!" she cried, and threw out her hands in entreaty. "Do not ask me of him! I dare not answer—I dare not!"

"You *have* answered," said Stuart in a

voice unlike his own, for a horrified amazement was creeping upon him, and was supplanting the contemptuous anger which the discovery of this beautiful girl, engaged in pilfering his poor belongings, had at first aroused.

The mystery of her operations was explained—explained by a deeper and a darker mystery. The horror of the night had been no dream, but an almost incredible reality. He now saw before him an agent of the man in the cowl; he perceived that he was in some way entangled in an affair vastly more complex and sinister than a case of petty larceny.

"Has the golden scorpion anything to do with the matter?" he demanded abruptly.

In the eyes of his beautiful captive he read the answer. She flinched again, as she had done when he had taunted her with being a thief; but he pressed his advantage remorselessly.

"So you were concerned in the death of Sir Frank Narcombe!" he said.

"I was not!" she cried fiercely. Her widely opened eyes were magnificent. "Sir Frank Narcombe is—"

She faltered and ceased speaking, biting her lip, which had become tremulous again.

"Sir Frank Narcombe is—?" prompted Stuart, feeling himself to stand upon the brink of a revelation.

"I know nothing of him—this Sir Frank Narcombe."

Stuart laughed unmirthfully.

"Am I, by any chance, in danger of sharing the fate of that distinguished surgeon?" he asked ironically.

His question produced an unforeseen effect. Mlle. Dorian suddenly rested her jeweled hands upon his shoulders, and he found himself looking hungrily into those wonderful Eastern eyes.

"If I swear that I speak the truth, will you believe me?" she whispered.

Her fingers closed convulsively upon his shoulders. He was shaken. Her near presence was intoxicating.

"Perhaps," he said unsteadily.

"Listen, then. *Now* you are in danger, yes. Before you were not, but now you must be very careful. Oh, indeed, indeed, I tell you true! I tell you for your own sake. Do with me what you please. I do not care. It does not matter. You ask me why I come here. I tell you that also. I come for what is in the long envelope—look, I cannot hide it. It is on the fire!"

Stuart turned and glanced toward the grate. A faint wisp of brown smoke was arising from a long white envelope which lay there. Had the fire been actually burning, it must long ago have been destroyed. More than ever mystified, for the significance of the envelope was not evident to him, he ran to the grate and plucked the smoldering paper from the embers.

As he did so the girl, with one quick glance in his direction, snatched her cloak, keys, and bag, and ran from the room. Stuart heard the door close. Racing back to the table he placed the slightly-charred envelope there, beside the fragment of gold, and leaped to the door.

"Confound it!" he cried angrily.

His escaped prisoner had turned the key on the outside. He was locked in his own study!

Momentarily nonplused, he stood looking at the closed door. The sound of a restarted motor from outside the house spurred him to action. He switched off the lamps, crossed the darkened room, and drew back the curtain, throwing open the French windows.

Brilliant moonlight bathed the little lawn with its bordering of high privet hedges. Stuart ran out as the sound of the receding car reached his ears; but when he reached the front of the house the street was vacant from end to end. He walked up the steps to the front door, which he unfastened with his latch-key. As he entered the hall Mrs. McGregor appeared from her room.

"I didna hear ye go out with Miss Dorian," she said.

"That's quite possible, Mrs. McGregor, but she has gone, you see."

"Now tell me, Mr. Keppel, did ye or did ye no hear the wail o' the pibroch the night?"

"No, I am afraid I cannot say that I did, Mrs. McGregor," replied Stuart patiently. "I feel sure you must be very tired, and you can justifiably turn in now. I am expecting no other visitor. Good night!"

Palpably dissatisfied and ill at ease, Mrs. McGregor turned away.

"Good night, Mr. Keppel," she said.

Stuart, no longer able to control his impatience, hurried to the study door, unlocked it, and entered. Turning on the light, he crossed the room and hastily drew the curtains over the window recess, but without troubling to close the window that

he had opened. Then he returned to the writing-table and took up the sealed envelope, whose presence in his bureau was apparently responsible for the singular visitation of the cowed man and for the coming of the lovely Mlle. Dorian.

The pibroch of the McGregors? He remembered something which, unaccountably, he hitherto had failed to recall—that fearful wailing in the night which had heralded the coming of the cowed man! Or had it been a signal of some kind?

He stared at the envelope blankly, then laid it down, and stood looking for some time at the golden scorpion's tail. Finally, his hands resting upon the table, he found that almost unconsciously he had been listening—listening to the dim night sounds of London and to the vague stirrings within the house.

"Now you are in danger. Before you were not!"

Could he believe her? If in naught else, in this, at least, surely she had been sincere! Stuart started and then laughed grimly.

A clock on the mantelpiece had chimed the half-hour.

VI

INSPECTOR DUNBAR arrived at New Scotland Yard in a veritable fever of excitement. Jumping out of the cab, he ran into the building, and, without troubling the man in charge of the lift, went straight on up-stairs to his room. He found it to be in darkness, and switched on the green-shaded lamp suspended above the table.

The light revealed a bare apartment having distempered walls severely decorated by an etching of a former and unbeautiful commissioner. The shades were drawn. A plain, heavy deal table—bearing a blotting-pad, a pewter ink-pot, several pens, and a telephone—together with three uncomfortable chairs, alone broke the expanse of polished floor.

Dunbar glanced at the table and then stood undecided in the middle of the bare room, tapping his small, widely separated teeth with a pencil which he had absently drawn from his waistcoat-pocket. He rang the bell. A constable came in almost immediately, and stood waiting just inside the door.

"When did Sergeant Sowerby leave?" asked Dunbar.

"About three hours ago, sir."

"What?" cried Dunbar. "Three hours ago? But I have been here myself within that time—in the commissioner's office."

"Sergeant Sowerby left before then, sir. I saw him go."

"But, my good fellow, he has been back again. He spoke to me on the telephone less than a quarter of an hour ago."

"Not from here, sir."

"But I say it *was* from here!" shouted Dunbar. "I told him to wait for me."

"Very good, sir. Shall I make inquiries?"

"Yes. Wait a minute—is the commissioner here?"

"Yes, sir, I believe so; at least I have not seen him go."

"Find Sergeant Sowerby and tell him to wait here for me," snapped Dunbar.

He walked out into the bare corridor and along to the room of the assistant commissioner. Knocking upon the door he opened it immediately, and entered an apartment which afforded a striking contrast to his own. Whereas Inspector Dunbar's room was practically unfurnished, that of his superior was so filled with tables, cupboards, desks, chairs, files, telephones, book-shelves, and stacks of documents, that it was only by dint of close scrutiny that one discovered the assistant commissioner sunk deep in a padded armchair amid a cloud of tobacco-smoke.

The assistant commissioner was small, sallow, and satanic. His black mustache was very black, and his eyes were of so dark a brown as to appear black also. When he smiled he revealed a row of very large white teeth, and his smile was correctly Mephistophelian. He smoked a hundred and twenty Egyptian cigarettes *per diem*, and the first and second fingers of either hand were coffee-colored.

"Good evening, inspector," he said courteously. "You come at an opportune moment." He lighted a fresh cigarette. "I was detained here unusually late to-night, or this news would not have reached us till the morning." He laid his finger upon a yellow form. "There is an unpleasant development in the scorpion case."

"So I gather, sir. That is what brought me back to the Yard."

The assistant commissioner glanced up sharply.

"What brought you back to the Yard?" he asked.

"The news about Max."

The assistant commissioner leaned back in his chair.

"Might I ask, inspector," he said, "what news you have learned, and how?"

Dunbar stared uncomprehendingly.

"Sowerby phoned me about half an hour ago, sir. Did he do so without your instructions?"

"Entirely! What was his message?"

"He told me," replied Dunbar in ever-growing amazement, "that the body brought in by the river police last night has been identified as that of Gaston Max."

The assistant commissioner handed a penciled slip to Dunbar. It read as follows:

Gaston Max in London. Scorpion. Narcombe. No report since 30th ult. Fear trouble. Identity disk G. M. 49685.

"But, sir," said Dunbar, "this is exactly what Sowerby told me!"

"Quite so. That is the really extraordinary feature of the affair; because, you see, inspector, I only finished decoding this message at the very moment that you knocked at my door!"

"But—"

"There is no room for a 'but,' inspector. This confidential message from Paris reached me ten minutes ago. You know as well as I know that there is no possibility of leakage. No one has entered my room in the interval, yet you tell me that Sergeant Sowerby communicated this information to you by telephone half an hour ago."

Dunbar was tapping his teeth with his pencil. His amazement was too great for words.

"Had the message been a false one," continued the official, "the matter would have been resolved into a meaningless hoax; but the message having been what it was, we find ourselves face to face with no ordinary problem."

"Where on earth can Sowerby—"

"Remember, inspector, that voices on the telephone are deceptive. Sergeant Sowerby has marked vocal mannerisms—"

"Which would be fairly easy to imitate? Yes, sir, that's so."

"But it brings us no nearer to the real problems—first, the sender of the message, and, second, his purpose."

There was a dull, purring sound and the assistant commissioner raised the telephone.

"Yes. Who is it that wishes to speak to him? Dr. Keppel Stuart? Connect with my office."

He turned again to Dunbar.

"Dr. Stuart has a matter of the utmost urgency to communicate, inspector. It was at the house of Dr. Stuart, I take it, that you received the unexplained message?"

"It was—yes."

"Did you submit the broken gold ornament to Dr. Stuart?"

"Yes. It's a scorpion's tail."

"Ah!" The assistant commissioner smiled satanically and lighted a fresh cigarette. "And is Dr. Stuart agreeable to placing his unusual knowledge at our disposal for the purposes of this case?"

"He is, sir."

The purring sound was repeated.

"You are through to Dr. Stuart," said the assistant commissioner.

"Hello!" cried Dunbar, taking up the receiver. "Is that Dr. Stuart? Dunbar speaking."

He stood silent for a while, listening to the voice over the wires.

"You want me to come around now, doctor?" he said at length. "Very well, I'll be with you in less than half an hour."

He put down the instrument.

"Something extraordinary seems to have taken place at Dr. Stuart's house a few minutes after I left, sir," he said. "I'm going back there now for particulars. It sounds as if the phone message might have been intended to get me away." He stared vacantly at the penciled slip which the assistant commissioner had handed to him. "Do you mind if I call some one up, sir?" he asked. "It should be done at once."

"Call, by all means, inspector."

Dunbar again took up the telephone.

"Battersea 0996," he said, and stood waiting.

"Is that Battersea 0996?" he asked presently. "Is Dr. Stuart there? He is speaking? This is Inspector Dunbar. You called me up here at the Yard a few moments ago, did you not? Correct, doctor; that's all I wanted to know. I am coming now."

"Good!" said the assistant commissioner, nodding his approval. "You will have to check phone messages in that way until you have run your mimic to earth, inspector. I don't believe for a moment that it was Sergeant Sowerby who rang you up at Dr. Stuart's."

"Neither do I," said Dunbar grimly; "but I begin to have a glimmer of a notion who it was. I'll be saying good night, sir."

Dr. Stuart seems to have something very important to tell me."

As a mere matter of form he waited for the report of the constable who had gone in quest of Sowerby, but it confirmed the fact that Sowerby had left Scotland Yard more than three hours earlier. Dunbar summoned a taxicab and proceeded to the house of Dr. Stuart.

VII

STUART personally admitted Dunbar, and once more the inspector found himself in the armchair in the study. The fire was almost out, and the room seemed chilly. Stuart was laboring under the influence of suppressed excitement, and was pacing restlessly up and down the floor.

"Inspector," he began, "I find it difficult to tell you the facts which have recently come to my knowledge bearing upon this mysterious scorpion case. I clearly perceive now that without being aware of the fact, I have, nevertheless, been concerned in the case for at least a week."

Dunbar stared in surprise, but offered no comment.

"A fortnight ago," Stuart continued, "I found myself in the neighborhood of the West India Docks. I had been spending the evening with a very old friend, the chief officer of a liner then in dock. I had intended to leave the ship at about ten o'clock and to walk to the railway station, but, as it fell out, the party did not break up until after midnight. Declining the offer of a berth on board, I came ashore, determined to make my way home by tram and afoot. I should have done so, and should have been spared—much; but rain began to fall, and I found myself unprovided with a topcoat in those gray East End streets, without hope of getting a lift.

"It was just as I was crossing Limehouse Causeway that I observed, to my astonishment, the head-lamps of a cab or car shining out from a dark and forbidding thoroughfare which led down to the river. The sight was so utterly unexpected that I paused, looking through the rain and mist in the direction of the stationary vehicle. I was still unable to make out if it was a cab or a car. Accordingly I walked along to where it stood, and found that it was a taxicab, and apparently for hire, as the flag was up.

"Are you disengaged?" I said to the man.

"'Well, sir, I suppose I am,' was his curious reply. 'Where do you want to go?'"

"I gave him this address and he drove me home. On arriving, so grateful did I feel that I took pity upon the man—for it had settled down into a brute of a night—and I asked him to come in and take a glass of grog. He was only too glad to do so. He turned out to be quite an intelligent sort of fellow, and we chatted together for ten minutes or so.

"I had forgotten all about him when, I believe on the following night, he reappeared in the character of a patient. He had a rather badly damaged scalp. I gathered that he had had an accident with his cab, and had been pitched out into the road. When I had fixed him up, he asked me to do him a small favor. From inside his tunic he pulled out a long, stiff envelope, bearing no address but the number 30 in big red figures. It was secured at both ends with black wax bearing the imprint of a curious and complicated seal.

"'A gentleman left this behind in the cab to-day, sir,' said the man. 'It was probably the one who was with me when I had the spill. I've got no means of tracing him; but he may be able to trace *me*, if he happened to notice my number, or he may advertise. It evidently contains something valuable.'"

"'Then why not take it to Scotland Yard?' I asked. 'Isn't that the proper course?'"

"'It is,' he admitted; 'but here's the point—if the owner reclaims it from Scotland Yard, he's less likely to dub up handsomer than if he gets it direct from me.'"

"I laughed at that, for the soundness of the argument was beyond dispute.

"'But what on earth do you want to leave it with *me* for?' I asked.

"'Self-protection,' was the reply. 'They can't say I meant to pinch it. As soon as there's any inquiry I can come and collect it and get the reward; and your word will back me up if any questions are asked. That is, if you don't mind, sir.'"

"I told him I didn't mind in the least, and accordingly I sealed the envelope in a still larger one, which I addressed to the Lost Property Office and put into a private drawer of my bureau.

"'You will have no objection,' I said, 'to this being posted if it isn't reclaimed within a reasonable time?'"

"He said that that would be all right,

and departed; and since that moment I have not set eyes upon him. I now come to the sequel, or what I have just recognized to be the sequel."

Stuart's agitation grew more marked, and it was only by dint of a palpable effort that he forced himself to resume.

"On the evening of the following day a lady called, professionally. She was young, pretty, and dressed with extraordinary elegance. My housekeeper admitted her, as I was out at the time, but was momentarily expected. She awaited my return—here, in this room. She came again two days later. The name she gave was an odd one—Mlle. Dorian. There is her card." Stuart opened a drawer and laid a visiting-card before Dunbar. "As you see, it bears no initials and no address. She traveled in a large, handsome car—that is to say, according to my housekeeper's account it was a large, handsome car. I, personally, have had but an imperfect glimpse of it. It does not wait for her in front of the house, for some reason, but just around the corner in the side street. Beyond wondering why Mlle. Dorian had selected me as her medical adviser, I had detected nothing suspicious in her behavior up to the time of which I am about to speak; but last night there was a singular development, and to-night matters came to a head."

Thereupon Stuart related as briefly as possible the mysterious episode of the cowed man, and finally gave an account of Mlle. Dorian's last visit. Inspector Dunbar did not interrupt him, but listened attentively to the singular story.

"And there," concluded Stuart, "on the blotting-pad lies the sealed envelope!"

Dunbar took it up eagerly. A small hole had been burned in one end of the envelope, and the surrounding paper was charred. The wax with which Stuart had sealed it had lain uppermost, and, although it had been partly melted, the mark of his signet-ring was still discernible upon it. Dunbar stood staring at it.

"In the circumstances, inspector, I think you would be justified in opening both envelopes," said Stuart.

"I am inclined to agree; but let me just be clear on one or two points." Dunbar took out the bulging note-book and a fountain pen, with which he prepared to make entries. "About this cabman, now—you didn't, by any chance, note the number of his cab?"

"I did not."

"What build of a man was he?"

"Over medium height and muscular. Somewhat inclined to flesh and past his youth, but active, all the same."

"Dark or fair hair?"

"Dark and streaked with gray. I noted this particularly in dressing his scalp. He wore his hair cropped close. He had a short beard and mustache, and heavily marked eyebrows. He seemed to be very short-sighted, and kept his eyes so screwed up that it was impossible to detect their color, by night, at any rate."

"What sort of wound had he on his head?"

"A short, ugly gash. His head had struck the footboard in falling. I may add that on the occasion of his professional visit his breath smelled strongly of spirits, and I rather suspected that his accident might have been traceable to his condition."

"But he wasn't actually drunk?"

"By no means. He was quite sober, though he had recently been drinking—possibly because his fall had shaken him."

"His hands?"

"Small and very muscular. Quite steady. Also very dirty."

"What part of the country should you say he hailed from?"

"London. He had a marked cockney accent."

"What make of cab was it?"

"I couldn't say."

"An old cab?"

"Yes. The fittings were dilapidated, I remember, and the cab had a very fusty smell."

"Ah!" said Dunbar, making several notes. "And now the lady—about what would be her age?"

"Difficult to say, inspector. She had Eastern blood, and may have been much younger than she appeared to be. Judged from a European standpoint, and from her appearance and manner of dress, she might be about twenty-three or twenty-four."

"Complexion?"

"Wonderful—fresh as a flower."

"Eyes?"

"Dark. They looked black at night."

"Hair?"

"Brown and fussy, with copper tints."

"Tall?"

"No; slight but beautifully shaped."

"From her accent what should you judge her nationality to be?"

Stuart paced up and down the room, his head lowered in reflection. Then he said: "She pronounced both English and French words with an intonation which suggested familiarity with Arabic."

"Arabic? That still leaves a fairly wide field."

"It does, inspector, but I had no means of learning more. She had certainly lived in the Near East."

"Her jewelry?"

"Some of it was European and some of it Oriental, but not characteristic of any particular country."

"Did she use perfume?"

"Yes, but it was scarcely discernible. She used a little jasmine—probably the Eastern preparation."

"Her ailment was imaginary?"

"I fear so."

"H-m! And now you say that Mrs. McGregor saw the car?"

"Yes, but she has retired."

"Her evidence will do to-morrow. We come to the man in the hood. Can you give me any kind of a description of him, doctor?"

"He appeared to be tall, but a shadow is deceptive, and his extraordinary costume would produce that effect, too. I can tell you absolutely nothing further about him. Remember, I thought I was dreaming. I could not credit my senses."

Inspector Dunbar glanced over the notes that he had made. Then, returning the note-book and pen to his pocket, he took up the smoke-discolored envelope and slit one end of it with a paper-knife which lay upon the table. Inserting two fingers he drew out the second envelope which the first enclosed. It was an ordinary commercial envelope, only notable by reason of the number 30 appearing in large red figures upon it, and because it was sealed with black wax bearing a weird-looking device.



Stuart bent over him intently as he slit this envelope in turn. Again he inserted two fingers, and brought forth the sole contents—a plain piece of cardboard, roughly

rectangular, and obviously cut in haste from the lid of a common cardboard box!

VIII

On the following morning Inspector Dunbar questioned Mrs. McGregor respecting the car in which Mlle. Dorian had visited the house; but he elicited no information except that it was "a fine, luxurious concern." Mrs. McGregor was very favorably impressed with the inspector.

"A grand, pairsonable body," she confided to Stuart. "He'd look bonny in the kilt!"

The inspector and Dr. Stuart now set out upon a gruesome errand. To an East End mortuary the cab bore them, and they were led by a constable in attendance to a stone-paved, ill-lighted apartment, in which a swathed form lay upon a long deal table. When the covering was removed the spectacle presented was one to shock less hardened nerves than those of Stuart and Dunbar; but the duties of a police officer, like those of a medical man, not infrequently necessitate such inspections. The two bent over the tragic flotsam of the Thames unmoved and critical.

"H-m!" said Stuart. "He's about the build, certainly. Hair iron-gray and close-cropped, and he seems to have worn a beard. Now, let us see."

He bent, making a close inspection of the scalp; then turned and shook his head.

"No, inspector," he said definitely. "This is not the cabman. There is no wound corresponding to the one that I dressed."

"Right!" answered Dunbar, covering up the ghastly face. "That's settled, then."

"You were wrong, inspector. It was not Max who left the envelope with me."

"No," mused Dunbar, "so it seems."

"Your theory that Max, jealously working alone, had left particulars of his inquiries in my hands, knowing that they would reach Scotland Yard in the event of his death, surely collapsed when the envelope proved to contain nothing but a bit of cardboard!"

"Yes, I suppose it did; but it sounded so much like Max's roundabout methods. Anyway, I wanted to make sure that the dead man from Hanover Hole and your mysterious cabman were not one and the same."

Stuart entertained a lively suspicion that Inspector Dunbar was keeping something

up his sleeve, but with this very proper reticence he had no quarrel. Followed by the constable, who relocked the mortuary behind them, they came out into the courtyard, where the cab waited which was to take them to Scotland Yard. Dunbar, standing with one foot upon the step of the cab, turned to the constable.

"Has any one else viewed the body?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"No one is to be allowed to do so—you understand—*no one*, unless he has written permission from the commissioner."

"Very good, sir."

Half an hour later they arrived at New Scotland Yard and went up to Dunbar's room. A thick-set, florid man of genial appearance, having a dark mustache, a breezy manner, and a head of hair resembling a very hard-worked blacking-brush, awaited them. This was Sergeant Sowerby, with whom Stuart was already acquainted.

"Good morning, sergeant," he said.

"Good morning, sir. I hear that some one was pulling your leg last night."

"What do you mean exactly, Sowerby?" inquired Dunbar, fixing fierce eyes upon his subordinate.

Sergeant Sowerby exhibited confusion.

"I mean nothing offensive, inspector. I was referring to the joker who gave so good an imitation of my voice that even you were deceived."

The subtle flattery was apparently effective.

"Ah!" replied Dunbar. "I see! Yes, he did it well. He spoke just like you. I could hardly make out a word he said."

With this Caledonian shaft and a side glance at Stuart, Inspector Dunbar sat down at the table.

"Here's Dr. Stuart's description of the missing cabman," he continued, taking out his note-book. "Dr. Stuart has viewed the body, and it is not the man. You had better take a proper copy."

"Then the cabman wasn't Max?" cried Sowerby eagerly. "I thought not!"

"I believe you told me so before," said Dunbar dourly. "I also seem to recall that you thought a scorpion's tail was a prickly-pear. Here, on the page numbered twenty-six, is a description of the woman known as Mlle. Dorian. It should be a fairly easy matter to trace the car through the usual channels; and she ought to be easy to find, too."

He glanced at his watch. Stuart was standing by the lofty window, looking out across the Embankment.

"Ten o'clock," said Dunbar. "The commissioner will be expecting us."

"I am ready," responded Stuart.

Leaving Sergeant Sowerby seated at the table and studying the note-book, Stuart and Dunbar proceeded to the smoke-laden room of the assistant commissioner. The great man, suavely satanic, greeted Stuart with that polished courtesy for which he was notable.

"You have been of inestimable assistance to us in the past, Dr. Stuart," he said, "and I feel happy to know that we are to enjoy the aid of your special knowledge in the present case. Will you smoke one of my cigarettes? They are some which a friend is kind enough to supply to me direct from Cairo. They are really quite good."

"Thanks," replied Stuart. "May I ask in what direction my services are likely to prove available?"

The assistant commissioner lighted a fresh cigarette. Then, from a heap of correspondence, he selected a long report typed upon blue foolscap.

"I have here," he said, "confirmation of the telegraphic report received last night. The name of M. Gaston Max will, no doubt, be familiar to you?"

Stuart nodded.

"Well," continued the assistant commissioner, "it appears that he has been in England for the past month, endeavoring to trace the connection which he claims to exist between the recent sudden deaths of various notable people—a list is appended—and some person or organization represented by, or associated with, a scorpion. His personal theory not being available—poor fellow, you have heard of his tragic death—I have this morning consulted such particulars as I could obtain respecting these cases. If they were really cases of assassination, some obscure poison was the only mode of death that could possibly have been employed. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly."

"Now, the death of Gaston Max, under circumstances not yet explained, would seem to indicate that his theory was a sound one. In other words, I am disposed to believe that he himself represents the most recent outrage of what we will call the Scorpion. Even before the body of the man found by the river police had been

identified, the presence upon his person of a fragment of gold strongly resembling the tail of a scorpion prompted me to instruct Inspector Dunbar to consult you. I had determined upon a certain course. The identification of the dead man as Gaston Max merely strengthens my determination and enhances the likelihood of my idea being a sound one."

He flicked ash from his cigarette and resumed:

"Without mentioning names, the experts consulted in the other cases which—according to the late Gaston Max—were victims of the Scorpion, do not seem to have justified their titles. I am arranging that you shall be present at the autopsy upon the body of M. Max. And now permit me to ask you a question—are you acquainted with any poison which would produce the symptoms noted in the case of Sir Frank Narcombe, for instance?"

Stuart shook his head slowly.

"All that I know of the case," he said, "is that Sir Frank was suddenly taken ill in the foyer of a West End theater, was immediately removed to his house in Half Moon Street, and died shortly afterward. Can you give me copies of the specialists' reports and other particulars? I may then be able to form some opinion."

"I will get them for you," replied the commissioner, the exact nature of whose theory was by no means evident to Stuart. He opened a drawer. "I have here," he continued, "the piece of cardboard and the envelope left with you by the missing cabman. Do you think there is any possibility of invisible writing?"

"None," said Stuart confidently. "I have tested in three or four places, as you will see by the spots, but my experiments will in no way interfere with those which your own people will, no doubt, want to make. I have also submitted both surfaces to a microscopic examination. I am prepared to state definitely that there is no writing upon the cardboard, and, except for the number, none upon the envelope."

"It is only reasonable to suppose," continued the assistant commissioner, "that the telephone message which led Inspector Dunbar to leave your house last night was originated by that unseen intelligence against which we find ourselves pitted. In the first place, no one in London, except myself and presumably the Scorpion, knew at that time that M. Gaston Max was in

England, or that M. Gaston Max was dead. I say 'presumably the Scorpion,' because it is fair to assume that the person whom Max pursued was responsible for his death."

The assistant commissioner stopped to light another cigarette.

"Of course," he went on, "were it not for the telephone message, we should not be justified in assuming that Mlle. Dorian and this"—he laid his finger upon the piece of cardboard—"had any connection with the case of M. Max. But the message was so obviously designed to facilitate the purloining of the sealed envelope, and so obviously emanated from one already aware of the murder of M. Max, that the sender is identified at once with the Scorpion. Finally, the mode of death in the case of M. Max may not have been the same as in the other cases. Therefore, Dr. Stuart"—he paused impressively—"if you fail to detect anything suspicious at the post-mortem examination, I propose to apply to the Home Secretary for powers to exhume the body of the late Sir Frank Narcombe."

IX

DEEP in reflection Stuart walked alone along the Embankment. The commissioner had not divulged the full facts contained in the report from Paris, but Stuart concluded that this sudden activity was directly due, not to the death of M. Max, but to the fact that the dead man had left behind him some more or less tangible clue. Stuart fully recognized that the assistant commissioner had afforded him an opportunity to establish his reputation—or to wreck it.

Yet, upon closer consideration, it became apparent that it was to fate, and not to the commissioner, that he was indebted. Strictly speaking, his association with the matter dated from the night of his meeting with the mysterious cabman in West India Dock Road. Or had the curtain first been lifted upon this occult drama that evening, five years ago, as the setting sun reddened the waters of the Grand Canal and a veiled figure passed him on the Wu-men Bridge?

"Shut your eyes tightly, master! The Scorpion is coming!"

He seemed to hear the boy's words now as he passed along the Embankment; he seemed to see again the tall figure. Suddenly he stopped, stood still, and stared with unseeing eyes across the muddy waters of the Thames. He was thinking of the cowed

man who had stood behind the curtains in his study—of that mysterious figure of the night, so wildly bizarre that even now Stuart could scarcely believe that he had ever actually seen it.

He walked on, and automatically his reflections led him to Mlle. Dorian. He remembered that even as he paced along beside the river the wonderful mechanism of New Scotland Yard was in motion, its many tentacles seeking, seeking tirelessly, for the girl whose dark eyes haunted his sleeping and waking hours. *He* was responsible, and if she were arrested *he* would be called upon to identify her!

He condemned himself bitterly. After all, what crime had she committed? She had tried to purloin a letter—which did not belong to Stuart in the first place; and she had failed. Now the police were looking for her!

His reflections took a new form. What of Gaston Max, foremost criminologist in Europe, who now lay dead in an East End mortuary? The telephone message which had summoned Dunbar away had been too opportune to be regarded as a mere coincidence. Mlle. Dorian, therefore, must be the accomplice of a murderer.

Stuart sighed. He would have given much—more than he was prepared to admit to himself—to have known her to be guiltless.

The identity of the missing cabman now engaged his mind. It was quite possible, of course, that the man had actually found the envelope in his cab, and was in no other way concerned in the matter. But how had Mlle. Dorian, or the person instructing her, traced the envelope to Stuart's study? And why, if they could establish a claim to it, had they preferred to attempt to steal it? Finally, why all this disturbance about a blank piece of cardboard?

A mental picture of the envelope arose before him, with the "30" written upon it and the black seals securing the lapels. He paused again in his walk. His reflections had led him to a second definite point. He fumbled in his waistcoat-pocket for a time, seeking a certain brass coin about the size of a halfpenny, having a square hole in the middle and peculiar characters engraved around the square, one on each of the four sides.

He failed to find the coin in his pocket, but he walked briskly up a side street until

he came to the entrance to a tube station. Entering a public telephone call-box, he asked for the number, City 400. Being put through, and having deposited the necessary fee in the box, he began:

"Is that the commissioner's office, New Scotland Yard? My name is Dr. Keppel Stuart. If Inspector Dunbar is there, would you kindly allow me to speak to him?"

There was a short interval, then the reply came:

"Hello! Is that Dr. Stuart?"

"Yes. That you, inspector? I have just remembered something which I should have observed in the first place if I had been really wide awake. The envelope—you know the one I mean—was sealed with a Chinese coin, known as *cash*. I have just recognized the fact, and thought it wise to let you know at once."

"Are you sure?" asked Dunbar.

"Certain. If you care to call at my place later to-day I can show you some *cash*. Bring the envelope with you, and you will see that the coins correspond to the impression in the wax. The inscriptions vary in the different Chinese provinces, but the general form of all *cash* is the same."

"Very good! Thanks for letting me know at once. It seems to establish a link with China, don't you think?"

"It does, but it merely adds to the mystery."

Coming out of the call-box, Stuart proceeded homeward, but made one or two professional visits before he actually returned to the house. He now remembered having left this particular *cash* piece, which he usually carried with him, in his dispensary. He had broken the cork of a flask, and in the absence of another of correct size had manufactured a temporary stopper with a small cork, to the top of which he had fixed the Chinese coin with a drawing-pin. His purpose served, he had left the extemporized stopper lying somewhere in the dispensary.

Stuart's dispensary was merely a curtailed recess at one end of the waiting-room, and shortly after entering the house he had occasion to visit it. Lying upon a shelf among flasks and bottles was the Chinese coin, with the cork still attached. He took it up in order to study the inscription.

"Have I cultivated somnambulism?" he muttered.

Fragments of black sealing-wax adhered to the coin!

Incredulous and half fearful, he peered at it closely. He remembered that the impression upon the wax sealing the mysterious envelope had had a circular depression in the center. It had been made by the head of the drawing-pin!

He found himself staring at the shelf immediately above that upon which the coin had lain. A stick of black sealing-wax used for sealing medicine was thrust in beside a bundle of long envelopes in which he was accustomed to post his infirmary reports!

One hand raised to his head, Stuart stood endeavoring to marshal his ideas into some sane order. Then, knowing what he would find, he raised the green baize curtain hanging from the lower shelf, which concealed a sort of cupboard containing miscellaneous stores and rubbish, including a number of empty cardboard boxes.

A rectangular strip had been roughly cut from the lid of the topmost box. The mysterious envelope and its contents, the wax and the seal—all had come from his own dispensary!

X

INSPECTOR DUNBAR stood in the little dispensary, tapping his teeth with the end of a fountain pen.

"The last time he visited you, doctor—the time when he gave you the envelope—did the cabman wait here in the waiting-room?"

"He did—yes. He came after my ordinary consulting hours, and I was at supper, I remember. I am compelled to dine early."

"He was in here alone?"

"Yes. No one else was in the room."

"Would he have had time to find the box, cut out the piece of cardboard from the lid, put it in the envelope, and seal it?"

"Ample time. But what could be his object? And why mark the envelope with a number?"

"It was in your consulting-room that he asked you to take charge of the envelope?"

"Yes."

"Might I take a peep at the consulting-room?"

"Certainly, inspector."

From the waiting-room they went up a short flight of stairs into the small apartment in which Stuart saw his patients.

Dunbar looked slowly about him, standing in the middle of the room, then crossed and stared out of the window into the narrow lane below.

"Where were you when he gave you the envelope?" he snapped suddenly.

"At the table," replied Stuart, a little surprised.

"Was the table-lamp alight?"

"Yes. I always light it when seeing patients."

"Did you take the letter into the study to seal it in the other envelope?"

"I did, and he came along and watched me do it."

"Ah!" said Dunbar, and scribbled busily in his note-book. "I confess that we are badly tied at Scotland Yard, doctor, and this case looks like being another for which somebody else will reap the credit. I am going to make a request that will surprise you."

He tore a leaf out of the book and folded it carefully.

"I am going to ask you to seal up something and lock it away. I don't think you'll be troubled by cowed burglars or beautiful women because of it. On this piece of paper I have written, first"—he ticked off the points on his fingers—"what I believe to be the name of the man who cut out the cardboard and sealed it in an envelope; second, the name of the cabman; and third, the name of the man who rang me up here last night and gave me information which had only just reached the com-

missioner. I'll ask you to lock it away until it's wanted, doctor."

"Certainly, if you wish it," replied Stuart. "Come into the study, and you shall see me do as you direct. I may add that the object to be served is not apparent to me."

Entering the study, he took an envelope and locked it in the same drawer of the bureau which had contained the envelope marked 30.

"Mlle. Dorian has a duplicate key to this drawer," he said. "Are you prepared to take the chance?"

"Quite," replied Dunbar, smiling; "although my information is worth more than that which she risked so much to steal."

"It's most astounding! At every step the darkness increases. Why should any one have asked me to lock up a blank piece of cardboard?"

"Why, indeed?" murmured Dunbar. "Well, I may as well get back. I am expecting a report from Sowerby. Look after yourself, sir! I'm inclined to think your pretty patient was talking square when she told you there might be danger."

Stuart met the glance of the tawny eyes squarely.

"What do you mean, inspector? Why should I be in danger?"

"Because," replied Inspector Dunbar, "if the Scorpion is a poisoner, as the chief seems to think, there's really only one man in England he has to fear, and that man is Dr. Keppel Stuart."

(To be continued in the February number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)

A SLEEP AND A DREAM

"La vie est un sommeil, l'amour en est le rêve"

Is life but a slumber, and love but a dreaming?

Ah, soul, should this prove to be true,

Then nothing were real, all things were but seeming,

And you were a dream, dearest, too—

Aye, you

Were naught but a dream, dearest, too!

But ah, though a dream, from the regions Elysian

On radiant wings thou dost sweep;

So if life be but slumber, and love but a vision,

May Heaven ne'er wake me from sleep,

But keep

Me still the blest captive of sleep!

James B. Kenyon

Training Officers for Our National Army

THE SYSTEM BY WHICH OUR GREAT NEW MILITARY ORGANIZATION WAS OFFICERED, AND BY WHICH THE MOST EFFICIENT MEN WERE SELECTED FOR HIGH COMMAND

By Major-General William Harding Carter, United States Army

BEARING in mind the complexity of modern war, one is not surprised to hear men wonder what sort of figures our military heroes of the past would have cut in the tremendous struggle which has ended in the crushing defeat of the Central Powers.

No genuine student can investigate the careers of Washington, Grant, Lee, Sherman, Stonewall Jackson, and others of lesser fame, without reaching the conclusion that, one and all, they showed such genius for war that, were they now alive and in control of our forces, these great leaders would have measured up to every occasion and made good in every trial.

Good armies depend upon good officers. Washington expended much argument on the necessity for making suitable provision for officers in order to induce men of character and education to enter the service. General Grant, very early in the Civil War, expressed the opinion that the nation would profit materially if the regular army should be dispersed and assigned to instruct and lead the volunteers—masses of untrained patriots needing only to be disciplined and molded into armies. General Sherman's correspondence is filled with prayerful solicitude that nothing should be done to discourage the continuance in service of the trained officers.

The essential difference between the armies of to-day and those of other wars is found in the universal obligation to serve in some capacity. Strategy remains unchanged. Tactics only are modified and military operations limited through the introduction of innumerable scientific inven-

tions. These inventions include such a wide range of application that infinite changes have come in the methods of making war; yet the human element must control, and therefore officers trained to the highest degree must be available in constantly increasing numbers.

It is of great interest to know how, when we went to war against Germany, we met the problem of supplying officers to the nation in arms.

Soon after the Civil War, Congress held an investigation, through the House Committee on Military Affairs, and after reviewing the testimony of nearly all the prominent officers then living, reached the following conclusion:

Our army is viewed as a nucleus wherein is to be acquired and preserved military knowledge, and from which should radiate the elements of instruction and discipline, thus to form in time of war a competent force endowed with talent to direct it as a whole, and provided with agencies capable of grasping the responsibility, organization, and distribution of the numerous supplies necessary to the conduct of successful military operations.

There is no such thing as military policy separate and distinct from civil policy, and the investigations and findings of each Congress, unless enacted into law, exercise little or no influence on succeeding Congresses. When war was declared against Spain, in 1898, no provision had been made for increasing the military establishment, and legislation was hurriedly enacted authorizing the President to call for volunteers. Of course, volunteers flocked to the colors in numbers sufficient for that small war. Those conversant with the inevitable

inequality in the distribution of the burden under such a system were still unprepared for the naive reply made by the Governor of a State who, in acknowledging the call, asked if there would be any objection to filling the quota for his State from Chicago. The whole proceeding of making war on Spain was an exhibition to intelligent Americans that our system of raising armies was undemocratic and unworthy of our people.

The magnitude of the conflict just closed made it apparent to the vast majority of fair-minded Americans that, in order to wage war on equal terms with European nations in arms, we, too, must become a trained people. Much surprise was manifested abroad at the rapidity with which American sentiment developed in favor of the selective-draft system of raising armies. The astonishment probably came from inability to estimate Americans correctly, through remembrance of our many previous mistakes. With the safety of democracy at stake, it would have been insanity to go to war in dribbles.

It is interesting to analyze the results of our year of preparation after war was declared, and to see just what use we made of our past experience in the task of putting our armies in the field.

With all honor to the courage and patriotism of the officers and men of the State forces, students of the subject must recognize that the existence of the regiments, brigades, and divisions of the National Guard, commanded by officers as to whose qualifications there was little or no knowledge, did not advance our readiness to take part in the war by one hour. Had each State been possessed of organizations of trained militia, or home guards, composed of men whose age and physical condition would ordinarily exempt them from field service, things would have moved more easily and rapidly toward the great end of creating a modern army. With some States maintaining considerable forces of the National Guard, while others had little or none, the most glaring inequality existed.

Then the withdrawal of all the organized State regiments left unguarded immense areas, some of which included populations not yet awakened to the patriotism of our endeavor to assist the Allies. This gave cause for much inquietude to those responsible for law and order, while public opinion was being crystallized into the safe and

solid bulwark behind the government which subsequently made itself so manifest.

THE CALL FOR TRAINED OFFICERS

The first step in the making of our great army was the preparation of training-camps for officers. At once we had a test to show how far we had observed the policy announced by Congress nearly half a century ago. The urgent need, pressing for quick solution, was the selection of military instructors qualified to give intensive training to thousands of aspirants for commissions. How this problem was solved will eventually be told in detailed official reports, but it may be stated here that ever since the cessation of Indian wars the army had been endeavoring, with shamefully little encouragement, to educate and train its own officers, and then all the young men who could be found willing to take the military courses in schools and colleges. Unfortunately the students of nearly all the military schools were below the usual age of young men entering college. Nevertheless, they furnished large numbers of partially trained officers.

To meet the immediate demand only the regular army was relied upon. The selection of instructors was based mainly upon the War Department records of service. Similar but less complete records were available in the war with Spain, but, unhappily, military offices at that time were regarded as legitimate political patronage, and little heed was paid to efficiency ratings.

More than a quarter of a century ago some of the most talented generals of the Civil War brought about the establishment of certain postgraduate schools. Following the war with Spain, the reorganization of the army brought in a large number of officers whose military education consisted only of such practical service as was obtained in volunteer camps and in the overseas campaigns in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. It was recognized that some coordination of education would be necessary if all the officers were to be trained to exercise the high commands that would fall to them in any great war.

Out of a study of the conditions then existing a system of professional education and practical training was adopted, which begins with the garrison schools for young officers. The courses embrace mainly service manuals, with definite standards of proficiency and provisions for graduation

in the several studies, in order that higher work may be taken up as soon as the young men are qualified to do so.

From those who accomplish the best work in the garrison classes are selected the officers to enter the Army School of the Line and other postgraduate schools for officers. At the Army School of the Line the keenest rivalry has existed, for from those who stand highest are selected the officers to pursue the advanced courses of the Army Staff College. From the graduates of the Staff College selections are made for the Army War College at Washington, but many are detailed in the General Staff Corps without pursuing the War College course, on account of the limited number that can be accommodated there. Many of the field-officers of the army have been detailed to pursue the War College courses whose age and rank made it inadvisable to have them enter the postgraduate schools.

SELECTING MEN FOR HIGH COMMAND

When it is considered that a report as to the character and professional qualifications of all officers is made annually by commanding officers, it will be seen that in course of time a fair idea of the ability of those reported upon may be arrived at. This is the system, in brief, under which the commanders of the principal elements of our new army were selected.

When the new organization of the army had been adopted, it was necessary to prepare a list of regular officers selected for promotion in the greater army, and to assign them to regiments, brigades, and divisions in such a way that each separate organization created from men called into service under the selective-draft act would have an experienced officer in command. This left the regular organizations depleted, but the law authorizes the appointment of temporary officers to meet that emergency. The National Guard units remained under their own officers, appointed by the Governors of States, until after their muster into the Federal service.

The human element always plays its part in military life, even more pointedly than in civil life, and the trail of disappointment is broad and continuous. The nation's interests are the first consideration; those of the individual count for nothing except as they merge in the common purpose to win victory. Generals and colonels may suffer

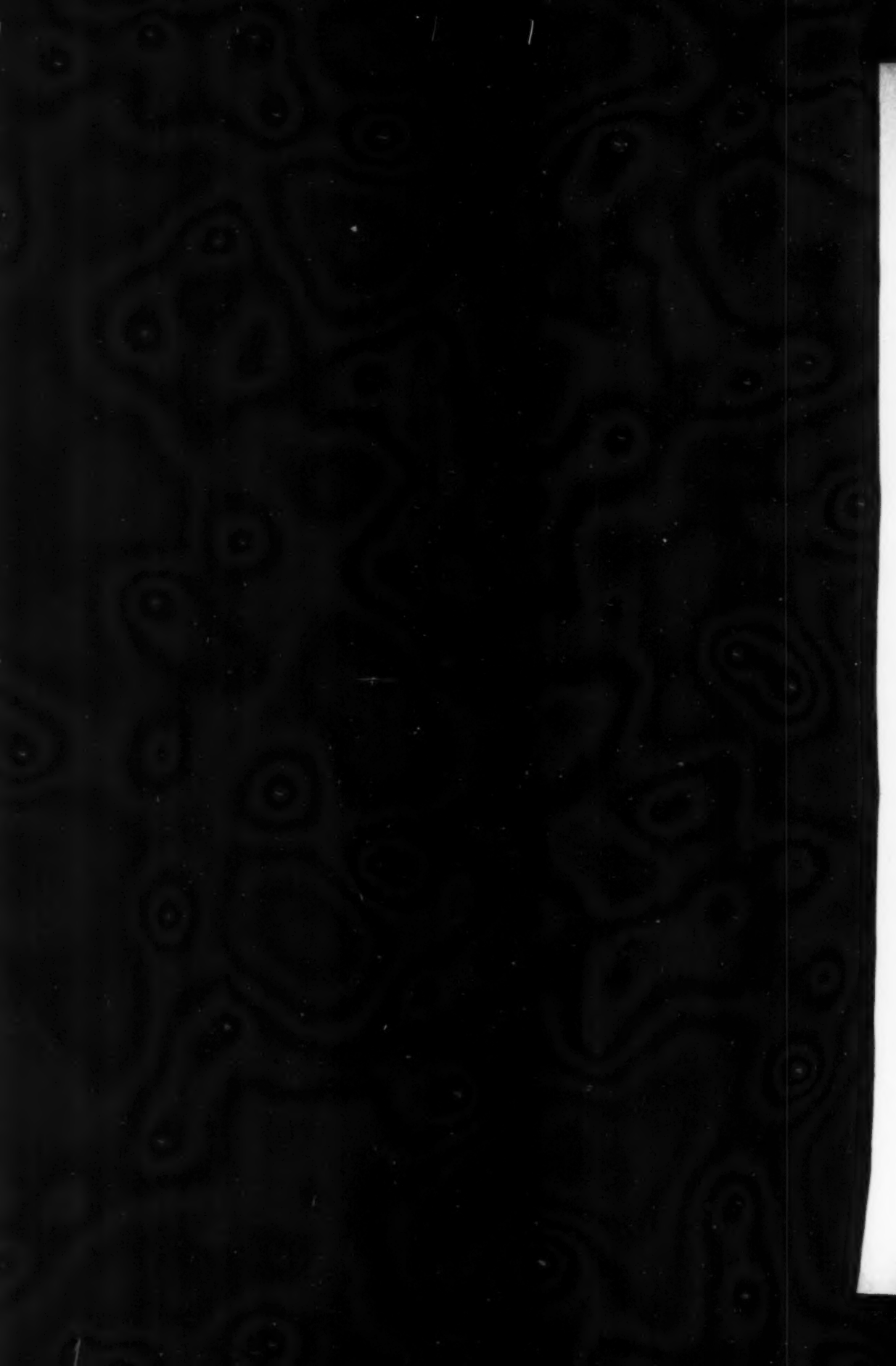
disappointment when their strength has been spent in high endeavor and they are forced to step aside and allow others, perhaps physically stronger men, to have their turn as leaders. Because the statutes permit only a fixed number of superior officers, based upon the requirements for command, the moment an officer of the war army is declared disqualified for the performance of his full duty, he is at once demoted to his regular rank, if in the permanent forces, or discharged, if holding office only in the temporary army.

The principle under which the War Department has been operating may leave a trail of broken hearts, but this must be weighed against the fact that the young sons of American fathers and mothers should be led by the nation's best officers. The moment one fell out, except for wounds or temporary disability, some one else took the vacant place. That is what made our new army the best in efficiency and discipline the nation has ever known.

This system has never obtained before in our army. During the war with Spain some officers received appointments in temporary regiments on Philippine service with no intention or expectation that they would join. Such abuses create bitterness in the minds of those fighting at the front, and should not be tolerated. The men who fought in France fully understood that their advancement could be won only in fair competition with their comrades, and that there was no political favoritism.

In the rush and swirl of war there is no time to ferret out every individual wrong and set it right. Exact and perfect justice has been the dream of the centuries, but does not obtain in any walk of life. In this world conflict the great objective was victory for our country. Personal promotion was an insignificant incident.

We built up an army of which we had good reason to be proud, with leaders worthy of the nation's full confidence. They met the issues courageously and manfully because they knew that they were fighting the battle of civilization, and that they were sustained by their countrymen to the utmost limit. Our methods were sound, our general-staff direction efficient, and we delivered the men and the guns at a wholly unprecedented and unexpected rate. Our work was justified by the signal triumph that we helped to win in the struggle against the common enemy of mankind.



Told by the Camera



FRANCE'S TRIBUTE TO QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

The memorial sent by the French government to mark the grave of Ex-President Roosevelt's youngest son—The inscription reads: "Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt, escadrille 95, tombe glorieusement en combat aérien, le 14 Juillet, 1918"

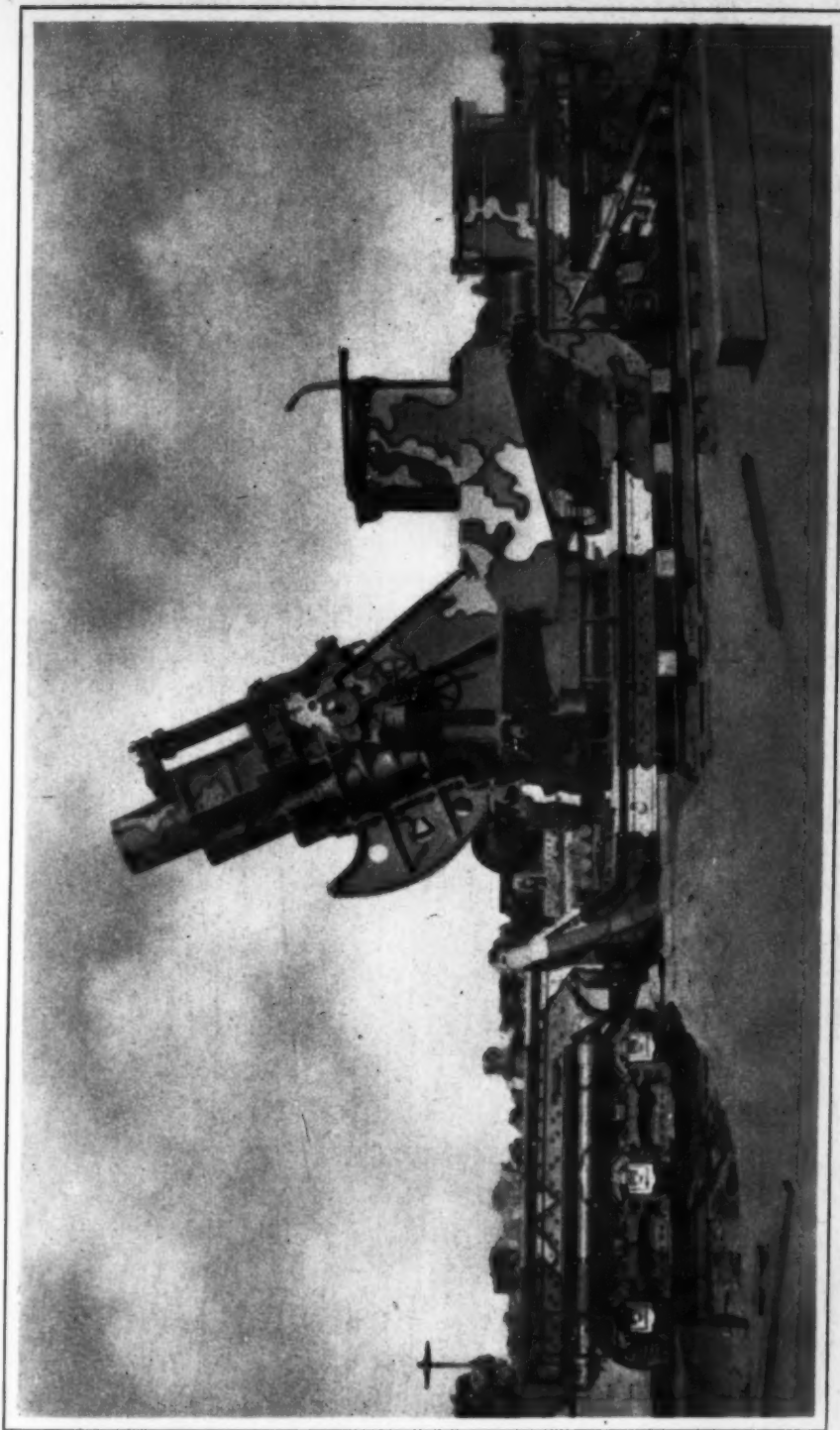


ONE OF THE GUNS THAT HELPED TO DRIVE THE GERMANS FROM FRANCE
An American sixteen-inch rifle mounted on a special railroad car, with a freight-car to carry ammunition



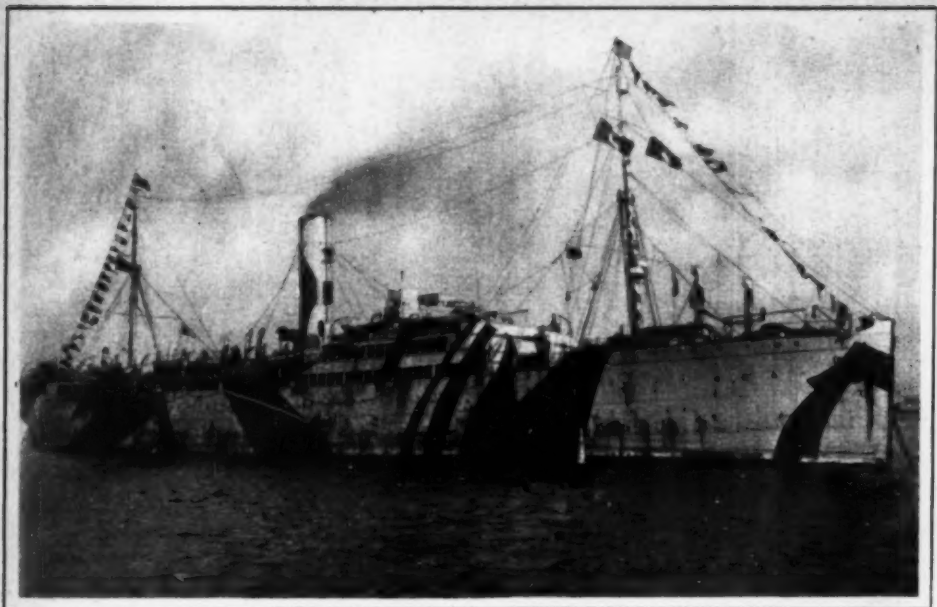
SIXTEEN-INCH GUNS THAT SHOOT THIRTY MILES

It was American guns of this type that bombarded the fortress of Metz during the last weeks of the war



ONE OF AMERICA'S BULLDOGS—A MORTAR RAILWAY MOUNT

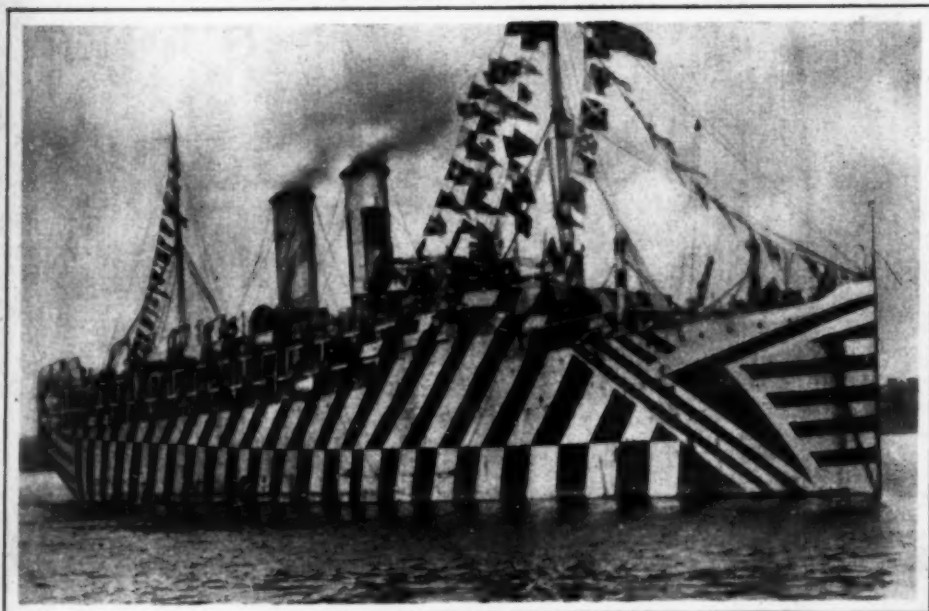
Guns of this type throw a heavy shell about ten miles, and are used to destroy concrete and underground fortifications with high-angle fire—All our railway artillery sent to France is manned by the United States Coast Artillery



A CAMOUFLAGED STEAMER IN NEW YORK HARBOR

Grotesquely painted vessels have been familiar sights in our ports during the war, but as it was forbidden to photograph them, many readers may not know what they looked like

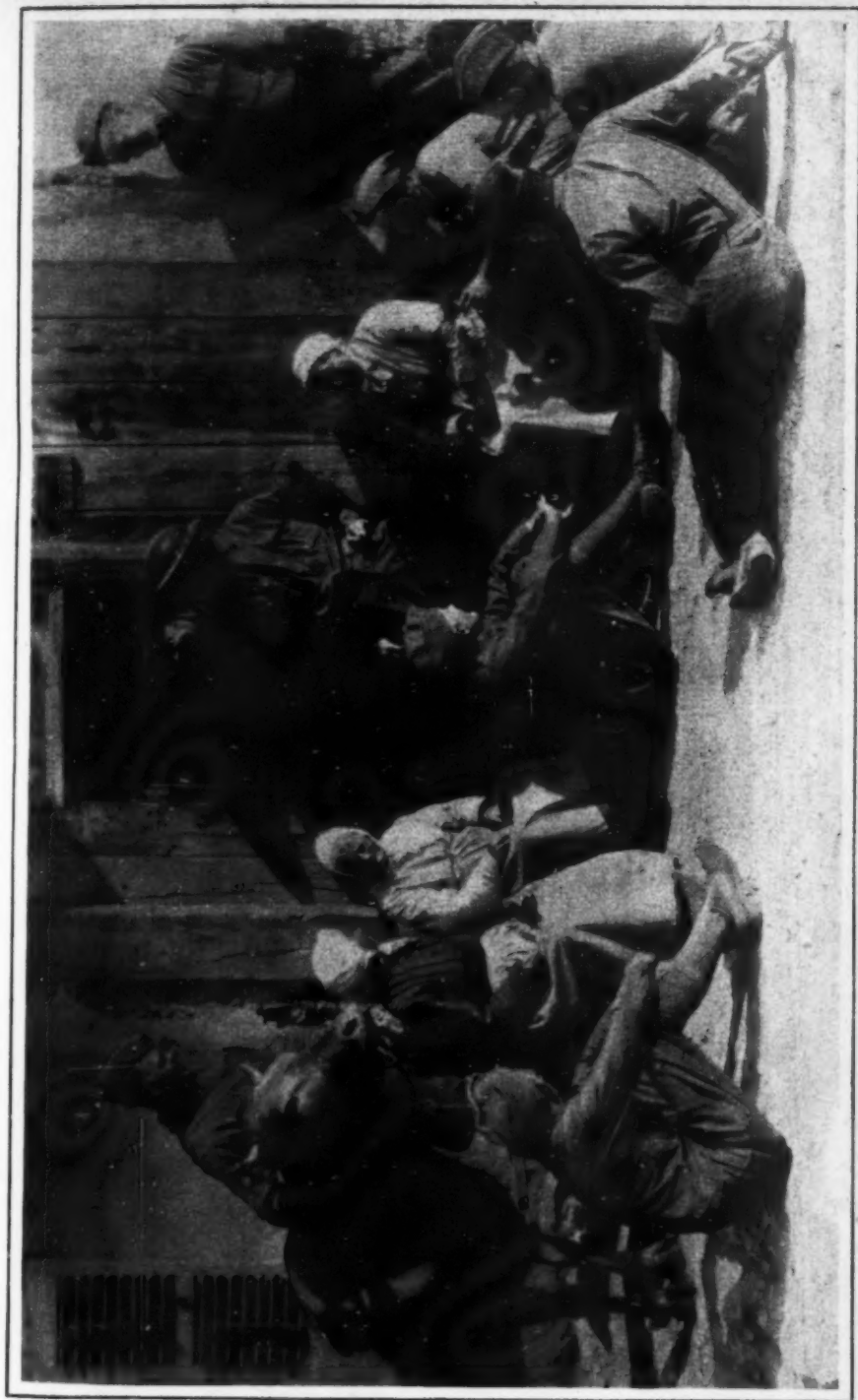
From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



A BRITISH SHIP "DRESSED" TO CELEBRATE THE GERMAN SURRENDER

The two engravings on this page were made from photographs taken in New York harbor during the celebration of the signing of the armistice with Germany

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



"ALLIES"—AMERICAN SOLDIERS AND FRENCH PEASANT WOMEN

The lads in khaki have evidently established an Entente Cordiale with the three old ladies who are giving them practical instruction in French



CHICAGO'S MEMORIAL TO HER DEAD HEROES

This arch on Michigan Avenue, eighty feet high, and topped by a great golden star, was opened on Labor Day—The names of Chicago's soldiers and sailors who died in the war are or will be inscribed on the pylons behind it

In the Public Eye



MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM L. SIBERT

As head of the Chemical Warfare Service, General Sibert was in charge of the development of an arm that played a great and increasingly important part in the last stages of the war

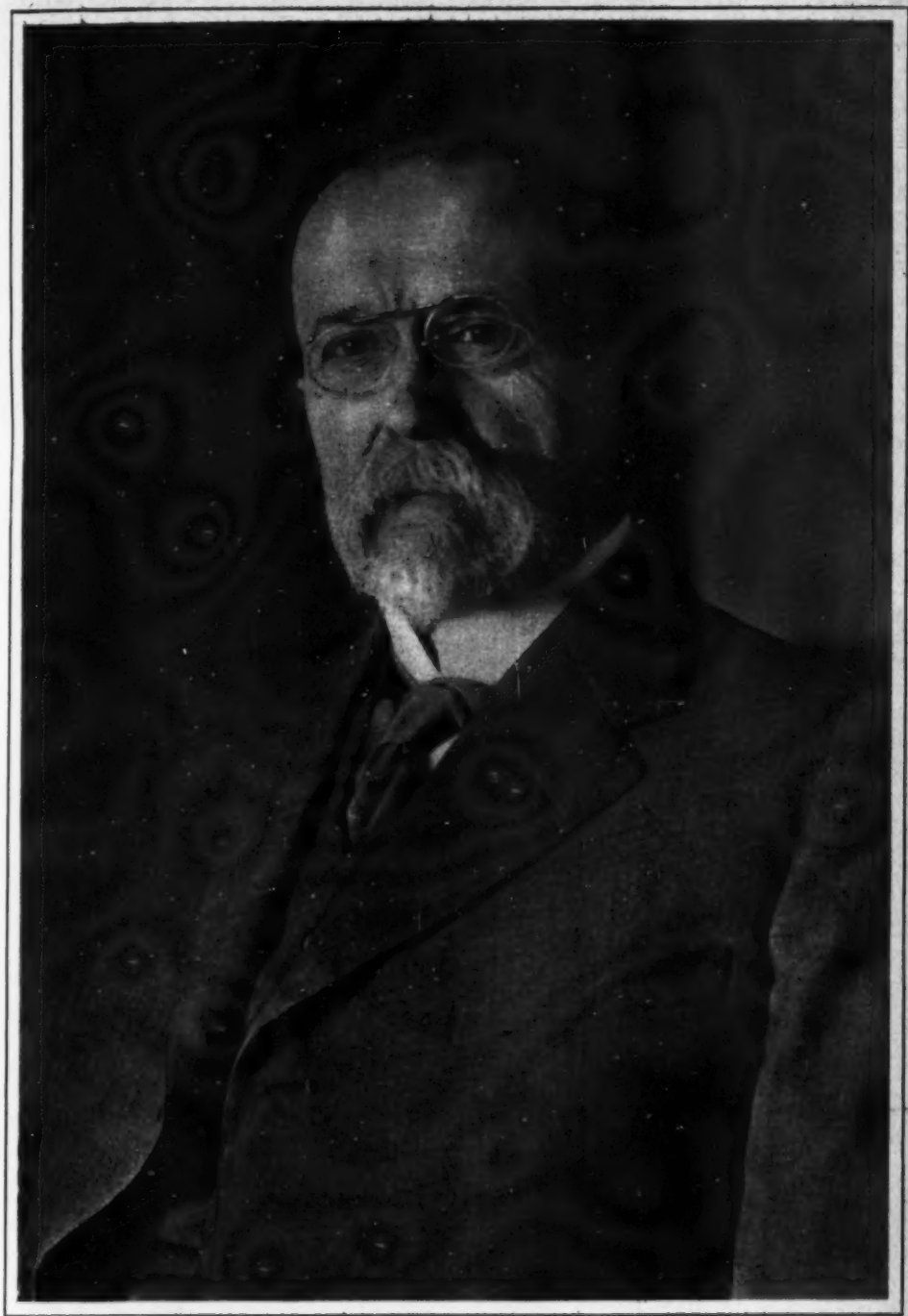
From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington



COUNT MICHAEL KAROLYI

Provisional head of the new republic of Hungary—He belongs to one of the old titled Magyar families, but has long been a leader of the radical party in Hungarian politics

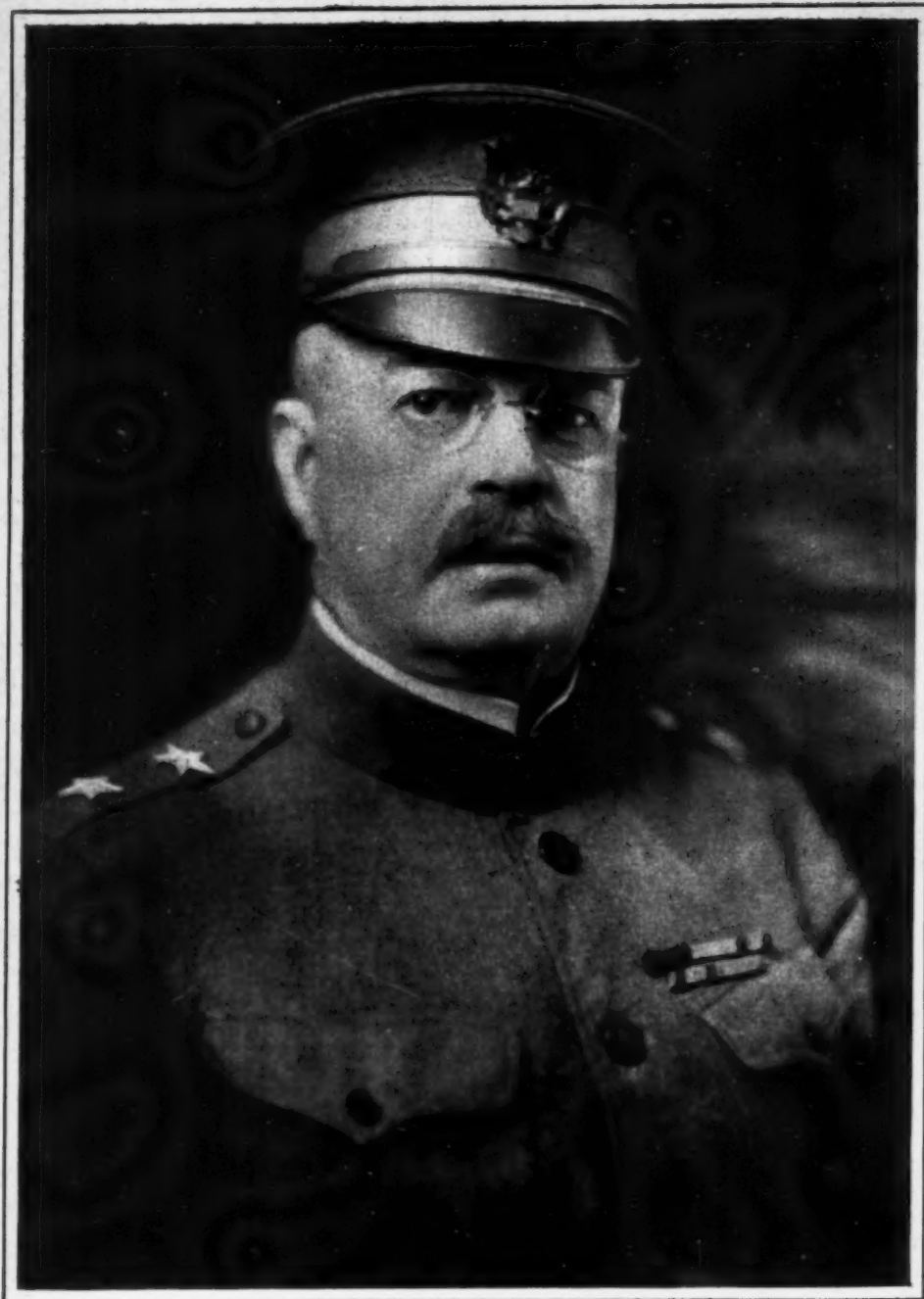
From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York



DR. THOMAS G. MASARYK

Provisional head of the new state of Czechoslovakia, whose right to independence has been recognized by the United States and the Entente powers—See article on page 677

From a copyrighted photograph by Thompson, New York



MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH T. DICKMAN

Who succeeded Major-General Liggett as commander of the First Corps of the American Expeditionary Force, forming part of the army of occupation in Germany—General Dickman served in the Santiago campaign and as chief of staff to General Chaffee in the Philippines

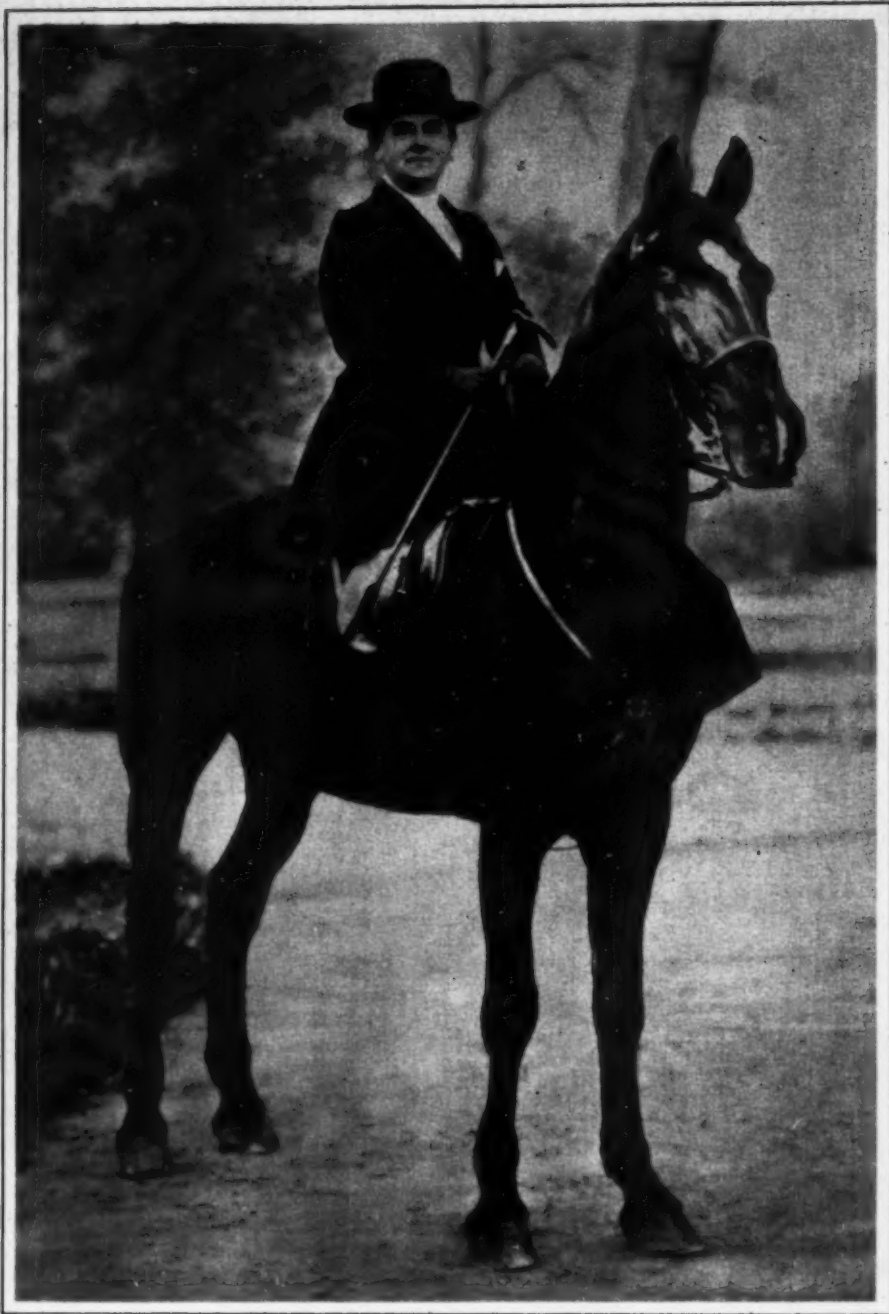
From a photograph by the Press Illustrating Service, New York



ROY A. WEAGANT

A Marconi expert who announces the invention of a method of freeing radio communication from the interference of static electricity, which has hitherto been the chief obstacle to the complete success of wireless telegraphy—Other interests question the value of the invention

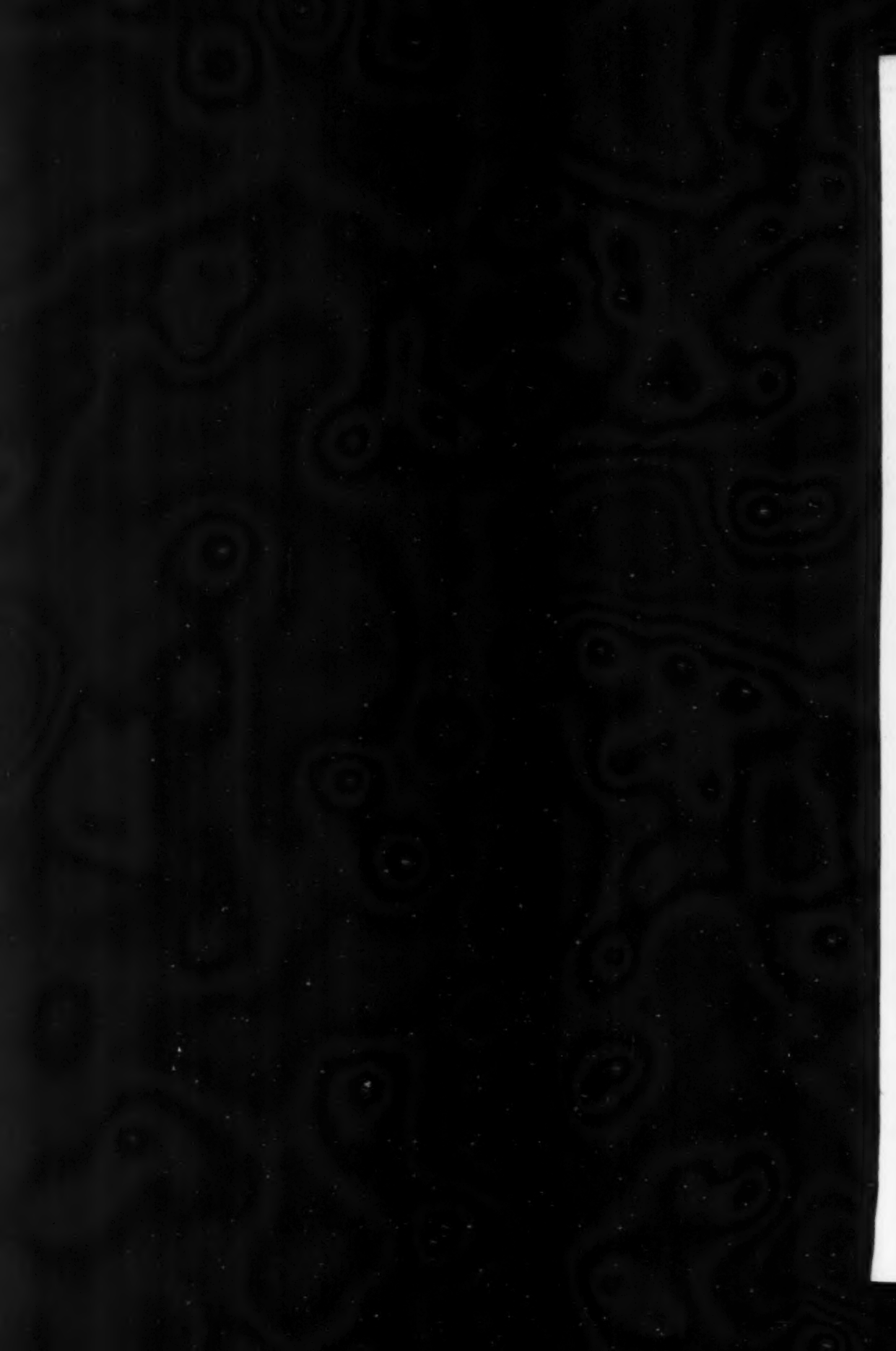
From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York



WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS

Although Queen Wilhelmina is personally popular with her people, and has high prestige as the representative of the historic house of Orange, recent reports have told of much political and social unrest in Holland

From a photograph by the Central News Photo Service, New York



What Defeated the Submarine

THE TWO CHIEF WEAPONS OF THE ALLIED CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE GERMAN U-BOAT WERE THE MINE BARRAGE AND THE DEPTH-BOMB

By Robert G. Skerrett

THE U-boat's day of comparative immunity against retaliatory attack came to a close when the depth-bomb and the submarine mine were brought into play in their fullest measure. The depth-bomb has served as an active agency in bringing the Kaiser's sea-asps to an accounting, while the submarine mine, as we know now, has been the means of driving the underwater craft into a corner, or, failing that, of narrowing their path to and from their lairs, so that their comings and goings could be interrupted with greater success.

No matter how wide awake or how alert the destroyers, trawlers, or submarine-chasers of the Allies, hunting for U-boats was pretty much like looking for a needle in a haystack so long as the German submarines were free to travel whither they would in the North Sea from their bases at Helgoland, Wilhelmshaven, and Zeebrugge. Once out in water of sufficient depth, they could sink beneath the cloaking waves and easily evade the patrolling surface craft of their enemies. The odds were heavily in favor of the U-boats, and the antisubmarine flotillas ran continually hither and thither, racking their hulls and engines well-nigh to destruction and wearing their hard-worked officers and crews down to utter exhaustion.

The problem faced by our naval experts and their associates abroad was to devise some form of barrier which would hedge about the movements of German submarines so that the Allied force of destroyers, chasers, and trawlers might have narrower zones wherein to watch for the elusive foe. The only practical solution lay in planting two enormous mine barrages—one enveloping the southern and eastern area of the North Sea from a point off the Frisian Islands to a line west of the coast of Denmark in the

latitude of the entrance to the Skagerrack; the other hemming in the upper limits of the North Sea from the rugged littoral of Norway westward to within a short span of the Orkney Islands.

The execution of this work called for the manufacture of hundreds of thousands of submarine mines and the sowing of at least a quarter of a million of these subaqueous weapons. For many months the energies of the British and American navies were centered upon the undertaking. American ingenuity played its part by evolving an improved type of mine specially fitted for the purpose. Not only that, but the Bureau of Ordnance of the United States Navy Department found ways to produce the new weapon within an astonishingly brief period. By resorting to quantity production, and by dividing up the work among scores of factories, Rear-Admiral Earle was able to get the various parts of the improved mine made in identical multiples which, when brought together at the assembling points, were found to coordinate perfectly. Furthermore, while the parts were in process of preparation, the Bureau of Ordnance established a mine-charging plant capable of turning out a thousand of these destructive agencies daily.

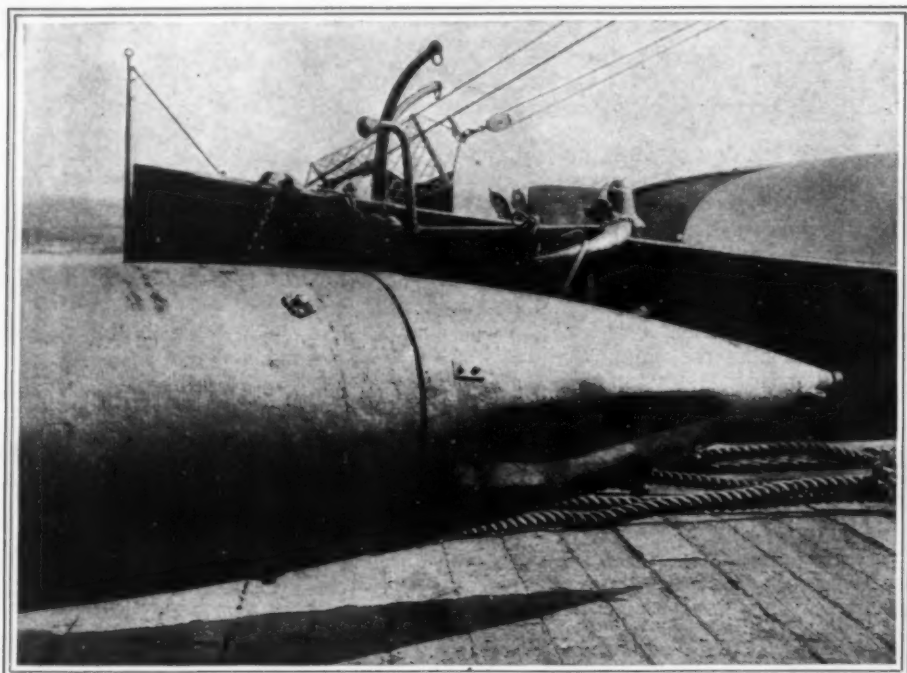
But the mere possession of the weapons, ready for service, was not enough. It was equally important that we should help to supply officers, men, and vessels for the sowing of the subaqueous barrage. To this end, twenty merchant ships were specially fitted to carry the mines and their associate apparatus overseas, and additional craft were equipped for the work of planting them. As a result, the whole vast undertaking was carried through at an amazing pace, and is understood to have been executed in about half the time originally thought necessary.

Team-work did the trick; and the completion of the task brought the U-boat commanders to a disturbing realization of the grim forces that were massing about them.

A NEW OFFENSIVE WEAPON

The campaign against the submarine has had two phases, defensive and offensive.

We can't claim to have originated the depth-bomb as it stands to-day, although native genius has done much to improve its certainty of functioning, and has thereby added measurably to its power. But it is true that we blazed the way for it by reason of experiments made at Newport during the winter of 1893-1894. This was before we



THE SUBMARINE USED IN THE EXPERIMENTS OF 1893-1894 AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, SHOWING THE RUPTURE MADE BY THE EXPLOSION OF EIGHTY POUNDS OF GUNCOTTON AT A DISTANCE OF EIGHTY FEET

The mine barrage represents the former; the most effective weapon of the latter has been the depth-bomb. The gun can reach its target only on the surface, and is foiled when the enemy submerges; the depth-bomb follows him under the waves and inevitably destroys him if he is within its radius of action when it explodes.

This new and formidable weapon is virtually an unanchored mine, which has only to be dropped overboard in the general neighborhood of the unseen foe to do its destructive work. From a bomb carrying perhaps forty pounds of high explosive it has matured to the size of a steel container capable of holding more than two hundred pounds of TNT. Just how this order of submarine antidote came into being should be of especial interest to Americans.

ordered the first of our submarines, and fully seven years in advance of the British Admiralty's reluctant recognition of modern underwater torpedo-boats. The story is worth telling briefly, because it illustrates how different was the object of the investigation from the purpose to which the information then obtained has since been put.

In those days, nearly a quarter of a century back, the torpedo was a relatively small affair, judged by present standards, and the guncotton charge in its war-head was considerably less than a hundred pounds. Further, the weapon was so uncertain in its flight that it could not be counted upon to hit even a large target at a range of much more than five hundred yards.

The chief virtue claimed for a submarine

was that she could steal closer to her quarry than a surface boat could, so that a miss with the torpedo would be less likely. In theory, this was all very well; but the naval authorities began to question what would happen to the submarine. Wasn't there danger, they asked, that she might be damaged by her own weapon?

THE NEWPORT EXPERIMENTS

Accordingly, the Secretary of the Navy ordered the Newport experiments, designed to determine the effect of large charges of explosive upon animal life in submerged craft. The officials in Washington feared that if a torpedo were detonated within a hundred yards of a submarine, the concussion would kill her crew—in other words, that she would be hoist by her own petard.

In the early nineties, the torpedo carried about eighty pounds of guncotton in its war-head. The trials, therefore, were made with charges of this size, submerged at a depth of fifteen feet, and exploded at distances ranging from four hundred and thirty feet down to eighty feet from the make-believe submarine. The shell, or empty body, of an old torpedo was used to represent the latter. Its crew, so to speak, consisted of a rabbit and a rooster, in the forward compartment; two pigeons, in the middle compartment; and a large, muscular cat, of the vagrant type, in the after chamber. This diversity of animal life was intentional, in order to show the part that more vigorous vitality might play in safeguarding the human personnel of a real submarine.

It was not until the last trial, at a distance of eighty feet, that the shell of the torpedo was ruptured by the explosion, so that it filled with water and drowned the inmates. This was accepted as reasonably conclusive evidence that an under-water torpedo-boat would not be harmed by the reactive concussion of its own missile, unless it were within about a hundred feet of its target when the explosion occurred.

Since that date the torpedo has been greatly improved and much enlarged, and a charge of two or three hundred pounds of trinitrotoluol, or TNT, now supplants the less powerful explosive formerly used. Target practise has made it plain to the people within a submarine that the Newport experiments were conclusive only up to a point—they did not bring out the fact that the under-water craft is more susceptible to

injury than its personnel. As an English writer stated a short while ago, in describing an under-water run that he had made:

With a shot at the enemy there is, of course, the explosion to dread. If the submarine does not get away far enough, the explosion of the torpedo may extinguish all lights aboard the submarine.

By "far enough" he meant a matter of some hundreds of yards. Knowing how disturbing, if not destructive, a neighboring subaqueous blast might be to a submarine, the experts asked, soon after the outbreak of hostilities:

"Why not attack the hiding U-boat with mines, which could be dropped in the general vicinity of the hostile craft?"

BOMBS LOWERED ON A SPAR

This idea was an improvement upon the antisubmarine tactics tried out by the British some ten years ago, when the performances of the first of their present-day under-water torpedo-boats brought home to them the fact that that type of vessel was to be reckoned with seriously. They equipped a number of destroyers with long poles hung at their sides, to which were attached charges of guncotton at the lower and forward ends. As the surface vessels passed over the supposed submarine, the spars were dropped until they stood upright; and just as the charged ends swung aft and clear of the destroyer's stern the guncotton was detonated. This method involved a considerable risk of damage to the destroyer, though the quantity of guncotton used was limited in order to reduce the danger.

The British authorities learned by their tests that under-water explosions would injure and might destroy a submarine, if the explosive mass were big enough; but they likewise realized that the spar feature was too dangerous to the users. The depth-bomb was the logical development, and the advent of TNT gave the ordnance engineer a more potent destructive agent.

Steam trawlers and destroyers have found these improved weapons extremely effective in battling with Germany's piratical U-boats. Latterly, large cruisers and armed merchantmen have been equipped with apparatus for dropping depth-charges close to lurking submarines, and the size of the bombs they carry is greater than that of the kindred missiles furnished to the smaller

craft. The big ships are supposed to plant their bombs only when going at full speed, in order to get well away from the menacing reaction of the under-water blast.

The story is told of a freighter that tried to destroy a U-boat in the Mediterranean by means of a depth-charge, and escaped self-destruction by only a narrow margin. She was traveling at comparatively low speed when she surprised a submarine just poking its periscope out of the depths for an observation. As the merchantman got her stern over where the U-boat had ducked, she cast loose a large bomb. Before she could move onward far enough to be out of harm's reach, the charge detonated, and the violently upblown sea tore part of the vessel's after body away.

THE POWER OF THE DEPTH-BOMB

Depth-bombs in their present forms carry from three hundred to three hundred and fifty pounds of trinitrotoluol, and the detonation of one of these heavy charges creates a wide zone of concussive violence extending in every direction under water, but most destructively in a horizontal or upward path. A visible proof of this is the rushing geyser blown skyward almost instantly after the explosion.

To get the best results, the bomb must sink far enough to have above it a goodly blanket or weight of water, for otherwise the uprushing gases find too easy an avenue of escape to the surface, and the explosion deals a correspondingly reduced blow in other directions. It is this blow, transmitted by reason of the non-compressible nature of the surrounding medium, that strikes the submarine suspended in the same watery mass.

The result of such a blast, when the blow gets home effectively, is not unlike that of a collision at high speed. The plates of storage-batteries are shattered and broken loose from their electrical connections; pipes that are vital to the operation of the U-boat are snapped apart at their joints; valves are wrenched away from their seatings; oil engines and electric motors are thrown out of alinement and jammed, if not bodily detached from their bed-plates; and the interior walls of ballast-tanks that are directly open to the sea may be torn so that water will be free to rush into the main body of the stricken vessel. This is due to the fact that a submerged explosion creates a far wider area of damage

than one of the same violence in the air. The greater density of water is the reason for this.

In the earlier part of the war, the submarine could always seek a protective covering by sinking out of sight, and this was the way in which she got clear of the enemy's gun-fire. As has already been said, the depth-bomb robbed the overlying sea of a large measure of its defensive value. The watchful destroyer had the odds in her favor, if she could get above a U-boat and drop one or two depth-charges within a hundred feet of her quarry.

The submarine, when she dives, leaves a trail at the surface which, to the practised eye, tells something of her movements under water. Air, caught in various parts of the under-sea craft, rises from the fleeing enemy, and this, together with a film of oil, suffices to betray the general course of the hidden foe for some distance. At the right moment the pursuing destroyer drops the steel-cased depth-charge over her own stern, and by the time the bomb has sunk to the exploding depth the destroyer is well away from the column of upheaved water.

Some of the depth-bombs are operated by floats, which are bound to the weapon by a wire rope wound over a reel. When the cable is entirely unwound by the sinking missile, a trigger is cocked and released, thus firing the primer that detonates the TNT. Other bombs are functioned automatically by hydrostatic pressure when the chosen depth is reached.

One of America's most valuable contributions to the improved or perfected depth-bomb is a cunningly devised apparatus which makes it possible to adjust the firing mechanism so that it will operate at submergences of two hundred or even three hundred feet. The purpose of this is to make it possible to attack a submarine which has gone to the bottom to escape the ordinary depth-bomb, or which may have been compelled to drop to the seabed by an injury that has only temporarily disabled her. A film of oil on the surface may indicate such a condition, and its continuance in a given spot is almost proof positive that the U-boat lurks below it. Then it is that a bomb or two, dropped down to the ocean floor, or near it, is likely to inflict fatal damage upon the submarine.

It must not be imagined, however, just because a thick scum of oil rises to the

sea's surface, that the U-boat is necessarily destroyed. The German under-water craft are double-hulled vessels, the outer skin being comparatively light and the inner one stout and pressure-resisting. Between these two shells are tanks for oil and water, the latter fluid supplanting the fuel as it is consumed. A blow that might rupture the outer and thinner skin, thus releasing a

considerable quantity of oil, would not necessarily impair the soundness of the main hull, which is essential to the fundamental safety of the vessel.

The best and surest sign of a telling hit is the persistent appearance of an area of disturbed water, produced by large quantities of air escaping from the crippled craft. This indicates that the sea has



THE RESULT OF THE EXPLOSION OF A MODERN DEPTH-BOMB CONTAINING ABOUT THREE HUNDRED POUNDS OF TRINITROTOLUOL—THE TREMENDOUS FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION IS SHOWN BY THE GREAT UPHEAVAL OF WATER

From a photograph by Thompson, New York

broken into the living and operative compartments of the boat.

THE NEW DIVING PROJECTILE

It is said that the British not long ago devised a new order of subaqueous attack in their campaign against Germany's submarines. This is in the form of a shell, charged with high explosive, which can be fired from a naval rifle. The ordinary projectile ricochets, or bounds back into the air, when it strikes the sea, much as a thrown oyster-shell skips over the water. The new missile dives when it strikes the waves and travels for a considerable distance after plunging out of sight.

After reaching a fixed depth, or after going for a certain distance beneath the water, it explodes automatically. It is also detonated if, on its submerged journey, it meets a solid body. When it explodes, depending upon the size of its charge of trinitrotoluol, it acts substantially like a depth-bomb in its effect upon a near-by U-boat.

The man in the street can readily see that such a weapon would radically change the method of warring upon submarines. The pursuing destroyer or other armed surface vessel does not have to run in close upon the U-boat in order to attack it with much prospect of success. The moment a submarine is discovered thousands of yards away, a curtain fire of these diving shells can be dropped in her proximity. The problem is not the hard one of striking the small tube of a periscope, or scoring upon a trifling area of exposed conning-tower. All that is necessary is to drop

the projectiles within a couple of hundred feet of the target, and the missiles will do their dire work with deadly certainty.

Americans have the best of reasons for rejoicing in the development of the diving shell, because one of their own people did the pioneer work in making such a missile possible.

As a matter of ordnance engineering, the evolution of this destructive agent has called for greater skill and more careful planning than the depth-bomb. First, the diving shell had to be fashioned so that it would plunge and not ricochet; and then it was necessary to perfect a fuse, functioning in several ways, that would work to a nicety after sinking beneath the waves. The problem was not the comparatively simple one of devising a firing mechanism that would operate merely at a predetermined depth. The inventor had to make his fuse insensitive to impact upon striking the water, and yet responsive to any obstruction which it might meet after diving. Finally, he had to produce a fuse which would detonate the charge when the projectile had traveled a given distance under water.

The man in the street does not want to be bothered with the technical details of the experiments by which various requirements were met. His interest centers in the fact that they have been met, and above all, in the fact that the German submarine, which once loomed as a deadly menace to the Allied cause, had been met and defeated, though by no means annihilated, when the armistice that terminated hostilities was signed on the 11th of November.

IN HOC SIGNO

You are the messenger who came
And wakened me anew to life.
"Why art thou deaf," you cried, "to fame,
To glory and the stirring strife?"

My armor I had laid aside—
You blessed it ere I put it on;
You kissed my forehead then, and cried:
"Oh, hasten, lover, and be gone!"

And soon I stood within the ranks,
And fought as with the strength of ten,
With blows like youthful David's, thanks
To that brave kiss you gave me then!

William Wallace Whitelock

The Woman's Place

BY ELEANOR ECOB

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

AS Natalie Maynard, attorney at law, stopped the roadster in front of her house, she saw May Farrell coming down the rose-bordered path. Natalie sprang out with a welcoming "Hello!" and met her caller at the gate.

"Don't go, May! Come back and talk to me till Bob gets home."

"I can't, dear. I've got to go right home and see that the children get their supper. I just stopped in to tell you"—she tried to make it sound casual—"that I sha'n't be able to help on the campaign committee any more. I'm awfully sorry—"

"Oh, May, why can't you? What's the trouble?" demanded Natalie.

"Well, I have so much to do at home—" began May feebly, and her color deepened.

"Nonsense! Jim Farrell's told you you can't do it. Hasn't he?"

May stood tracing lines in the gravel with the tip of her parasol before she looked up guiltily into her friend's dark eyes.

"I never can hide anything from that horrid legal mind of yours!" she complained. "Yes, it's Jim. He says I'm working against his interest when I go around electioneering for Cortright. He wouldn't care, but the men he's associated with in business are all after him about it. They say I must stop, or they'll drop him."

"Why, May Farrell, how perfectly outrageous!" exclaimed Natalie. "What difference does it make to them what you do?"

"I don't know!" cried May, equally indignant. "It makes me sick to stop now, at the most important part of the campaign. I'm ashamed, too," she added. "The idea of my letting a bad man get into office, just for business reasons! But I can't go against Jim."

Her blue eyes filled, and she looked hastily away.

"All right, dear," Natalie comforted her, repressing a smile. "We'll just have to

get along without you. But don't you worry—Lanergan's not going to be mayor of this town!"

"You're going to keep right on, Nat?" asked May a little tremulously.

"I? Certainly. Why not?"

Natalie stared in surprise. May hesitated, the color rising again in her cheek.

"Nothing—only Jim said it would be just the same with your husband. Some one told him you were ruining Bob's chances for the new bridge contract. Hasn't Bob said anything to you about it?"

"No," returned Natalie slowly; "this is the first I've heard of it. I suppose Lanergan's crowd does control that contract."

Her alert young face clouded. Evidently this was what Bob's preoccupation and his abrupt manner toward her this last week had meant.

"You'll have to give in, too, Natalie," May prophesied mournfully. "I don't see how the committee could get along without you, either."

"I won't!" cried Natalie, her eyes lighting with battle. "Those men can't stop me that way!" She was on the point of adding: "And Bob wouldn't ask it of me." But she caught back the words in time. "Why, May," she went on with more vigor than accuracy, "it's like selling our souls for a mess of pottage. We can't do it!"

"That's just what I think!" exclaimed May, fired by her friend's enthusiasm. "If you want to go ahead, I'll stand by you, no matter what the men say!"

"To the death!" laughed Natalie, holding out her hand. "We'll show Lanergan we can't be bought off!"

As she left her friend and went up the path to the house, she tried to reason away the sudden anxiety that crowded up in her mind. Of course Bob would never ask her to use her political influence against her own convictions for the sake of a business

advantage, however great. She felt a touch of disdain, softened by pity, for poor, pliant little May, who had been ready*to yield to such a demand, and disdain unalloyed for the man who had made it.

No, she need not fear the sacrifice of her political ideals; but she began to realize how much loss and disappointment her insistence on them would enforce upon Bob. He was as much in love with his profession as he was with her. The loss of the important bridge contract, on which he counted so confidently, would be a severe blow to his intense ambition.

But she could not convince herself that the situation was as May had stated. Natalie was still young enough to find it difficult to believe the worst of her fellow beings. Besides, she and Bob had come only a year ago from a non-suffrage Eastern State, and this was her first campaign. It did not seem possible that Lanergan and his henchmen would strike at Bob because of her acts.

A little comforted, she busied herself about the garden while she waited for Bob's return. When she heard his step on the path, she ran to meet him, her arms full of the roses she had cut.

II

BOB MAYNARD was a straight, cheerful young man, with direct, gray eyes and crisp, bronze-brown hair. Usually he came up the path whistling; but to-night he was silent, and there was a deep line between the eyes usually so confident and serene.

Natalie's heart went down as she noted these symptoms, but she greeted him gaily.

"Hello, dear! My, but I'm glad to see you again!"

He slipped his arm around her and gave her a perfunctory kiss.

"Sorry to be late," he said absently as they went into the house. "Dinner ready?"

Natalie's heart sank further.

Dinner, in summer, was served on the side porch, the daintily appointed table, with its bowl of roses or sweet peas, being screened from the street by a gay pink rambler. For Bob and Natalie it was always a time of spirit-renewing happiness, when, work over, they sat down together and laughed, as they ate, at the day's mishaps in their offices, or rejoiced in each other's successes.

But to-night all the spontaneity and joy were gone. They talked listlessly or sat

silent until Natalie, always direct in her methods, broached the subject that filled both their minds.

"Bob," she began, "I've just been talking to May Farrell. She says somebody told her husband that I'm ruining your chances for the bridge contract by organizing the women against Lanergan. Has any one suggested such a thing to you?"

Bob's look cleared; he faced her with a more natural animation.

"Why, yes, dear, I should say they have. They've been after me about it for the last week. I couldn't make up my mind to tell you, though."

"Why not?" asked Natalie.

"Well, I know how hard you've worked on this Clean Politics Committee, or whatever you call it, and how keen you've been on beating Lanergan."

"And you thought I might not like to stop?" she asked in a cautiously even tone.

"I knew you'd hate it like the dickens, and it didn't seem quite fair to ask you; but now that you know about it, I must say I'm relieved. It would have made me pretty sick to lose that contract over a little political scrap, I can tell you!"

He took it for granted that she was going to stop, regardless of the right or wrong of it! Natalie's heart began to hurry, but she managed to keep her voice pleasant.

"I don't believe for a minute they'd do such a thing, Bob. I can't see that what I do has the slightest connection with you."

"You're my wife, aren't you?"

"But what difference does that make? I'm a separate human being, am I not? You'd think it was the Dark Ages, and I was your chattel."

"Suppose you were my business partner. You'd see the connection quick enough then, wouldn't you? Well, it's just like that."

"Not at all," argued Natalie. "In a partnership there are joint interests which the actions of either partner might affect; but our business interests are entirely separate. I can't control what you do with your money and influence, and you have nothing to say about what I do. I can't see that the mere fact that I'm married to you has anything to do with it."

"I can't help whether there's any sense in it or not," said Bob, a little exasperated. "That's the way politicians do things, that's all. You'll have to take my word for it."

"I do," said Natalie, controlling herself with an effort. "And considering that, you want me to stop working against your candidate?"

"I should think you'd want to," retorted Bob.

"What if I told you I didn't?"

"I wouldn't believe it."

business that I've stopped knowing right from wrong. If I gave up working against the election of Lanergan, I should be false to everything I believe fair and honest. I couldn't hold up my head again—"

Her voice trembled, and she stopped.

"Nonsense, Natalie!" cried Bob sharply. "You talk like a child. You'll find



"WOMEN HAVE NO PLACE IN POLITICS, ANYWAY. THEY DON'T KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT BUSINESS!"

"You wouldn't believe that I'd do what I thought was right, regardless of the consequences to us?"

"I wouldn't believe you'd carry on a political row at the expense of your husband's profession." Then, as she said nothing, he went on: "Women have no place in politics, anyway. They don't know enough about business!"

"Well," said Natalie slowly and seriously, "I'm glad I don't know so much about

one candidate's about the same as another, after election day."

"No," said Natalie. "You know as well as I do that Cortright's an honest and able man, and that Lanergan's a crook. If any one had told me yesterday that you'd ask me to stop working against him—for any reason—I should have said it wasn't possible. I thought you were too good a sport to win in any but a fair game!"

She braced herself for an angry retort.

Bob, usually calm as a summer morning, could seldom govern his temper when she criticised or hurt him. The almost cold control he exhibited now frightened her.

"I'm not going to ask anything of you," he said. "It didn't occur to me that I should have to. I can't quite get your point of view, that's all. If any one had told me that you'd insist on expressing your political views to the detriment of my professional chances, I'd have punched his head. You know what that contract means to me. Now, if you want to go ahead against Lanergan, all right. I sha'n't say anything more."

He ground out his cigarette on the saucer of his coffee-cup, and with a formal "Excuse me," got up and went indoors.

For some time after he had gone Natalie sat drooping over the end of the table, her heart filled with a sort of shocked incredulity that drugged the misery beneath. They had quarreled before, of course—many times—but not like this. Before it had been about the little things that quick-blooded young people do quarrel over—silly things that made no real difference. This went deep. They had assailed their faith in each other—her faith in his integrity, his in her loyalty. The very well-spring of their love was clouded by a new distrust. She had for some time been troubled by the growing closeness of Bob's association with such men as Lanergan; but she had never dreamed that it might lead to anything like this.

Long after the maid had cleared away the dinner things Natalie sat staring out across her bright little patch of garden, the fragrance of roses and fresh-cut grass in her nostrils and the evening chirp of birds in her ears. Presently she dropped her head in her arms on the table, and the tears came.

III

WHEN she got home from the office the next afternoon, she found that Bob was before her. He was sitting in a wicker porch-chair, soberly engaged with the evening paper. Her heart contracted at sight of that well-loved boyish face. It was almost impossible to think any ill of Bob. She went up the steps and dropped into a chair beside him.

"Bob," she began gently, "I feel awfully about last night. I've thought it all over, and I've come to the conclusion that there

isn't anything on earth important enough to come between us." She hesitated, and went on with more reserve: "I feel the same about the principle of it as I did before, but I've decided that I can't do anything to hurt your interests."

In spite of herself, she felt her heart closing against him once more; for the hostility in his look, followed by relief when she announced her decision, set all her distrust of yesterday to quivering afresh.

"You're going to resign from this fool political committee?" he asked.

"I've already done so."

"Good girl! I knew you wouldn't throw me down." He reached over and laid his hand on hers. Then, as she did not reply: "What did they say? Took it all right, didn't they?"

"They were disappointed and surprised, of course. Naturally I didn't tell them why I was doing it."

After another moment of silence she got up and moved toward the door.

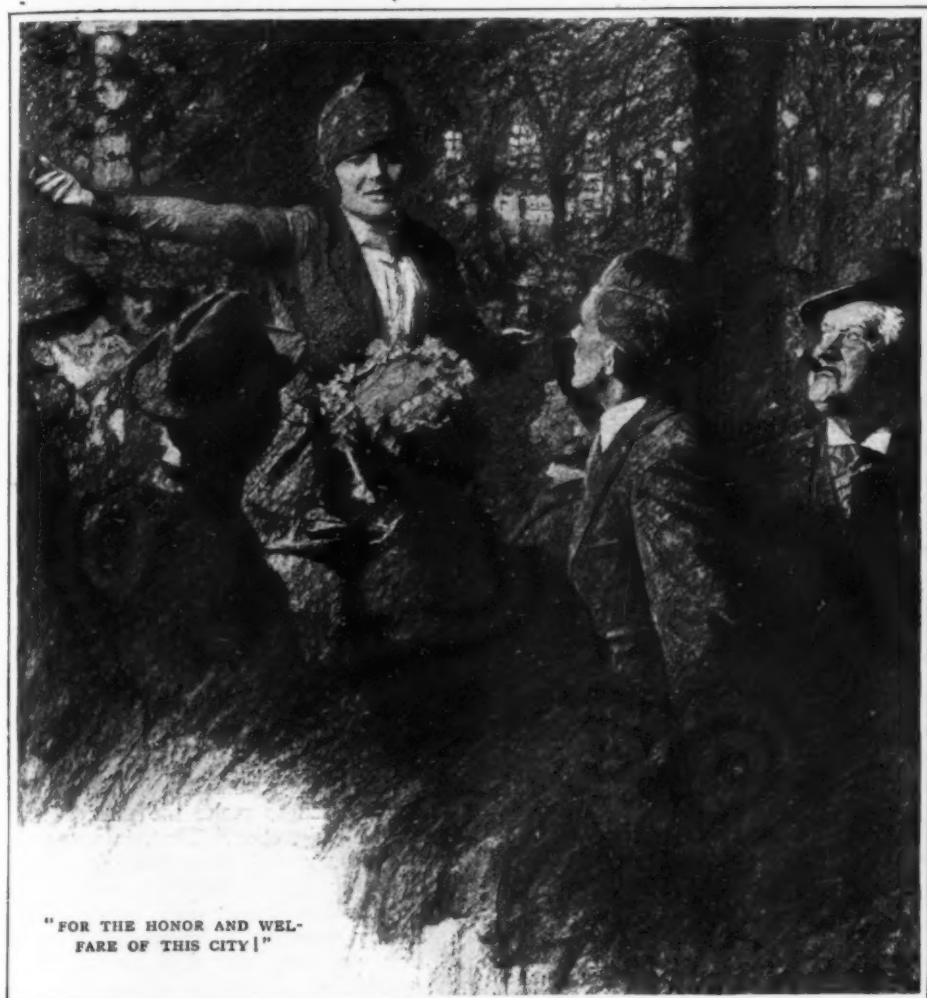
"You seem to give in mighty grudgingly," he said.

"I do," she replied, turning back. It was impossible to keep the bitterness out of her voice. "Somehow I can't sacrifice my political honor quite as lightly as I'd throw a crust to a beggar!"

"Oh, rot—political honor! You women are never satisfied unless you get up some high-sounding name for the simplest thing you do." He put down his paper and crossed to her jauntily, though there was a flush on his cheek. "Kiss me, and tell me you wouldn't go back on your husband for all the political committees in the State!"

She kissed him and clung to him for a moment, there behind the rose-screen; and in that moment she learned what it is not good for the young to know—that no embrace of bodies, however desperately close, can bring divided spirits one inch nearer.

She had laid her political ideals on the altar, not of her husband's profession, but of his love and understanding. How could she have thought that the trouble between them would be ended with the sacrifice? In that instant of futile embrace she had learned that it could not be ended so, that she did not wish it to be ended so. She did not wish him to be satisfied with her surrender. Subconsciously she had expected him to reject it. In her heart the ugly flower of distrust and shame grew a little bigger.



Too sad for another appeal to him, she slipped her hands from his shoulders and went quietly into the house.

IV

To Natalie the next few weeks were like a nightmare. Apparently everything went on as usual. She went to her office and came home, ordered her husband's meals, darned his socks, and amused him in the evening; but the candor was gone from her glance and the joy from her heart. All the beauty had faded from her relation with the man she loved best in the world.

Bob either failed to feel the difference in her attitude or had made up his mind to ignore it. She did not know which explanation hurt her more.

Meanwhile, the Women's Clean Politics Committee struggled gallantly along without its leader. On the 1st of June, with election a week off, no one dared prophesy which side would win. Lanergan's forces had such a grip on the city dynamite could scarcely have loosened it but for two or three pieces of graft so crude that even the blindest were opening their eyes and getting ready to demand a change.

Yet even so, unlimited money and perfect organization are a hard combination to beat. Evidently Lanergan had assumed that they were unbeatable. Only toward the end of the campaign had the contest run so close that he had done the opposition, and the women's committee in particular, the honor to come out and fight.

Knowing, as she did, how much was at stake for the city, Natalie did not find it easy to stand aside and watch the struggle she had helped to launch. Then, too, the women's committee—separate from the men's, though working with it—was the first in the history of the State. She passionately desired its success.

The women of the deserted committee had not seemed to guess the reason for her defection. They had accepted her excuse of pressure of work at the office with lamentation and protest, but without question. Their credulity had hurt her far more deeply than suspicion could have; but recently she thought she felt a change. Had some one familiar with the ways of politicians furnished the true explanation of her withdrawal from the campaign?

Well, let them think what they must of her—she could bear it; but it seemed as if she could not endure to have them know the truth about Bob. Natalie was sensitive under her competent professional woman's exterior; and she was very much in love with her husband. The combination made it easy to suffer, and she suffered cruelly.

The afternoon before election she drove around from her office to the building where the women's headquarters were established, and went up to the committee-room. Here everything was bustle and excitement. Literature was being sorted and given out, badges and buttons apportioned, transparencies tacked together, in readiness for a big parade that night. The telephone tinkled incessantly above the clatter of voices, and a constant stream of women hurried in and out of the door.

Hasty greetings were cast to Natalie from all sides, and several of the workers called invitations to "ride in my machine tonight." The color rose in her cheek as she shook her head and answered smoothly that she would be in it somewhere, but didn't know just what time she could get down.

Catching sight of May Farrell in the far corner of the room, Natalie went toward her through the crowd.

Mrs. Farrell lifted an excited face from the pile of banners she was distributing.

"Oh, Nat," she burst out, "they've chosen me to drive the head car and make the big speech at Sixth and Adams tonight! I'm so scared! I wish you could take my place. *Couldn't* you?"

"No, of course not, dear. Don't be frightened. You'll do it beautifully," she

assured her friend. "One lie more or less can't make any difference now," she sighed to herself.

"No, I sha'n't, either. I'm afraid I'll spoil the whole thing. Oh, Nat, if you only hadn't been so busy they'd have chosen you! Couldn't you help us just this one evening? It means such a lot."

"I know. I'd give anything to help," returned Natalie wistfully; "but this evening is just as bad as any other. I can't be counted on. If I can get off early, though, I'll come down and find something to do."

"It seems just as important as your law work," returned May mournfully and just a bit resentfully, as she bent once more over her banners.

Natalie went out—slunk out, she called it—stopping only long enough at the secretary's desk to offer the use of her roadster that evening. She left the car at a garage near by and started to walk home.

She went slowly, in her depression, up from the noisy business district to the still, tree-shaded residence section, where every street was edged with a blossoming rose-hedge and the sunshine slanted golden across green lawns. Her mind ran unhappily forward to the evening. She knew exactly how the celebration was to go, for she had helped to make the plans for it before her resignation. First, interspersed with bands, would come the big motor parade, with several hundred gaily decorated machines filled with women and driven by women. Then would come a division on foot, carrying torches and transparencies. After the procession had made the rounds of the principal streets it would break up, and several women speakers would be taken to strategic points in the business district, where, from machines, they would address the people.

At the city's business center, Sixth and Adams, a band would be stationed to draw the crowds, and the big address of the evening would be made. Why on earth, Natalie wondered, had May Farrell been chosen as the speaker here? Mrs. Jackson, the newly elected committee chairman, must have been counting on May's good looks and charm of manner to carry her speech, for she had no more force or presence than a kitten.

A flush stung Natalie's cheek at the expression she had mentally used. May Farrell no force! She had stuck to her guns

like a little trooper in face of her husband's opposition, while she herself, who had urged her friend on to defiance, had surrendered treacherously at the first attack.

Natalie turned a corner into her own street. As she neared home her mind reverted sharply to Bob, with an uprush of angry disdain. Ever since her first condemnation of him she had been loyally trying to make herself believe that she ought not to blame him for considering his profession first. Her profession was to her merely a joy and an absorbing interest; his was his life. And while her work was growing financially more successful, on him still rested the burden and responsibility of earning their joint living.

But the afternoon's humiliation had shown her how right she was in blaming him, and herself with him. If they, with the high standards that were their inheritance, could not keep their moral balance against the lure of material gain, were they not more reprehensible than the ignorant politicians who were misruling the city for their profit? How were she and Bob to go on living together with a moral chasm like that between them?

She thought with a shiver of the lukewarm, make-the-best-of-it relation of some of their married friends. Perhaps it was some such experience as this that had brought them to that pass.

She went up the walk with a painful heightening of the feeling she had had for weeks—a dread of meeting Bob, contradicted by an eagerness to do so in the hope that some new factor might develop that would explain his point of view and bring back the old-time confidence and happiness.

There was still a good deal of the little boy in Bob. He was obstinate and proud. He would seldom admit that he was wrong, even when he knew it as well as she. But his sustained refusal to acknowledge anything inharmonious in their relation bore an aspect of alarming novelty; it seemed to indicate his intention of forcing her to continue in the course he had chosen, regardless of her feeling in the matter.

People had always spoken of him as the most thoroughly "modern" husband they knew. Now it seemed that he was not even that. He was overlaid with easy-going modernity, to be sure; but in his heart of hearts he was as man-selfish and autocratic as the worst of them.

She was depressed and yet relieved when

the maid met her in the hall with the information that Mr. Maynard had telephoned he would have dinner at the club. He had not wanted to face her to-night, Natalie thought with a curl of the lip.

V

AFTER her lonely meal Natalie sat brooding on the porch till the waning light reminded her that it was almost time for the Cortright demonstration to begin. She went down-town in a street-car and walked, still brooding on her trouble, to the place where the procession was to form. Mechanically she found a place for herself in the front row of the crowd that was already beginning to line the sidewalk.

She had not waited long when the speakers' car, which was to marshal the procession, turned a corner into view. It was the Farrell machine, a big seven-passenger, gaily decorated with bunting and bearing on the radiator a conspicuous sign—"Women's Clean Politics Committee." Along its sides ran white banners with bold black lettering—"Vote for Cortright and Honest Government." The passengers were women in white suits; but as the car drew near Natalie was astonished to see, instead of May Farrell's trim little figure, a strange girl in the driver's seat. Beside her sat Mrs. Jackson, her friendly, homely face drawn into anxious lines.

The car jerked forward as the driver changed gears, then bucked, and stalled almost at Natalie's feet. Mrs. Jackson's strained glance, shifting from the girl at the wheel to the crowd, encountered Natalie's. Quick relief dawned over her big features as she beckoned Natalie to the side of the machine.

"Thank Heaven for you, Mrs. Maynard! You're a miracle!" she cried. "I just called up your house, and was almost wild when they said you'd gone out."

"What's the matter? Where's May Farrell?" asked Natalie quickly.

"Her husband's sick. She phoned down at the last minute." Mrs. Jackson's explanation rushed out pell-mell. "She can't make the speech, or anything. She sent the chauffeur to run the car, but we thought a man would spoil the looks of the whole thing, so Miss Parke said she'd drive. She thought it worked the same as her machine, but it doesn't seem to."

"I don't know what's the matter with the thing," wailed Miss Parke, who was

almost in tears. "I never saw a car act like this before."

"You've often driven it, haven't you, Mrs. Maynard?" asked Mrs. Jackson.

"Yes, it's a funny old thing—you have to kind of coax it along," admitted Natalie. She was thinking—Jim Farrell sick! That was a likely story! So May had surrendered at last.

"Get in," commanded Mrs. Jackson, "and drive this car, and make the speech at Sixth and Adams!"

"Oh, I can't!" exclaimed Natalie, drawing back.

"Why not?"

"I simply can't do it. I told you weeks ago that I—couldn't be in it at all."

"Oh, I thought it was just your work—you couldn't give the time!"

Doubt sharpened Mrs. Jackson's direct and friendly gaze.

"But I—I'm not prepared," stammered Natalie. "I couldn't get up there and make a speech offhand."

"Nonsense!" retorted Mrs. Jackson with a reassured laugh. "You can't worry me about that—a woman who's used to appearing in court the way you are. You've got all the facts at your finger-tips, too. I was going to try to do it myself—and I forget my name if I've got so much as a cat for an audience."

"How about the other speakers?" protested Natalie. "Why can't one of them do it?"

Her glance swept the listening women in the car.

"Their posts are all assigned to them. Besides, they've only prepared for three-minute speeches, and they're all afraid to try extemporizing."

"I should say we are!" "We'd rather die!" "Please do it, Mrs. Maynard," came a pleading chorus from the speakers.

"The main feature of the evening will be a fizzle if you don't, and the women's committee will be the laughing-stock of the town. You know what that means for to-morrow. It's too big an opening for Lanergan's side. We can't give it to them!"

Still Natalie hesitated. Seven pairs of eyes were focused on her, waiting. These women knew her as generous and quick in an emergency. There could be but one reason for her failing them now. To accept would be to clear Bob of all suspicion.

She must not let herself be forced by what she knew lay in their minds; but

Mrs. Jackson was right—they could not afford to let the evening be a failure. The election was going to run too close for that.

Natalie's eyes rapidly surveyed the speakers. They were on the verge of panic. She was more accustomed than the rest of them to public appearances, and she could rely on her own coolness and self-control. It was moral support they all needed—a little of some one else's courage to help them through their own parts in the affair. The whole campaign was ready to collapse at the crucial moment for lack of a leader.

Here was a chance to help right the wrong she had done. She must take it, whatever the results to her and Bob. She raised her head, and in the gathering darkness the warm color came flooding to her face.

"Very well," she said simply. "I'll go!"

Miss Parke jumped out and ran back to find a seat for herself in some other car, and Natalie took her place at the wheel. The procession was already well in line behind them. She started the engine, gently let in the ticklish clutch, and they glided off toward whatever the evening had in store.

VI

WITH the casting of the die a swift revulsion of feeling swept over Natalie. Right or wrong, how could she have turned against Bob? She was conscious of relaxed tension about her, of strengthened morale in the troops at her back. She responded with mechanical precision to Mrs. Jackson's directions at street turnings, and held herself with quiet dignity, while her mind plunged frantically ahead to face the result of her decision.

"Bob, Bob!" she cried out to herself. "What will you think if you see me? What will you say when the morning papers print my name, and perhaps my picture heading this parade?"

But she did not waver in her resolve; the way had been pointed out too clearly. She gripped the wheel tighter.

"I'm doing right, Bob—I'm doing right!" she whispered.

Up and down the brightly lighted streets they drove, the blare of the band that rode behind them and the cheers of the crowd in their ears. To Natalie it seemed that she had lived a lifetime before Mrs. Jackson directed her to stop, and she found herself slowing up at the corner of Sixth and Adams. The other speakers were



"PLEASE, PLEASE, DEAR, SAY YOU LOVE ME!"

jumping out of the machine to be whisked away to their posts, and Natalie and Mrs. Jackson took their places in the car.

For a time Natalie leaned back and listened in a daze to the band that crashed and trumpeted at her elbow, drawing people from all sides to hear her repudiate her husband. At last the musicians finished.

"Now!" whispered Mrs. Jackson.

Natalie rose to her feet, and the great crowd burst into applause at sight of her young and vivid beauty. But it was not the appeal of youth and loveliness that held them silent while they waited for her to speak; it was the still determination of her bearing, the clear honor of her look.

Natalie's wits came slowly back to her as she stood there watching the torchlight flare across a vast pattern of faces—some eager, some sodden, most of them touchingly plain and toil-tired.

"People of Faxton," she began, "it is together, surely, as you stand now, that men and women are learning to face the issues which progress teaches us to see. But because I am a woman, it is to the women among you that I appeal to-night."

Her clear, carrying voice, with its sweetness and its note of pathos, reached out to the very edge of the throng and held it silent and tense.

"For more than a year I have lived among you, in this State where women have won the right to vote; but it is only to-night that I have learned, in the depths of my heart, what responsibilities that right entails, what sacrifices and renunciations it may demand. I have learned how difficult it is to use this new power honestly, and I have learned that at all costs it must be honestly used."

There was not a ripple over her

audience. Her air of consecration and of deadly earnest weighted her words, gave them a personal appeal that reached her listeners' hearts.

"I have learned that in respect to this duty the individual has no right to personal opinion, except as it is formed in relation to the welfare of the mass. I have no right to a selfish vote, cast in my own interest or in that of my family or friend. I have only a right to the vote I cast in the best interest of all, no matter what the cost. A selfish vote is a dishonest one.

"In many elections it might be easy to deceive oneself on such an issue. One might say: 'Between these two candidates there is not much to choose. I may as well vote for the man whose election will aid my own prosperity.' But in this election there can be no doubt; the issue is crystal clear. *There is only one way to vote.*"

As proof she passed on to a rapid sketch of the past administration, all the bitter things she had thought of Lanergan in the last weeks barbing her speech. She reviewed in merciless detail the orphan-asylum scandal and the good-roads graft, the neglected streets and poor policing, and a dozen other ways in which the people had been bought and sold to put money into the pockets of the politicians. She added a brief but effective summary of the qualifications of her own candidate, and started on her concluding appeal for a right choice on the morrow.

In the middle of a sentence her glance, passing over the massed heads below her, met with a shock two faces hitherto unseen. One was a big, rough-cut face with ice-blue eyes and massive jaw—Lanergan! And beside him, patrician and cold in the flaring light—her husband!

The voice choked for an instant in Natalie's throat, and the brilliant color drained from her cheeks; but the habit of trained speech kept her thoughts in orderly sequence and her argument proceeding logically. All the time her mind, only half conscious of the smooth procession of words, darted out to the newcomers with agonized questionings.

Were they indeed newcomers? How long had they been there, and how much had they heard? Had her arraignment of Lanergan irretrievably offended him, and lost the contract for Bob?

Her eyes strove to read the thoughts their faces so securely masked. Laner-

gan's features, famed for their impassivity, betrayed no more expression than if they had been carved from rough red granite. Bob was looking at her with curious, hard eyes, like a stranger who feels already, at a first meeting, a secret animosity.

Had they been there from the first, though she had failed to notice them? Or had they just now joined the crowd and heard only her last words? An instant's hope sprang up in her mind. Perhaps even now, by sacrificing her climax and ending her speech with a general appeal for conscientious politics, without asking these people who hung on her words for their votes against Lanergan, she might dodge the issue and save the contract for her husband. Or, rather, save the remnant of his love for her. She stood for a moment in perfect silence, her eyes roving the still, expectant crowd, while cowardice plucked hard at her heart.

Then her head lifted proudly, and she took up the thread of her concluding speech.

"For right and honesty, cleanness and decency, we have waged this fight."

She paused again, and the flood of color that swept her face gave it a sudden added beauty. With a great cry in her heart for her husband's forgiveness, she stretched out her hands, in the first gesture she had used, toward her audience.

"Women, to whom your own honor is so dear," her voice rang out—"vote for Cortright, defeat Lanergan—for the honor and welfare of this city, which is your home, and which you love!"

VII

SHE sank back into her seat, unheeding the applause of the people and Mrs. Jackson's exclamations of gratification. Her feeling of high consecration dropped, leaving blank misery and despair. She felt herself trembling. It was all over, her beautiful happiness and Bob's! She had killed it. The knowledge of having done right was a cold substitute for that warm and glowing harmony.

"I simply can't thank you, Mrs. Maynard," Mrs. Jackson was saying, "for getting us out of such a hole. If I had tried to make that speech I should have nullified the results of our whole campaign. I really had no right to ask you to step in at the last minute and save the day for me, either," she added.

Natalie rallied her composure to meet the

"sympathetic understanding that she read in her companion's eyes.

"Not at all," she answered cheerfully. "It was a very small thing to do. I'm glad if you think I helped."

Then, as the Farrell chauffeur appeared to take the car, she nodded a good night and slipped off into the crowd.

Her instinct was that of the wounded animal seeking solitude. She suddenly felt tired, sick at heart, and desperately alone. She dreaded the meeting with Bob, yet hurried to precipitate it, driven to know the worst at once.

She made her slow way out of the throng, and, once free of it, struck quickly down the first cross street that would lead her back to the main thoroughfare and a car-line. She had not gone far when she heard a voice behind her.

"Here she is! Please make us acquainted."

She whirled, and found herself looking up into Lanergan's strong features. Her eye flashed from him to Bob, introducing his companion—the new Bob, cool and aloof, whose glance, when her pleading gaze forced it, flicked away with a non-committal expression, like a stranger's. She stood facing them, at bay, calling upon the last of her courage.

"Mrs. Maynard," said the boss, in his deep voice, "I want to shake your hand. That was a mighty fine speech you made. You're an enemy after my own heart!"

He crushed the hand she had mechanically offered him, while Natalie went giddy in her astonishment and relief.

The relief was momentary, however. Illogically the pendulum of her racked emotions swung back again. So Lanergan was not alienated by what she had done! He was going to offer the contract to Bob; and Bob would accept it. The same situation remained for them to face—the same chasm between them.

"You're not very flattering," she returned lightly, when she had recovered herself. "You don't think I did your cause much harm. Either that"—she paused, measuring him—"or you're an awfully good sport."

Lanergan's eyes twinkled; behind the shrewdness in them Natalie recognized directness and simplicity. He had none of the oily smoothness she had associated with the political highwayman; he offered no excuses, no subterfuge. Evidently he had

ability and he had force—which he used for his own advantage. He was more honest in his dishonesty, she thought with a flush, than her own husband.

"You sure gave me some awful wallops!" Lanergan chuckled ruefully. "You lost me many votes to-night; but it's a poor fighter that won't take a licking. Let's forget it over a bite to eat."

"Thank you, Mr. Lanergan," Natalie hesitated. "It would be a pleasure—"

"Not to-night, Lanergan," Bob coolly interposed. "Mrs. Maynard has had a hard evening, and she'd better go home."

Natalie's heart jumped at the familiar note of protection, then sank as she realized how ironical such a tone between them had become. The shamed thought followed that Bob was willing to accept favors of a man with whom he would not let his wife be seen in a public restaurant. She was on the point of a calm acceptance of the invitation, but Lanergan yielded immediately to Bob's suggestion.

"Another time, then. Let me drive you home. My car's just around the corner."

He established them in the big machine, and, taking his place at the wheel, dashed them off up-town with amazing speed and accuracy, considering the fact that half the time his head was over his shoulder to facilitate conversation with his guests.

"I hoped to put you out of the fight through your husband, here," he told Natalie with engaging frankness. "I didn't count on a woman with nerve enough to turn against her own man!"

Natalie winced against her husband's unresponsive shoulder.

At their door Lanergan helped her out and swept off his hat deferentially.

"It's an honor to have met you, Mrs. Maynard," he said. "You're a good fighter. I wish we had a few like you on our side." He laughed and nodded jovially at Bob. "You're the better man of the two—isn't it so, Maynard?"

Natalie turned this pleasantry off with a laughing good night. Then, in the silence, after his car had roared away, she and Bob walked up the sweet-smelling rose-path to their house.

VIII

IN the living-room Bob jerked on the table-lamp and dropped into a chair, picking up a book.

"I declined Lanergan's invitation to

supper," he remarked, "because I thought it would go a long way toward counteracting the effect of your speech if you were seen in public on friendly terms with him immediately afterward—and Lanergan knew that, too."

The coldness of the tone offset the meaning of the words. The impetuous expressions of appreciation that crowded to Natalie's lips faded to a colorless:

"Thank you. That was very generous of you."

He began to read without looking up at her. Natalie stood watching him, irresolute. The light shone on his set features and brought out the bronze brightness of his hair. Her heart thumped; there came a tightness in her throat. He did not intend to speak of what she had done. He was willing to let things go on as they had gone all these horrible weeks. It was a new hurt that he was ready to condemn her without a hearing, even though her excuse for her part in the evening would seem a flimsy one.

But she dared not let the moment go by. Whatever his attitude toward her or toward the Lanergan contract, she must do her part, make her explanation now. It was their one chance. If she failed in that, pride and the habit of coldness would harden upon them as the days passed, making understanding and forgiveness increasingly difficult—eventually impossible.

She leaned on the back of a chair near her, grasping it with shaking hands.

"Bob," she began tremulously, "I want to explain to you about to-night."

He looked up with punctilious and distant courtesy, but she saw the line between his eyes deepen.

"You don't owe me an explanation. I told you I didn't intend to ask anything of you."

"But I want you to understand. I hadn't any idea of being in the parade. I went because May Farrell gave out at the last minute, and there was no one else to make the speech."

She thought the line between his eyes smoothed out a little, though his features remained as coldly immobile as before.

"I don't doubt you did what you thought was best," he returned in his distant voice. "It's none of my business, in any case."

The blood rose in Natalie's cheek. It was not easy to go on against such rebuffs;

but she must not let him go. She would make one more appeal—the last.

She crossed impulsively to his chair, and, dropping on her knees beside him, took his book away and reached up her hands to his shoulders.

"Oh, Bob, dearest, don't you see—all I care about is your love!" Her voice gave out, and she went on huskily: "I've got to have you back. Please forgive me! I hate politics. I'll give them up—I never want to hear of them again. Please, please, dear, say you love me!"

"Certainly I love you," began Bob in his stiffest manner. Then he looked down and saw the tears in Natalie's dark eyes. Suddenly he reached out and caught her up into his arms. "Don't talk that way, Nat!" he said. "You know I don't want you to give up politics, or anything else you want to do." He kissed her and held her a minute in silence before he added a sheepish confession: "I was ashamed of myself all the time, only I didn't have the nerve to tell you. And then—it seemed as if you didn't care!"

He was adorably little-boyish now. Natalie passed her hand tenderly over his bright hair; but the next instant he was grown man again, crushing her to him desperately.

"I guess I came pretty near losing you that time. But, Nat, sweetheart, I want to tell you this—I'd rather give up anything on earth than your respect and love. And some day, if I live to be a thousand, I hope I'll be as good a man as you."

Natalie laughed shakily and laid her cheek against his. It was just the contract now that lay between them—the symbolic link that bound him to Lanergan's methods. If Bob accepted that he was lost to her forever; but she saw that she could not urge him to renounce it. If she insisted on independence of decision for herself, she could not grant less to him.

"Bob, dear!" she said softly. "The contract—do you think Lanergan will give it to some one else, because of—to-night?"

Bob chuckled.

"He promised it to me this morning," he said.

"He won't go back on a promise. He's not that kind," said Natalie with outward cheerfulness but inward sinking.

"And this afternoon," continued Bob, "I mailed him a letter declining it. Won't he be one surprised politician when he gets that to-morrow morning?"

EDITORIAL

The Glorious New Year of Peace

UNLIKE its four fateful predecessors, 1918 does not shift from its own shoulders to those of its successor the burdens of a world war. In a short span of the year's closing days the decisive victories were won, and the suspense and anxieties of battling nations, the clash of millions of armed men, the vast winter camps, the long lines of trenches, all the paraphernalia and panoply of war, became the possession of the past. To the new year belong the victories of peace. To win them, to rebuild a saddened and terribly shattered world, is a magnificent accomplishment, a task as tremendous and superb as the victories of war.

With the overthrow of its autocratic government, the flight of its emperor, the surrender of its war-weary and defeated army, and the revolution of its people, the debacle of Teutonism was complete. The most sanguinary war in the world's history came to a close with dramatic swiftness. The great principles of liberty and Christian civilization were affirmed for all time, and upon these began the readjustment of the rights of nations and people.

No bid for the domination of the human race was ever bolder than that made by Prussian militarism. None could have failed more ignominiously, or have gone down in more crushing and inglorious defeat. At the end of 1557 days this great military power, the mightiest that the century had known, acknowledged itself beaten by the forces which it had raised against itself. The Allied victory was in the strictest sense a military victory, a decision won on the field of battle, where Prussianism had chosen that the decision should be made. By the sword, which the German emperor had declared the God of battles had thrust into his hands, the German empire and German autocracy perished.

The history of the war remains to be written. The world has had glimpses into a panorama that unfolded day by day deeds of unequaled daring and sacrifice, and vividly flashed stupendous military achievements. The future alone can determine which of all these was most decisive in bringing on the dramatic end. Was it the enlisting of the forces of civilization against a monstrous evil through the revulsion of the world at the horrors inflicted on Belgium? Did sea-power again assert its decisive influence on history? Were the seeds of ultimate victory sown in the valley of the Marne, the Somme, the Piave, at the bloody field of Château-Thierry? Or did the injustice and unrighteousness of its purpose stamp defeat on the infamous adventure for dominion and loot at its very conception?

The attempt of Prussian militarism to triumph over mankind raised a power against it that could not be defeated, that never faltered or lost its faith in the final outcome. The whole forces of democracy cast their lives and treasures upon the altar of sacrifice. They fought in the face of discouragements; they defied failure; as a united people bound by an unflinching persistence in a great crusade against evil, they chose death rather than bondage to Prussian imperialism.

In peace we shall honor those who so nobly and valiantly gave up their lives in war; we shall cherish the memory of the "great army that died," the host that failed to see the hour of final victory. They leave a magnificent

heritage of glory and honor to future generations. Through its strength and valor the army for the defense of liberty became an exemplar for civilization. Autocracy mobilized its forces of military automatons more swiftly than democracy marshaled its peoples; but it could not inspire them with the sublime fortitude that democracy showed in the face of reverses and disasters. It was one of the superb things of the war that the citizens of democracy could be transformed into victory-winners over the subjects of autocracy steeped in centuries of militarism. In this fact lies a hope that this unconquerable spirit may be preserved in time of peace. Against it no autocracy can prevail; no nation, no master, can enslave mankind.

Amid the wreckage of the monstrous machine which it had built fell the vaunted power of the Hohenzollerns. The Kaiser, who had declared his divine right to rule and had sacrilegiously proclaimed his gamble for loot and his lust for territory a God-appointed mission, proved a craven and coward as his empire crumbled. He fled in the night through the Belgian fog to pass at dawn over the border of Holland amid the jeers and revilings of the people whose lands and homes he had devastated, whose women he had forced into slavery, and whose children he had starved. War destroyed its own chief artizan; peace can do little more than confirm the finality of its act.

In the crash of Hohenzollernism the whole fabric of German statecraft was shattered. The people arose in their power and swept away crowns and thrones that had withstood the storms of centuries. Already the dupes of Germany, the aiders and abettors of Berlin have fallen. Enver and Talaat had been overthrown and their subservience to Prussia ended, the crafty Coburger Ferdinand and his son had fallen before Bulgarian wrath, and the mighty house of Hapsburg had crumbled in the upheaval of the people whom it had so long misruled and oppressed. What the new year may bring to Germany and to all these wretched lands, which had been lured to disaster, cannot now be foreseen; but even their bitterest enemy would not wish them the fate of Russia.

The treaties of Brest-Litovsk and of Bucharest, both forced by the German general staff, have become null and void. Alsace-Lorraine, after forty-seven years of Hohenzollern imperialism, returns to republican France. New territorial lines are being drawn in the Balkans. From the ruins of Austria-Hungary new states will arise. The Italian people of the Trentino, Trieste, and Istria will be gathered into the kingdom of their desires.

As Austria-Hungary crumbled, the Serbians reoccupied their desolated land with the threatening peril to their freedom forever swept away. In the west they are looking toward the long-hoped-for portal to the sea. As Emperor William fled from his fatherland, King Albert of Belgium and his queen were preparing to return to their capital, to be greeted by the tears and cheers of a loyal people. To both of these small nations, ever firm and unflinching through their years of suffering, a new hope arises with the new year, a hope which comes with the reunion of scattered families, the restoration of homes, and the ending of the barbarous German rule.

With the new year an era fraught with great promises and grave responsibilities dawns for the world. Industries and commerce must be revived, nations rehabilitated, people restored to normal lives, new states stabilized, and old states awakened to new governmental duties. The spirit of democracy and liberty which swells within the soul of the long-repressed victims of autocracy must not be permitted to become itself an autocracy more terrible than that which it destroyed. The task imposed upon civilization is to build anew a suffering, devastated world, to build so broadly and firmly with so

fair a foundation that its homes may not be inconsolably desolated or its lands strewn with dead through the war frenzy of a megalomaniac ruler.

The night passes, but the day that comes calls for watchfulness, serenity, courage, and the highest ideals of manhood.

The American Woman After the War

NOW that we have actually seen the end of the war, a question which is asked on all sides is, "And what are the women going to do? Will they go back to their homes?" Each nation will have to face this problem of her womankind. We are concerned only with our own.

While in the United States the most spectacular of the war's reactions upon women has been its effect on the highly leisured class, we do not believe that the most profound and the final influence will be manifest in this small fraction of the sex. Undoubtedly there will have been individual women who have found themselves amid the special-needs created by the war—women bred in the traditions of the past century, who have taken the plunge into a new order never to return. Then there are the thousands coming back from work overseas with natures sobered and deepened by first-hand contact with the horrors of war; and, above them all, the ever-growing sisterhood of those whose hearts have been cleansed by personal loss and grief. They have cast their shadows on each day's casualty list; but it appears that Providence mercifully willed that the United States, in comparison with France or England or Belgium or Serbia, should have a far smaller number of these stricken women who have found their souls by the bitter path trod by Locke's *Peggy* and Ibanez's *Marguerite*.

As for the ex-bridge-playing, ex-tangoing multitude, who for the past two years have concerned themselves with their "dilettante" war activities—the adjective is Mr. Locke's—as vigorously as they formerly pursued the diversions just mentioned, we predict a speedy and facile readjustment. They will return to their former occupations, or the temporarily fashionable equivalents of those occupations, and once more set a going the wheels of luxury industries which have provided sustenance for an army of workers through every civilized age.

It seems clear that it is the women of the great middle majority who will be most affected by the war. They have become wage-earners to an extent never before seen in the nation's history. Unanalytical, unintrospective, they have gone to work because there was work to be had and good money to be earned. With the removal of the pressure of war production and its attendant inflated wage scale, many will return to their homes; but many, also, are going to remain where they are now.

The brothers and sons of these women are or have been in France, in personal contact with a civilization both democratic and highly developed, a civilization where the wife has been for generations the commercial partner of her husband; for *madame la comptesse* was established at her desk in the Paris shop long before the New England schoolmaster first dubiously resigned his post to a "female." Had it not been for this characteristic of her social structure, it is doubtful if France could have held the battle-line as she did, for when mobilization came it made easy the replacement of men by women in essential industries.

It is not likely that these facts have escaped the attention of the two million American men whom we sent to France. It has always been the

ambition of the American husband, whatever his station the most indulgent in existence, to keep his wife as nearly in idleness as possible. Yet idleness is more apt to be a menace than a boon, and we believe that after making acquaintance with the customs of the French bourgeoisie our men will no longer be so quick to regard a wage-earning wife as a reflection upon their ability properly to support a family.

Looking over the workshops of the world, it seems impossible that it is scarcely more than a decade of years since Olive Schreiner, in "Woman and Labor," wrote her stirring plea for a "spot in the sun" for women workers. In that earnest and beautiful book there is a sentence which reads:

That day when the woman takes her place beside the man in the governance and arrangement of external affairs of her race will also be that day that heralds the death of war as a means of arranging human differences.

Would Mrs. Schreiner or any one else dare to speak so confidently to-day? Much of the foundation on which she based her arguments has been knocked sky-high. War had become "episodical," famines an "impossibility," and depopulation by plague a "thing of the past." Yet the woman laborer has come into her own in spite of or by reason of these very things. Probably because she is not the "new" woman, but the woman of old, older than our country, older than civilization, and as old as warfare itself.

A Good Samaritan Among Nations

THERE is no other seaport in Europe through which came so varied, and possibly so numerous, an emigration to form our composite American ancestry, as through Rotterdam. There is no other country that has so generously and so often acted as the Good Samaritan of the downtrodden and outcast lovers of freedom coming from continental Europe to America, as has the republic of the United Netherlands.

What Holland did in 1567, when William Hohenzollern's predecessor, Philip II of Spain, desolated the Belgic Netherlands, the kingdom ruled by Queen Wilhelmina has been doing since August, 1914. At the lowest calculation, down to October, 1918, one million and a half of Belgian refugees had found peace and shelter on Dutch soil. For these people whole villages at Nunspeet, Scheveningen, and four or five other places have been built of timber and corrugated iron. Those who have, in their weekly reading of *De Wereldkroniek*, studied the photographic reproductions showing the settlements, have been delighted. They know, too, that several thousands of these temporary homes have purposely been made collapsible and portable. This was done in order that, when the hegira homeward began, the refugees could take their houses with them and make a start in rebuilding from the ruins. For as many as possible of the able-bodied Belgians, work and wages have been provided. Furthermore, in the original home of the public school supported by taxation, even in times long preceding the Reformation—according to well-documented history—the Belgian boys and girls have received elementary and higher training. A great army of educated Dutch women volunteered for this special work. Since the budget for 1915 was voted, the expense to the queen's government, to support these refugees, has shown that one-fifth of the total national income has been appropriated for Belgic relief. This is in addition to the private aid given, and to hearty cooperation with the American benefactors of the hungry and impoverished over the border.

As the German lines slowly receded, the Belgian people behind them, driven back from home and field, passed through the wire openings at the Dutch frontier. In the last weeks of the war over seven hundred thousand more hungry and poor people, perhaps even a million of them, pressed thus upon Holland's bounty.

Did the refugees thus harbored appreciate the generosity of their hosts? Were they grateful?

To these questions the impressive memorial designed by the Belgian master, Huib Hoste, reared at Amersfoort, makes answer most eloquently. This symbolic edifice is simple even to majesty, grand in proportions, and rich in bas-reliefs, with interior decoration appropriate to the theme and historic occasion. Several smaller works of art, in bronze, silver, and material of endurance, have been figured in the Dutch illustrated papers, and these testify to a deep feeling arising from both bitter and joyful experiences.

Yet what has Holland been doing but repeating her good works of old? Did she not in 1567 welcome the Walloons and Flemings, flying before the Spanish Alva? Was she not, also, as grandly repaid as France is now being repaid by us? Dr. P. J. Blok, the Leyden historian, gives the population in 1567 of the seven northern provinces which, in 1581, formed the Dutch Republic, as eight hundred thousand. These northern refugees brought not only numbers and hungry mouths, but brains, skill, a fiery patriotism, and a determination to humble their oppressor, Spain. In 1613, when the first home-makers and cultivators of the soil of New Netherland reached Manhattan, to begin the glorious history of our Middle States, the Republic of the United Netherlands was a world-power, with two million people, leading the van of civilization.

The Dutch welcome to these Belgic fugitives of 1567 was but a beginning. How cheerfully were the Pilgrim Fathers, the Puritans, and all other Welsh, English, Irish, and Scottish folk, fleeing from Tudor centralization and Stuart folly, welcomed to the land where conscience was free! How cheerfully, how generously, when safe in America, the contemporaneous founders of New England once, yes, often, acknowledged the "courteous entreaty" which they had received in Holland. Then, in the eighteenth century, the noble precedents of the seventeenth were repeated. From the upper and the lower Rhine regions, the Swiss cantons, and from Salzburg, immigrants to whom Pennsylvania became as holy soil came through the Rotterdam gate after being fed and helped. Again, another element in our composite ancestry, and a noble one, was added after 1685. At least seven-tenths of the Huguenots fleeing from France to America left the continent by way of helpful Holland.

It was, therefore, but simple knowledge of Dutch history and acquaintance with the facts concerning the origins of New York and our Middle States that prompted the Holland Societies and other American organizations to erect no fewer than twelve bronze tablets as memorials of gratitude. What we Americans are now doing for the old fatherlands and seats of culture will yield a double blessing, and that which enriches us in soul will be the greater benison.

"Pour water on the roots of the coconut-tree, and the result will be visible in all its branches," is the Hindu way of illustrating the saying of the Great Master.

Nor can we take it as anything but a compliment to the United States that the new Dutch envoy, Mr. J. T. Cremer, is one of Holland's proved statesmen of long experience. Born in 1847, at Zwolle, he has been in lifelong

government service, and was twice minister for the colonies. Awarded decorations by eight nations and governments, he has a cosmopolitan reputation for ability and for that practical and constructive statesmanship that unites the world in brotherhood.

May the three hundred years of unbroken friendship between the two countries continue for mutual good!

Liberia in the War

WHEN the announcement came from Washington some months ago, that the United States had loaned five million dollars to Liberia, we wondered what the money was lent for. There was no obvious consideration for a loan of this amount to a republic of negroes which had been formed under American auspices on the west coast of equatorial Africa—except, perhaps, a general feeling of friendliness on the part of the blacks of one country for the blacks of the other. This, however, hardly seemed to justify such generosity at the expense of American taxpayers—for money sent to Liberia seldom comes back.

An explanation may perhaps be found in a statement recently made by a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Liberia. Last April the colored republic suffered from an attack by a German submarine, which shelled Monrovia, the capital, and sank the President Grant, the only vessel of the Liberian navy. This was because the government of Liberia would not comply with the German demand for the destruction of the French cable and wireless station on the coast. On the contrary, the Liberians took charge of the plant themselves and sent two hundred Germans to France to be interned there. They have also supplied the French army with hundreds of colored laborers, who received military training that qualified them, in case of need, to act as soldiers.

According to the Liberian bishop, the Germans have heretofore controlled three-quarters of the commercial enterprises in Liberia. Their interests have been seized and sold, since Liberia declared war against Germany in August, 1917. In view of the vigorous action of the black republic against the common foe, we are not prepared to say that our generosity was misplaced.

And no doubt the Liberians needed the money!

The Englishmen of the East

IT was M. André Chéradame, we believe, who, among the students of European politics, had the honor of sounding the first warning of the scheme formulating in the mind of William Hohenzollern and later expressed in the famous "From Hamburg to the Persian Gulf." That dream, which wrought such unequaled suffering and misery, is now no more. One of the minor results has been to bring to the public eye one of the most fascinating of all remote quarters of the world.

Hogarth, that fireside expert on Arabia, remarked the fact that whereas the men distinguished in pioneer exploration almost invariably fall into one of three classes—the soldier adventurer, the Christian missionary, or the trader—the few who have added to Western knowledge of Arabia can be placed in none of those categories. It is significant that in that short roll of less than a dozen names three—Wallin, Palgrave, and Guarmani—were

political emissaries of European rulers. Niebuhr was an engineer sent by the Danish government. The only Arabian explorer of the first magnitude who does not belong in this expressive classification was Doughty, a poet adventurer, whose work ranks as an epic of Bedouin life.

Palgrave has been accused of exaggeration and lack of scientific accuracy; but the acuteness of his perceptions and the extent of his knowledge of Arabian life and character are unchallenged. And Palgrave, in contradiction of conventional opinion, insisted that the Arab was not a universally devout Moslem, that his nature was reverential rather than religious, and his Mohammedanism oftentimes little more than a matter of genuflections. If this is true, it helps to explain the failure of the ex-Kaiser's attempt to incite a "holy war" against the British—a failure which students of the East have ascribed to a dozen different causes.

Temperamentally fitted to become the interpreter of the town-dwelling Arab as was Doughty of the nomad tent-dwellers, Palgrave's account of the Persian Gulf kingdoms of El Hasa and Oman, written more than fifty years ago, remains unsurpassed. These Persian Gulf states are the section of Arabia about which the Western world is now concerning itself. Their strategic importance has become patent to the least experienced eye.

Palgrave called the Arab the "Englishman of the East." He found a similarity of virtues and talents in the two races, virtues and talents which in the case of the Arab had been crushed or distorted by the stolid fanaticism of the Turk. He said:

When the Koran and Mecca shall have disappeared from Arabia, then and then only can we seriously expect to see the Arab assume that place in the ranks of civilization from which Mohammed and his book have, more than any other individual cause, long held him back.

The crumbling of Turkish power will give the Englishman of the East, if he be such, a chance to prove himself.

A Japanese J. P. Morgan

THE world of art in England, France, and Italy has recently been vastly interested, not to say startled, by the purchasing exploits of a visitor from the Far East, who may well be designated as the J. P. Morgan of Japan. The business pursuit in which this enthusiastic art-collector has amassed his wealth is ship-building; and he has been expending it among the artists and picture-dealers in London and Paris with the profuse liberality of a *Count of Monte Cristo*.

Japan is so rich in the productions of its native art that the wealthy people there have seldom sought to gratify their artistic tastes by making collections in Europe. This rich ship-builder is perhaps the first conspicuous exception. He speaks English perfectly, and thus was able to bargain all the more advantageously with the picture-dealers of Bond Street. He was his own judge of the canvases which he bought, and proved to be a good one, for all his purchases were works of real merit and characteristic examples of the artists who painted them. The art correspondent of the *London Times* says that the color-scheme of a painting was his only guide. If that pleased him, he purchased the picture at once, paying "cash on the nail" without making any effort to procure a reduction of the price.

In one instance, this Japanese gentleman was so much delighted with

the contents of a London studio which he visited that he bought all, or nearly all, the paintings and drawings exhibited there. Some of his purchases were pictures illustrative of incidents in the great war. In a few weeks he collected and paid for more pictures than any other man has ever been known to buy in Western Europe in so short a time. When he left for home, he placed all his acquisitions in storage, to be forwarded to Japan at the end of the war, after which they will adorn the two palatial residences of their new owner.

The exhibition of these works at home will doubtless influence the development of native art. Since the revolution in Japan, fifty years ago, the art of painting in that country, like everything else, has yielded to some extent to the influences of Western civilization. The Japanese artists, however, have not become mere plagiarists of the works of European painters. As the director of the Government School of Art at Tokyo has well pointed out, they have enriched their ancient methods under suggestion and guidance from the West, with a degree of success which promises splendid results in the future.

The diffusion of artistic tastes among the people is probably greater in Japan than anywhere else in the world. Professor Edward S. Morse, of Boston and Salem, who knows Japan as well as any foreigner can know a country, says that after seeing and studying the wonderful decorative work of the native artists "it seems as if the Japanese were the greatest lovers of nature and the greatest artists in the world. They think of designs that nobody else would possibly dream of, and then execute them with a strength and naturalness surpassing belief." At an exhibition at Tokyo, the same authority speaks of seeing "the work of a hundred Dürers whose names are but little known."

Such a people cannot fail to profit from a study of the acquisitions of the great art-collector whom we have ventured to denominate the J. P. Morgan of Japan.

Dodo Provincialism

A FRENCH teacher at one of the S. A. T. C. college camps opened all his classes last autumn with a talk on provincialism.

"You are taking this course," he began, "for possible use in France, but its permanent values are greater alertness of mind, a valuable acquisition in any occupation, and also training in world citizenship."

The teacher might have catalogued many causes for the decline of American provincialism. First, the newspapers and magazines, which have transferred the interest of the American public from the sporting page or the conventional fiction story to the world war. Furthermore, military training has dealt a death-blow to parochialism. You found Iowa men in Virginia camps. California invaded Utah, and Utah men went trekking to the East or the Northwest. New Englanders and New Yorkers turned up in camps as far south as Texas. There is to be no more narrow sectionalism for the American, any more than there is to be narrow nationalism for America.

We needed the waking up, for in spite of an adventurous past spent in settling the West, too many of us had sunk into a self-centered, back-yard mental attitude which entirely overlooked the point of view of the man out West, over the border, or across the Atlantic. It is true our grandparents used to go on a wedding-tour to Niagara or to Washington, but the honeymoon

month is not the most receptive period for new ideas. Some of us went to Europe, but the European trip had become so Americanized that it was not the stimulating mental massage it should have been. Only California remained to wake us from our back-yard drowsings and to welcome us with its Italian sunshine, Swiss wines, and Spanish traditions. But California soon became each winter so full of caducous, conservative Easterners that the Pacific slope, except for climate and vegetation, was only a replica of the Atlantic to all save the keen-sighted elect.

But the war, with its military training, unusual geography, and daily vital European news, changed all that. Those who leave home now leave for the unexpected and the undreamed of. Those who stay at home no longer have home-keeping wits. American provincialism is dead for a century at least. Future Cook tourists may still inquire innocently as to what a gargoyle is, but they will not be able to make the trip from Brussels to Paris without recalling a great deal of history.

The Legal Definition of a Livery-Stable

THE question has recently arisen in the courts of New Jersey as to whether a public garage for automobiles comes within the legal definition of a livery-stable. The New Jersey Court of Chancery quotes with approval Webster's definition of a livery-stable as follows:

A stable where horses are kept for hire and where stabling is provided.

The case arose out of a restrictive covenant in a deed which prohibited the defendant from using his property for a livery or sales stable. Under this covenant the plaintiff, a neighbor, sought an injunction to prevent the erection and maintenance of a public garage for automobiles upon the restricted lot.

The court decided that such a garage is not a livery-stable within the meaning of the law. The deed containing the covenant is forty years old, and when it was drawn up the parties could not have had an automobile garage in mind, for no such thing was then known. At that time they would not even have comprehended what the word "garage" meant. Nor is there any such resemblance between an automobile garage and a livery-stable as to require or warrant the conclusion that a public garage falls within the scope and spirit of the restriction. The prohibition of a livery-stable was manifestly directed against the annoyance to neighboring owners which might be caused by the assembling of numerous horses, and the noises and fly-gathering odors which are likely to proceed from such an establishment. A public garage for automobiles may, it is true, be equally objectionable in the estimation of many of the inhabitants of a residential neighborhood; but the court thought that its objectionable features, if any, were too different from those of a livery-stable to bring it within the category of the restrictive covenant.

The question thus decided is one of very general interest, as covenants against livery-stables are as common as any restrictions to be found in deeds limiting the uses of the property conveyed. The decision is a warning to all intending purchasers of suburban lots that they cannot safely rely on a covenant against a livery-stable as sufficient to protect them against the opening of a public garage across the way.

The Spanish Influenza

THE BLACK PLAGUE OF 1918, THE WORST PANDEMIC DISEASE THAT HAS SCOURGED
THE CIVILIZED WORLD IN FOUR CENTURIES

By Leonard Keene Hirshberg, M.D.

IN the early days of the year 1918 we began to hear rumors of the appearance of a new and virulent plague in Europe. The collapse of Russia had released large German forces on the eastern front, and the war lords of Berlin had openly boasted that with these additional troops they intended to crush France and England before America could come to the aid of her sorely tried Allies. But the weeks passed, and the threatened final assault upon the freedom of the world was unaccountably delayed. January and February went by, and still the "sharp German sword," of which the former Kaiser used to be so fond of talking, did not spring from its scabbard.

It began to be whispered that a new plague, the first pandemic scourge of the present world war, had made such inroads upon the German military machine, as well as upon the "home front" behind, that the western offensive had to be postponed until the worst of it was over. The end of the third week in March saw this point reached, and the onslaught began.

For want of a more accurate name this modern plague, the like of which has not been experienced by humanity in four hun-

dred years, has commonly been called Spanish influenza. Yet it did not originate in Spain, nor was it exactly the grippe or influenza of other days. It appears that the Germans, in anticipation that the malady might be justly named German plague, sent broadcast a misleading name which they had craftily devised before the infection spread from Germany to other countries.

Bacilli are the cause of influenza, as they are the cause of bubonic plague, the old "black death" of fourteenth-century England, and still a dreaded scourge of mankind. The specific bacilli of both these contagions were discovered by a Japanese physician and bacteriologist, Kitasato.

The name of Dr. Pfeiffer, a German, has commonly been attached to the discovery of the influenza bacillus, as a result of the well-known Teutonic methods of advertising their scientific men and decrying or ignoring those of other countries. The records show that Professor Kitasato announced his identification of the bacillus early in January, 1892, while Pfeiffer made a similar announcement at the end of that same month. English and American physicians mistakenly accepted the German

EDITORIAL NOTE—It is to be hoped that the epidemic of the so-called Spanish influenza will be over when this magazine appears. It is unfortunately the fact, however, that after apparently losing its virulence, the disease sometimes flares up again. For instance, as we were about to go to press, on November 18, the newspapers reported a serious new outbreak in Indianapolis. In any case, our readers may be interested in this article by Dr. Hirshberg, a B.A. and M.D. of Johns Hopkins, and author of the article on "The War Service of Our American Doctors," printed in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for July, 1918.

Recently published statistics show that in New York, during the epidemic stage of the disease, there were 128,558 reported cases of influenza and 19,091 of pneumonia, with 20,086 deaths from the two causes. In forty-six cities of the United States, with a combined population of twenty-three millions, there were reported between September 9 and November 9, 1918, 82,306 deaths from influenza and pneumonia—fully 78,000 above the normal figure for fatalities from those causes. In the present imperfect state of American vital statistics it is not possible to get any figure for the whole country, but from these rather scanty data it may be roughly estimated that the epidemic has killed something like half a million people since it reached the United States—in other words, about ten times as many as our total fatalities from all causes in the great war.

version of the matter and called the influenza virus the "Pfeiffer bacillus." Dr. Kitasato, one of the world's greatest bacteriologists, the discoverer of many bacteria—notably the plague bacillus, which he first identified in Hong-Kong in 1894—has too long been unjustly deprived of credit for his work.

War has always been a breeder of pestilence. It is estimated that the bubonic plague alone has taken no less than two billions of human lives. In addition, outbreaks of smallpox, cholera, typhus, and yellow fever have followed debilitating wars. Fortunately our enormous progress in medical knowledge, and our increased resources for combating disease, give assurance that no plague epidemic of such magnitude as those of the past can occur in America at the present time.

The first known advent of the new form of influenza to this country occurred when the Norwegian ship *Bergensfjord* arrived at New York on August 12, 1918, with twenty-five cases, three of which proved fatal, but there were probably other sources of infection, even if we dismiss the report that the German U-boats surreptitiously disseminated the contagion here. It was apparently by some other line of attack that the disease reached Boston and New England, where it raged most alarmingly for a time, especially among the soldiers in training at Camp Devens. The total number of cases at the camp exceeded nine thousand, and there were as many as seventy deaths in a single day.

THE SYMPTOMS OF SPANISH INFLUENZA

From observation of one thousand soldiers it was found that from one to three days after contact or approach to others who had the disease a feverish state began. The fever rose steadily until, on the second or third day afterward, it was as high as occurs in pneumonia. In many cases the patient's temperature went as high as one hundred and four degrees. Pneumonia, indeed, is one of the commonest and most dangerous complications.

The disease starts with a chill, or chills, that may shake the room. Severe headaches are generally present, with pains in the legs, in the groin, in the neck, in the spine, and in the small of the back. Then "that tired feeling," named by doctors "general malaise," takes charge of the sufferer's anatomy. The victim feels wretched

all over. The face is flushed. Fever blisters—a frequent accompaniment of pneumonia, meningitis, and tertian malaria—break out on the sufferer's lips.

Spanish influenza runs its course with Liberty-motor speed, reaching its crisis on or about the second day. On the fourth day, as a rule, the patient is well, or else pneumonia or some other complication has asserted its dangerous presence.

A harsh cough is a frequently encountered symptom. The patient hacks and sprays forth great numbers of the microbes, which spread the infection rapidly unless handled with the greatest precaution. A thick, tenacious sputum of a whitish mucoid character differentiates the new disease from the old form of influenza with its greenish sputum. This feature also distinguishes Spanish influenza from pneumonia, with its typical rusty-colored expectoration. A failure of intestinal action, a restricted flow of the kidney fluids, and a want of appetite are also among the characteristic signs and symptoms.

If you take close notice of the several differences between the new malady and the old influenza, you will observe that the fever is sharper and higher, but of shorter duration; the total course of the new scourge is briefer; there are fewer stomachic or intestinal symptoms in the Spanish influenza, whereas in the old form of the disease gastro-intestinal disturbances were predominant.

But the final proof of the fact that the new influenza is a distinct malady is afforded by the identification of the specific microbe which causes it. This interesting discovery was due to the researches of three army surgeons, Captains T. R. Little, C. J. Garafalo, and P. A. Williams, of the Canadian Mobile Bacteriological Laboratory, attached to the British base hospitals.

THE GERM OF THE PLAGUE

The new bacillus is not found in the blood, and cultivation of it in that medium is impossible. It is lucky that so demoniacal a germ does not penetrate the delicate fluid tissue of man. If it did so, its malignancy might easily be tenfold greater. The bacteriologists discovered it by exploring the discharges and excretions from the nose, the pharynx, and the throat of influenza patients.

Here, spread upon glass, and examined under a magnification of twelve hundred

times, a new world of microscopic organisms opened up before their gaze. They saw a veritable beehive of trembling, vibrating bacilli, almost as round and small as the diplococcus of meningitis—a diplococcus being a type of microbe in which two dot-like or disklike shapes are attached to each other. At the poles, or opposite ends, these tiny germs had blunt noses, flattened out so as to make them almost biscuit-shaped.

In no "smears" of these bacteria were there any of the well-known Pfeiffer or Kitasato bacilli of influenza, or any double cocci of pneumonia. The newly discovered germ has characteristics peculiarly its own, which were described in the London *Lancet* and the *British Medical Journal* in July and August last.

As a rule the microscope reveals so many bacteria superficially alike that a mere examination of them, undyed or unstained, without planting them in various small test-tubes of different soils, would mislead even an expert into believing them identical. For this reason bacteriologists must use a great many other tests to convince themselves—not to mention their skeptical confrères and critics—that they have a new and a different germ.

When they find and isolate a bacterium under the microscope, and it resembles—even when stained blue or otherwise—the diplococci of pneumonia or meningitis, they "put iodine on its tail," as it were. The result of this test decides whether it belongs to the group of organisms that "take" iodine or to those that do not do so.

Then it is planted in gelatin. It either grows and melts the gelatin, or it does not. Thus another differentiation is found.

Then potato, sugar, banana, blood-serum, and other "soils" are used until a whole series of facts are found, either identifying the bacterium with some previously known species or proving it different from anything hitherto catalogued.

Thus it was with the new germ. The medical gentlemen determined that it possesses characteristics which distinguish it from any bacillus ever "brought into captivity." It grows with extreme reluctance upon the various media on which most other micro-organisms thrive. It thrives and grows best on blood-serum media, although it has never been found to inhabit the human blood.

There is a luxuriant and abundant sprouting of the malicious bacillus in this

serum soil—which explains why Spanish influenza clings so tenaciously to the lips, the tongue, the mouth, and the gums of its victims and its carriers.

The physicians and scientists of the Allied countries have seriously considered whether the germs of the disease were intentionally disseminated by the Kaiser's government, with the intention of weakening Germany's opponents. No definite conclusion has been reached on this point, but the suggestion cannot be hastily dismissed, as the German war lords stand officially charged with sending disease-germs to their embassy in Rumania. Documents published by our State Department have told how bottles containing cultivations of the microbes of anthrax and glanders, bearing a German consular seal, with directions for their use in spreading infection, were found secreted in the German legation at Bucharest, after the American envoy took charge of the place.

THE TERRORS OF THE PLAGUE

The present plague is probably the most malignant pandemic that the world has experienced since medieval times, when Boccaccio's ladies and gentlemen had to run away from Florence to escape an outbreak of the bubonic plague. In one of our army cantonments I saw more cases of pneumonia at one time than have entered the Johns Hopkins Hospital in the thirty-odd years of its foundation.

In civil, as in military life, pneumonia was far and away the most frequent complication; and this led to the revival of the old name of "black plague" for the new disease, the bodies of many of its victims being cyanotic, or purplish-black in color, at the approach of death.

Another similarity between Spanish influenza and the bubonic plague was the number of rats and other rodents found dead. One day last October I noticed, and reported to the United States Public Health Service, three dead rats lying within a few blocks on three of the most prominent streets in Baltimore. Rats and their fleas seem to be the spreaders of contagion in several epidemic diseases.

The lands of southern and southeastern Asia are never wholly free from endemic plagues. Sir William Osler is authority for the statement that the Manchurian outbreak of pneumonia plague in the winter of 1910-1911 was one of the most virulent

on record, carrying off more than four thousand five hundred persons in a few months. What will Sir William have to say of the present epidemic, which, in New York alone, carried off more victims than that in a few weeks? Even in the much smaller city of Baltimore as many as a thousand a week succumbed.

THE FIGHT AGAINST INFLUENZA

When a destructive plague sweeps over the world, we are asked by many individuals:

"Will a cold spell check the disease?" or "Will warm weather stop the epidemic?"

While no complete answer can be truthfully given to these questions, it may be answered that neither hot spells nor cold spells have any important influence upon bacteria. Only when the whole population has protected itself thoroughly, or when it has passed through the epidemic and has been found immune, or has been made immune, will the disease die down.

Immunity from a prevalent scourge may depend on several things. Some are lucky enough to receive no bacilli. Others get only a very few, or dead or weakened ones, and thus never know that their blood received from nature a vaccine which made it produce a large quantity of protective antitoxin of its own manufacture.

A wise preventive measure was passed by the city council of San Francisco, making it compulsory to wear masks of sterilized gauze. The nose, eyes, and mouth are the grand entrances of the human form divine. If they are closed to the admission of dust and dirt, many distempers are shut out of the human corporate limits.

One great method of fighting epidemics is by the use of vaccines, like those that have proved successful against typhoid and smallpox. Vaccines or antisera, however, do their best work against an ailment—such as typhoid, smallpox, or yellow fever—which attacks a patient only once, and thereafter leaves him immune for life. Colds, pneumonia, and the older form of influenza are not visitations of that kind. They do not immunize their victim, but leave him oversusceptible to a fresh attack. Evidently, to inject their germs, or serum, would be likely to work havoc and not to ward off or cure the trouble.

With plague, cholera, and the present disease, however, immunologists have happily found that the bacteria involved, when

killed and bottled, can be used as material to inoculate into healthy persons to protect themselves from the affection. In fighting influenza such serums have already been tried with good results.

RESULTS OF RECENT RESEARCH

Men of the United States Public Health Service, as well as the bacteriologists of the army, have made many new researches during the present epidemic. They have established laboratories for the production of vaccines made of the bacteria which are found associated with influenza and pneumonia. Doctors and nurses offered themselves freely to be inoculated or vaccinated with these killed bacteria, and many were thus saved from the disease.

In the various complications of the present plague—whether you call it by one name or another, it is equally malodorous—at least eight different species of bacteria have been captured, identified, labeled, cultivated, tried, judged, and found guilty. These include four different pneumococci, types of pneumonia germs; Kitasato's influenza bacillus, Kitasato's plague bacillus, the *streptococcus hemolyticus*, and the *streptococcus viridans*.

Experience is full of unremembered errors, and human judgment constantly fails to take into account the altered circumstances and varied conditions of almost every individual case. Pneumonia, for instance, to the average layman, means one thing; to a careful observant and well-informed physician it may mean any one of several things, each completely different from the others.

Not to speak of the individual variations of particular cases, there are at least twelve different types of pneumonia. There are four types of the pneumococcus, the most common bacterium of pneumonia. There are four other species of bacteria—the bacillus of influenza, that of bronchopneumonia, and two species of streptococcus—which may cause pneumonia. There are also four less common pneumonias, the typhoid, tuberculous, plague, and injury pneumonia.

The instant a correct diagnosis has been made, and one or more lobes or bronchioles of the lung have been discovered to be solid and congested, some blood must be drawn from the arm veins and planted in gelatin, or other bacterial soil, to cultivate and identify the bacilli contained in it.

If the guilty microbe proves to be what is known as Type No. 1 of the pneumococcus family, you are fortunate, because there is an antitoxic serum successfully in use against it. The treatment of the other eleven varieties of pneumonia calls for a vigilant nurse and an attentive doctor who knows when to employ and when not to employ digitalis, codein, water, and other medicines.

Lieutenant H. M. Thomas, of Camp Meade, and Lieutenant Brumbaugh, of the same base hospital, have found that the Rockefeller-Cole antipneumonia serum is harmless and can be employed while waiting the results of the bacterial tests. No harm is done, even if the pneumococcus found is not Type No. 1. The earlier the serum is used the more sure its success. About ninety-five per cent of Type No. 1 pneumonias then recover.

There is less success in the treatment of the other pneumonias. At Camp Meade only 87.5 per cent of all types recovered; and as about one-third of the cases were of the first type, this shows a percentage of about eighty for the other forms of the disease.

Strange to say, and contrary to the experience of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, the colored troops, while more liable to pneumonia than the white troops, had a death-rate only two-thirds as great.

The Type No. 1 pneumococcus often mingles with the bacilli of influenza pneumonias. The antiserum used upon such cases at Camp Devens, in Massachusetts, by Captain J. H. Wyman, diminished the deaths considerably, bringing them down to seven per cent.

It is better to treat these pneumonias with a small quantity of strong serum ready-made from horses that have been vaccinated with Type No. 1 pneumococci, obtainable through the Rockefeller Institute, than to use large quantities of a low-grade serum.

Lieutenant-Commander L. W. McGuire, of the navy, has gone another step forward in the treatment of influenza pneumonia. At the Chelsea camp hospital, on September 28 last, he and his assistants began to use a serum taken from the blood of convalescent patients. Up to the time of his report, twenty-seven patients had been treated with this human antiserum, and twenty-six recovered. The serum was injected into the patients within forty-eight hours of the pneumonia's start.

To every cloud there is a silver lining. This terrible epidemic has at least brought with it one benefit to humanity. For the first time in thousands of years there at last appears a ray of light to help us toward the conquest of one of man's most deadly and dangerous enemies—pneumonia.

THE TANG OF DAWN

THAT dawn is morning's silent toast all early risers know,
And that its aftertaste can cling and haunt like the afterglow.
In Pemba groves its tang is cloves; in Chamonix, clean snow;
Crushed roses in Damascus; fumes of sulfur in Roseau.

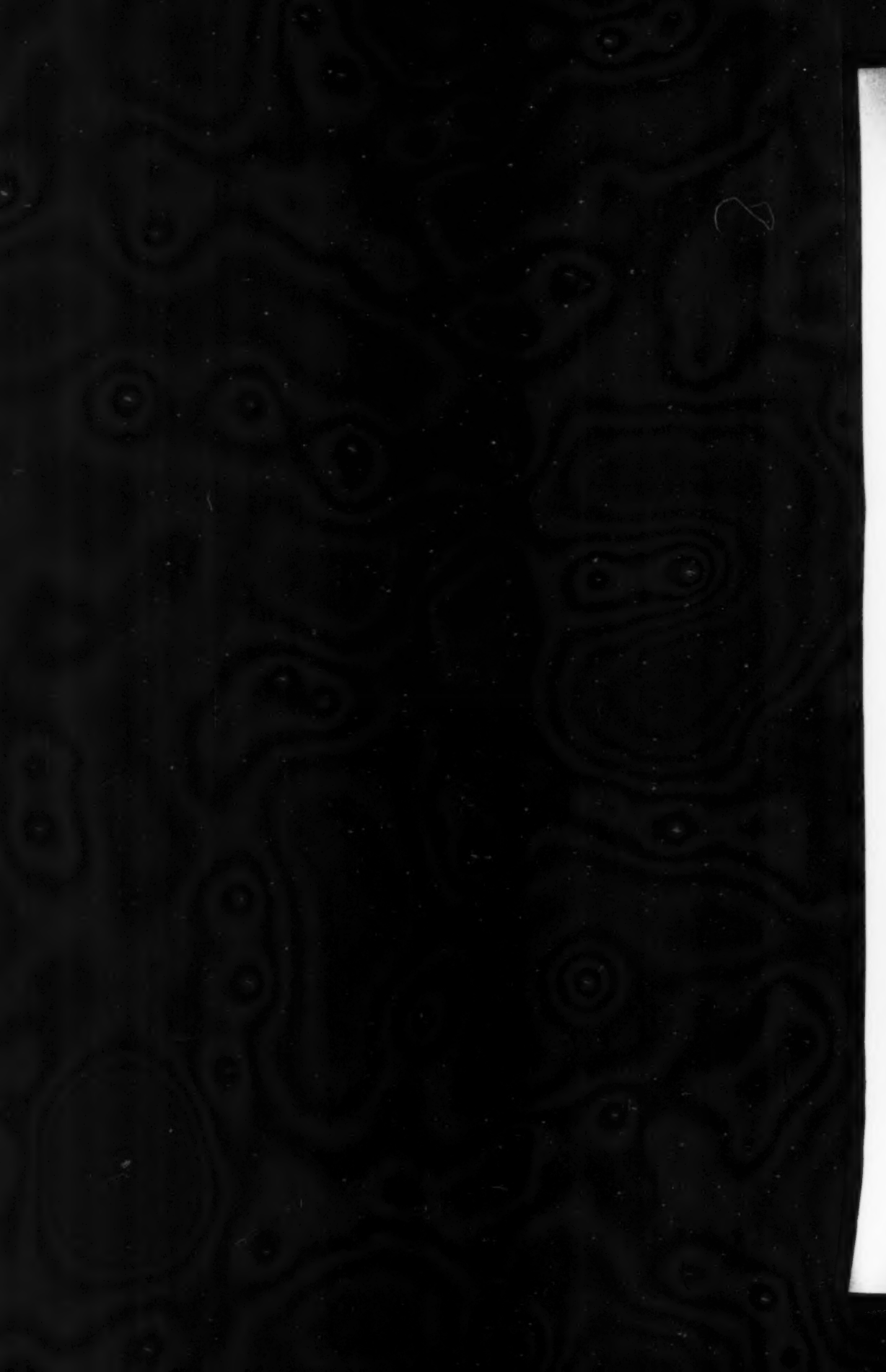
In jungles it comes trickling through, smacking of moldy casks;
In British fog, on Irish bog, bottled in smoky flasks;
To miners in the gold-fields as bonanzas from bourasques.

It shoots and spreads from mountain-tops like sheaves of liquid grain;
From a plateau it pours as if a bronze inverted rain;
While to the convict's cell it sweeps as if it used the drain.

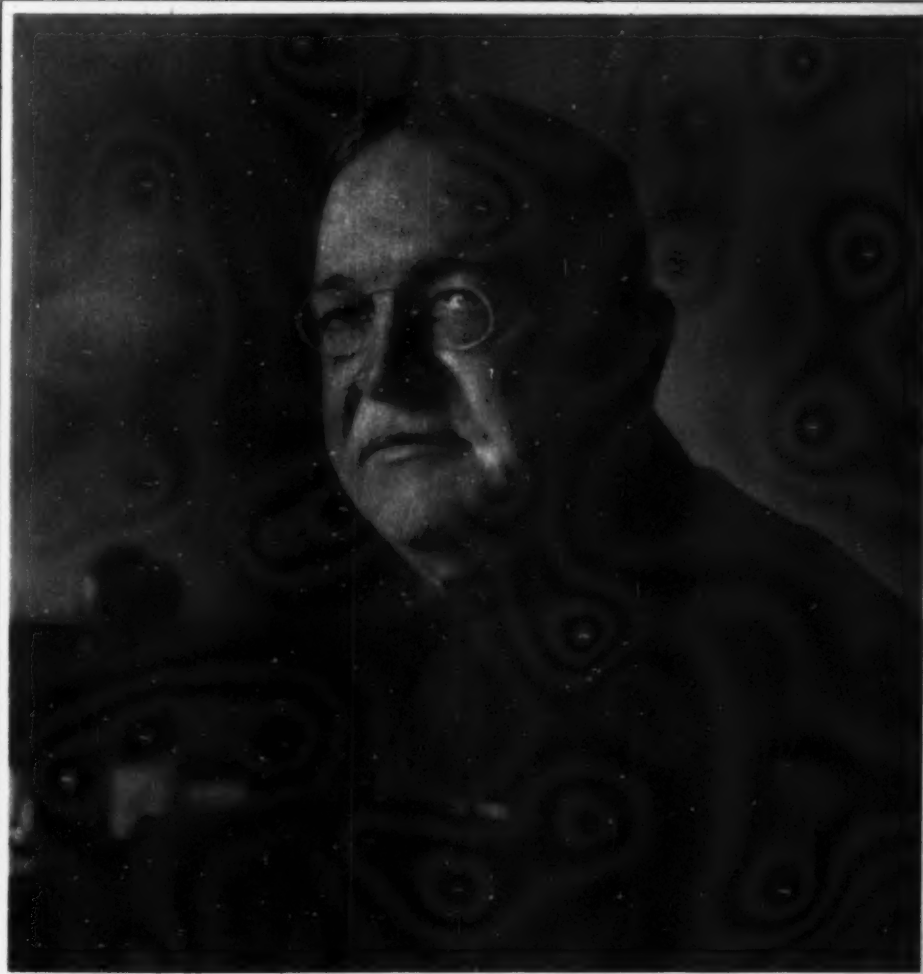
When sampled down on purple seas, it needs no bush nor sign;
For, drawn by May, its rich bouquet outspices any wine.
Greedy quaffed in the great Northwest, it bites like turpentine.

Oh, dawn can taste of blood or milk, of water or of flame,
Of common things and subtle things too vague to bear a name,
Of bitter and sweet, fresh and effete, herbs of service or shame,
Of marshes stagnant with despair or floods of bubbling fame!

Richard Butler Glaesner



New Men in the United States Senate



TRUMAN H. NEWBERRY, OF MICHIGAN

Secretary of the Navy under President Roosevelt (1908-1909), elected to the United States Senate as a Republican, defeating Henry Ford

From a copyrighted photograph by the Press Illustrating Service, New York



MEDILL McCORMICK, OF ILLINOIS

Congressman-at-large from Illinois, elected to the Senate as a Republican

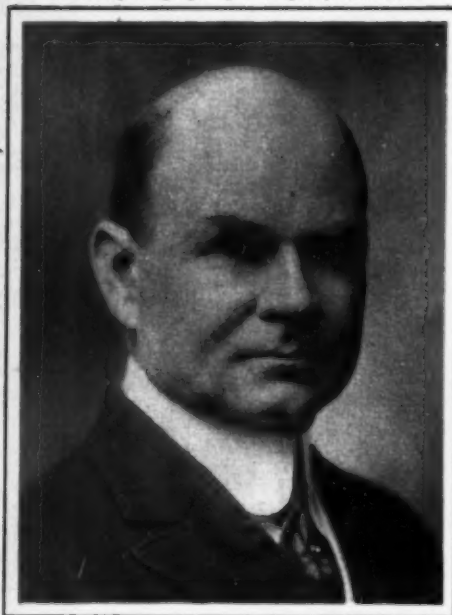
From a photograph by Thompson, New York



DAVIS ELKINS, OF WEST VIRGINIA

Son of the late Senator Stephen B. Elkins, elected to the Senate as a Republican

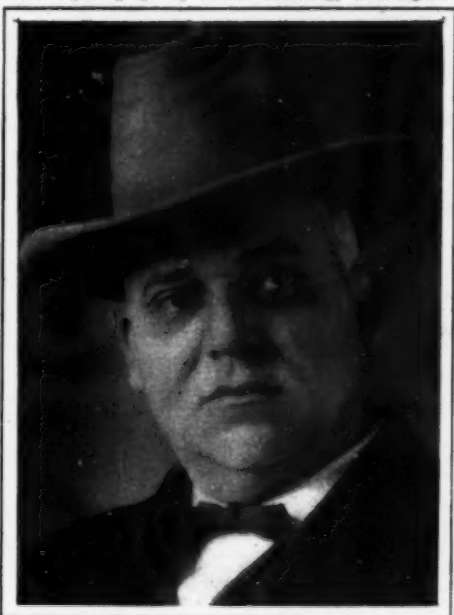
From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington



WILLIAM J. HARRIS, OF GEORGIA

Formerly Director of the Census, elected to the Senate as a Democrat

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AUGUSTUS O. STANLEY, OF KENTUCKY

Twelve years a Congressman, then Governor, and now elected to the Senate as a Democrat

Copyrighted by Harris & Ewing, Washington



DAVID IGNATIUS WALSH, OF MASSACHUSETTS

Governor of Massachusetts 1914-1915 — His election to the United States Senate, defeating Senator John W. Weeks, was the most notable success won by the Democrats in the Senatorial elections of November

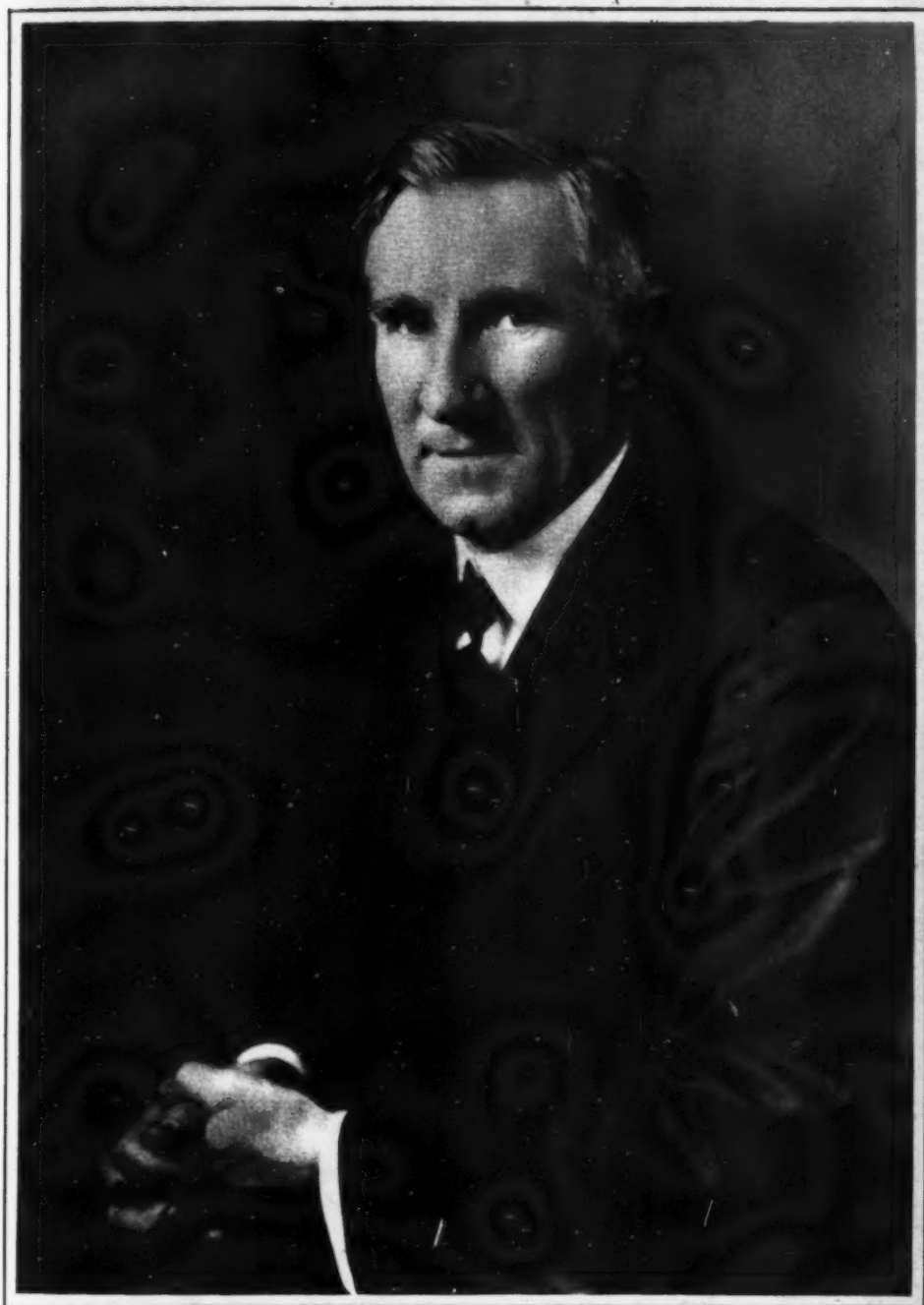
From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington



ARTHUR CAPPER, OF KANSAS

Publisher of the Topeka Capital, twice Governor of Kansas, and now elected to the United States Senate
as a Republican

From a photograph by the Press Illustrating Service, New York



DR. L. HEISLER BALL, OF DELAWARE

A practising physician who served in Congress 1901-1903 and in the Senate 1903-1905, now elected to the Senate as a Republican

From a photograph by the Press Illustrating Service, New York



GEORGE H. MOSES, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

American minister to Greece and Montenegro 1909-1912, now elected to the United States Senate
as a Republican

From a photograph by Edmonston, Washington



N. B. DIAL, OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Elected to the United States Senate as a Democrat,
to succeed the late Senator Benjamin R. Tillman
From a photograph by the Press Illustrating Service



PAT HARRISON, OF MISSISSIPPI

Elected to the United States Senate as a Democrat,
after four terms in the House of Representatives
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SELDEN P. SPENCER, OF MISSOURI

A prominent lawyer of St. Louis, elected to the
United States Senate as a Republican
From a photograph by Strauss, St. Louis



LAWRENCE C. PHIPPS, OF COLORADO

Elected to the United States Senate as a Republican,
to succeed Senator Shafroth (Democrat)
From a photograph by the Press Illustrating Service



WALTER E. EDGE, OF NEW JERSEY

Governor of New Jersey since 1917, and now elected to the United States Senate as a Republican

From a copyrighted photograph by Thompson, New York

Czechoslovakia, a New State Born of the War

IN THE CENTER OF THE REMADE MAP OF EUROPE WILL STAND THE NEWLY LIBERATED REPUBLIC OF THE BOHEMIANS AND THEIR KINSMEN

By Frederic Austin Ogg

Professor of Political Science in the University of Wisconsin

"THE primary object of the war is the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary."

The speaker was Dr. Thomas G. Masaryk, the attractive and eloquent professor of the University of Prague, who, after coming to the United States last summer, was converted overnight from a technical alien enemy into the head of a new and allied nation.

The audience was a wildly cheering multitude of Czechs, Slovaks, Croatians, Poles, and Italians—made colorful by striking soldiers' uniforms and picturesque peasant costumes—assembled in Carnegie Hall on a recent Sunday afternoon under the designation of a "victory meeting for the oppressed nationalities of the Dual Monarchy."

There was a time, not so long ago, when the orator's pronouncement would have been received by the non-Slavic world as the impracticable and partizan formula of an enthusiast, and would have drawn little response; but we have learned much about Austria-Hungary of late, and have come to take a wholly new view of the future of that war-racked mosaic of nationalities. The cry of oppressed and struggling peoples has pierced our ears, and settlements that once would have seemed satisfactory appear hollow mockeries.

The theory that it would be to the advantage of civilization to preserve Austria-Hungary as a national unity of federated autonomous states, as a counterpoise to the power of Germany, has been exploded. Such an arrangement, it is now perceived, would be not only futile in its main aim, but

profoundly unjust to the subject nationalities that have so long striven in vain for freedom.

Austria-Hungary must, indeed, be dismembered; and the process is already well under way. Her Hapsburg ruler has abdicated, according to the latest news at the time of writing this article, and there seems to be no longer any central authority to hold the empire together.

Meanwhile, burying age-long discords, Serbs and Croats and Slovenes have gone far toward erecting a Yugoslav, or South Slav, state which the world will eventually accept as the best possible solution of a long-standing and irritating problem in southeastern Europe. More important still, four of the Allied nations, including the United States, have recognized as an independent nationality, and as a cobelligerent, the Czechoslovak people, thereby creating an anti-Teutonic state in the heart of middle Europe, between German Austria, Magyar Hungary, and Prussian Germany. The Poles are expectant of complete independence. The Ruthenians want union with the Little Russians of the Ukraine. And the inhabitants of Italia Irredenta anxiously await a formal transfer of allegiance to the land of their fathers.

THE RISE OF THE CZECHOSLOVAKS

When the history of this war is written, there will be few more fascinating chapters than that which tells the story of the emergence of the Czechoslovak people from obscurity and apparent helplessness to a lofty pinnacle of military glory and to the proud position of a trusted and admired coworker

with France and Great Britain and the United States in the cause of world freedom. We owe it to these new-found friends to come to know them very much better than most of us now do.

Who are the Czechoslovaks? Answer might be made that they are a people whose capital is in Washington, District of Columbia; whose army is in Siberia—with detachments in France, Italy, and European Russia; whose civilians are huddled in the northernmost crownlands of Austria and Hungary; and whose still undefined territories are trodden by the soldiery and tax-gatherers of an alien and hated government—a people which none the less possesses the soul of a nation, and has been recognized as such by us and by our cobelligerents, although Vienna has stoutly maintained that this nation “exists only in the imagination of the Entente.”

To speak by the book, the Czechoslovaks are a branch of the great Slav race, numbering in all, before the present war, about ten or possibly twelve million people—for there is dispute as to the correct figure. The Czechs live in the Austrian territories of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia; the Slovaks in the northwestern region of Hungary, adjoining the Czechs on the east. The two peoples have practically the same language and civilization, and, in the main, the same history. The word “Slovak” is merely an archaic form of “Czech.”

The ancestors of the modern Czechoslovaks came into their mid-European homes as early as the fifth century A.D. For a time they formed part of a great Moravian empire; but already their historic enemies were at work. From the north and west the Germans crowded in upon them, oppressing them and intriguing against their well-being; and in the tenth century the Hungarian invasion completely destroyed the Moravian empire and permanently wedged apart the northern and southern groups of Slavic peoples. Czechoslovak folk-lore, no less than Czechoslovak modern history, is redolent of conflict with the Teuton and the Magyar.

THE STRIFE OF CZECH AND GERMAN

The circumstances were wholly against the survival of an independent Czechoslovak nation. In the first place, like all Slavs, the Czechoslovaks were not warriors, or traders, or craftsmen, or builders of towns, but agriculturists. They lived in the flat and fertile lowlands of their country, leaving unoc-

cupied the mountains and the densely wooded ridges on its circumference. The result was that these strategic areas, bordering Saxony on the north, Bavaria on the west, and German-speaking upper Austria on the east and south, filled with Germans, so that the Czechoslovaks became hemmed in on every side by their racial foes.

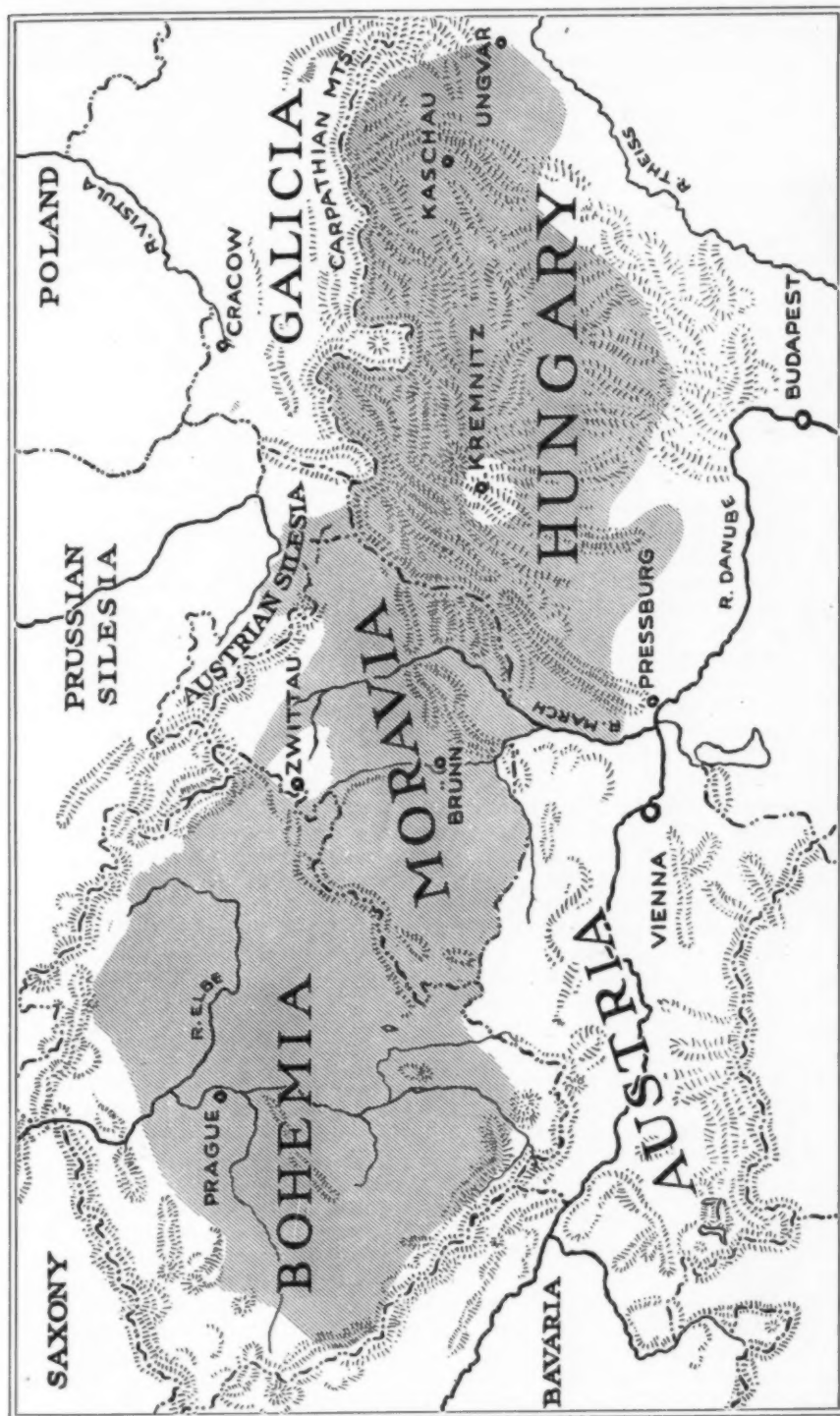
More than this, the lands occupied by the Germans contained forests, mines, and water-power, which enabled them to become the most valuable industrially in the whole of Austria-Hungary. These resources were developed almost exclusively by the Germans; and, for that matter, the trade and manufactures of all the Czech territories owed their rise and prosperity, as did the cities, to German colonization.

As is attested by innumerable decrees and letters of privilege, the Czech rulers were always obliged to recognize that the country could not get along without the technical skill and steady industry of the German traders and builders and craftsmen. In the heart of the Czech husbandman was soon born, however, a profound and undying hatred of German *kultur* and “efficiency.” It was galling to be forever worsted in the economic struggle, to be the hewer of wood and the drawer of water for the rich, proud, and overbearing alien.

Equally galling was the loss of political independence. After the tenth century the chief Czechland, Bohemia, under its national ducal family, the Przemyslides, gradually yielded to German control. At the opening of the thirteenth century Duke Ottokar, in return for the title of king, allowed his country to be incorporated outright into the empire. Court and nobility were largely Germanized; although Slavic self-consciousness was not wholly lost, as is evidenced in an appeal—which has a strangely modern sound—of Ottokar II to the Polish princes for an alliance:

“If Bohemia is conquered, these insatiable Germans will get their greedy hands on you also.”

Economic subjection and political repression did not prevent the Czechs from playing a creditable rôle in medieval and early modern culture. One has only to mention in this connection Komensky, or Comenius, whom many authorities consider the greatest educator in the Middle Ages, and John Huss, the intrepid reformer who carried almost his whole people with him in a revolt against the fifteenth-century church.



THE LAND OF THE CZECHOSLOVAKS—THE BOUNDARIES OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA, BEING AS YET UNDETERMINED, CANNOT BE MARKED ON THE MAP, BUT THE SHADING INDICATES THE REGION INHABITED BY PEOPLE OF CZECHOSLOVAK RACE AND LANGUAGE.

In his writings Huss standardized the Czech language, very much as Luther, in his translation of the Scriptures, standardized the German tongue a century later. The University of Prague, founded in 1348, long rivaled the University of Paris, and outshone all the schools of Germany proper.

The Hussite wars left Bohemia devastated and depopulated; but a greater disaster was to come. In 1526, fearing a Turkish subjugation of all Europe, Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia drew together in what purported to be a free federation; and the Bohemian estates conferred the crown, which was elective, on Ferdinand of Hapsburg, Archduke of Austria, and afterward Emperor Ferdinand I, who was at the same time elected King of Hungary.

THE CZECHS UNDER HAPSBURG RULE

Solemn promises were made that Bohemia would be governed as a distinct nation and in accordance with her traditions. These pledges, however, were quickly broken. To the amazement of the Czechs, Ferdinand proclaimed the Bohemian crown hereditary in the Hapsburg family; and for a hundred years the country was ruled autocratically, without the slightest regard for the interests and wishes of its people. Driven to desperation, the population rose against the Emperor Ferdinand II in 1618; but the only result was to precipitate the tremendous civil and international conflict known as the Thirty Years' War, and to bring upon the country fresh and irreparable disaster.

For two centuries thereafter Bohemia lay under the heel of the Hapsburg oppressors, "a land of desolation, her peasants serfs, her native nobility destroyed and expropriated, her rights and prerogatives denied and disregarded." Every political reconstruction within the Hapsburg dominions—notably the centralizing and Germanizing measures of Joseph II in the eighteenth century—offered an opportunity for dealing a fresh blow at Bohemian nationality. Even the Czech language was tabued, in favor of German.

"Our nation's cause is lost if God does not help us," wrote one Czech patriot to another in 1810.

However, the national spirit was not broken; and in the first half of the nineteenth century it underwent a great revival—as did, in the same period, the national spirit of the Italians, the Greeks, the Serbs, the Ukrainians, and other disunited and op-

pressed peoples of southern and eastern Europe. Here, as elsewhere, it was the scholars and poets and historians who led—Jungmann, with his Czech dictionary; the poet, Kollar, with his ringing "Daughter of Slava"; Palacky, whose monumental "History of the Czech Nation" began to appear in 1836.

The revolution of 1848 seemed to give a chance for the realization of Czechish hopes. A great public meeting in Prague voted a petition to Vienna demanding a long list of reforms, including a reorganized Bohemian diet elected on a liberal suffrage, and the admission of the Czech language to an equality with German in the government offices of the country. Large promises were made; but when a Slavic congress began meetings in Prague, riots broke out, Austrian troops bombarded the city, and the nationalist movement was driven under cover.

In the reactionary decade which followed the restoration of order in 1849, no one of the Austrian provinces suffered as did Bohemia. All attempts at self-government were ruthlessly suppressed; the Czech language was entirely excluded from the schools and the government service; Czech newspapers were forbidden to circulate; every manifestation of Czech national aspiration drew instant and cruel punishment.

Again hope was roused by the reorganization forced by Austria's defeat at the hand of Prussia in 1866; but though Hungary gained a new and more favorable status, the Czech territories got nothing. Instead, the Czechoslovaks were deliberately placed in a worse position by being divided, as they have remained until to-day, between the two parts of the Dual Monarchy. When resistance was threatened, Baron Beust, author of this crafty arrangement, brusquely declared:

"We will stick them up against a wall!"

There is no need to tell the long and dreary story of Czech unrest and protest, of Hapsburg repression, and of German insolence in the period from 1867 to the outbreak of the present war. Between Czech and Teuton there was undying hate. If an intellectual like the historian Mommsen could brutally declare that "the Czech skull does not understand reason, but it understands blows; it is a matter of a life-and-death combat"—one can imagine what the treatment of Czechish people by Teutonic masters has been.

From first to last the Czechs insisted

upon an autonomous position in a federalized empire, with freedom to maintain a democratic constitution, to use their national tongue unrestrictedly, to have their fair share of political power at Vienna, and to live their lives in their own way. Occasional Austrian ministries inclined to a liberal policy, and concessions—usually related to language or education—were made; but the main policy of holding the Czech lands in complete subjection, ruling them for the benefit of the dominant German minority, and curbing every national aspiration and tendency, was never relaxed.

On the eve of the great war the Czechoslovak territories had an area of some forty-eight thousand square miles, slightly less than that of New York State, and about three times that of Switzerland. They stretched from east to west, with much resemblance to a somewhat broadened Cuba. The census of 1910 revealed six and one-half million Czechs and two million Slovaks. It is charged, however, that the true figures were scaled down for political purposes, and nationalist leaders assert that there are about eight million Czechs and three million Slovaks—which is exclusive, of course, of about three million Germans and several hundred thousand Magyars who live among them.

Adverse conditions have caused a heavy emigration to the United States, and it is said that there are—or were before the war—at least a million of the oppressed peoples in this country.

THE CZECHOSLOVAKS AND THE WAR

The outbreak of the war in 1914 at once involved the Czechoslovaks in a situation which can fairly be described as tragic. They were Slavs, deeply sympathetic with the aspirations of their kinsmen, the Serbs; yet as subjects of Austria-Hungary they were called upon to join the colors and take part in the attack upon that gallant little nation. The situation was met heroically. During the days of mobilization antiwar demonstrations in the cities caused hundreds of arrests. When ordered to the Russian front, whole regiments mutinied, slew their German officers, and were wiped out in furious massacres rather than submit. Taken to the front, they deserted in masses to the enemy, sometimes with bands playing the Serbian or Russian national hymn.

Ten months of this sort of thing effectually disorganized a large part of the Austrian

army, and it was mainly to cope with the situation thus produced that Germany took over the Austrian command. Even so, Czechoslovak deserters continued to pour across the Isonzo and the eastern front, until it was estimated that no fewer than three hundred and fifty thousand men had thus been lost. At home the civil population, though living under a veritable reign of terror, resolutely "did its bit" by refusing to subscribe to Austrian war loans and by hoarding foodstuffs.

Meanwhile steps were taken to organize Czechoslovak forces throughout the world to strike a blow for national independence, and to enlist the sympathy and support of the nations fighting on the side of freedom.

As early as December, 1914, Dr. Masaryk—upon whom a sentence of death was shortly afterward imposed—escaped to Paris to assume the leadership of the movement. Committees and associations were formed in the great cities of Europe and America, money was collected, literature setting forth the Czechoslovak claims was put in circulation, meetings were held, and finally, in 1916, a Czechoslovak National Council was formed to act as a provisional government. Dr. Masaryk, teacher and philosopher, was elected president of this council; and the remaining officers were drawn from the ranks of sober and scholarly men. Branches of the new organization were established in the friendly capitals of Europe, and one was set up in the United States, where the Czechoslovak population strongly supported the national movement.

The collapse of Russia in 1917 was a cruel disappointment, for it was from that nation, as the chief Slav state, that largest support had been expected. To the last, the Czechoslovak troops on Russian soil—such of them, at all events, as were permitted to go to the front—fought valiantly to stem the tide of German-Austrian reconquest. Theirs were almost the only units to remain unaffected by the Bolshevik influences that wrecked the Russian armies.

THE WONDERFUL MARCH TO SIBERIA

When, after the Brest-Litovsk negotiations, the once powerful empire sank into disorganization and impotence, there were encamped near Kiev, in Ukraina, about fifty thousand Czechoslovak soldiers. Some of them had been settlers there in days of peace, but most of them had come in with the deserting Austrian regiments. The

CZECHOSLOVAKS! JOIN



OUR FREE COLORS!

AN EFFECTIVE RECRUITING POSTER USED BY THE AMERICAN CZECHOSLOVAKS

Czechoslovak National Council, which was already directing the movements of a contingent in France and another in Italy, decided to make the best of a bad situation by transferring this now apparently useless fighting force to the western front. In a laborious personal mission Dr. Masaryk arranged, in February, 1918, with the Bolshevik authorities for an unmolested passage of the troops to Vladivostok; and Japan agreed to transport them across the Pacific to the United States, whence they were to be carried to the battle-fields of France.

When the German commanders in Russia heard of the plan, they treated it as a joke. The little army, they confidently assumed, would be worn down to the vanishing-point by disease and desertions, if not by Bolshevik-German attacks, long before it could reach the far-distant ocean. The Czechoslovak soldiers were known to be poorly equipped, and steps were taken to prevent them from obtaining supplies from their countrymen.

The lack of equipment, however, was readily met. The Bolshevik "Red Guards"

were ready to sell anything they could lay hands on to anybody who would buy. Rifles were purchased at from ten to thirty copecks (five to fifteen cents) apiece, three-inch guns for ten rubles, or five dollars. One regiment secured three hundred machine guns for what would be in our money thirty cents each!

The next problem was transportation. The plan was to advance by way of Moscow to Samara, and thence eastward over the Trans-Siberian Railway. But in the disorder which had now for months prevailed the railroad systems had been utterly paralyzed; and it became necessary to carry out a remarkably picturesque round-up of locomotives and cars, which were seized from the fleeing Bolsheviks at the mouths of machine guns.

Then the start was made. A sharp and completely successful engagement with the Germans for the possession of an important railway-station opened the eyes of the Teutons to the real character of the undertaking, and from Vienna there came an official offer of a compromise. If the Czechoslovak troops would abandon their hostility to Austria and her allies, and would return to their homes, they would receive an amnesty, they would not be drafted into the Austrian armies, and autonomy would be granted to their provinces. The reply was a categorical refusal.

"We answered," says a member of the National Council, "that we knew no such person as the Emperor of Austria and no such country as Austria-Hungary, and that we were determined to go to Vladivostok."

Ten days brought the bulk of the army past Moscow and Samara into Siberia. Thence detachments moved eastward as rapidly as trains could be made up on which to carry them; and presently the long, dreary stretch of road was dotted with puffing and wheezing locomotives dragging passenger-cars, freight-cars, and cars that were fit for neither passengers nor freight, filled with the resolute soldiery.

The vanguard reached Vladivostok in fifty-seven days after leaving Samara; and in the course of a few weeks some fifteen thousand troops arrived at this destination. Opposition and treachery were encountered at every step, sometimes from the Bolsheviks, sometimes from the German and Austrian prisoners whom the Bolsheviks had armed, and still more often from the two in combination.

Meanwhile the Allied governments were wrestling with the exceedingly knotty problem of how to save Siberia—if not all Russia—from German domination. It did not require much acumen to perceive that the first element in the solution lay at hand in the presence of the Czechoslovak troops in the country. Accordingly the National Council was asked to give up the plan of moving its army to the western front, and, instead, to use the troops in holding the Trans-Siberian road, the Pacific ports, and as much Siberian territory as could be covered.

To have made this request without taking steps to supply the necessary reinforcements would have been grossly unjust; hence the arrangements with which every one is familiar whereby contingents of American, Japanese, and other Allied troops have been despatched to Vladivostok to aid in the gigantic task.

The only desire of the Czechoslovak soldiers had been to get out of Russia and take their places at the front in France. They had no wish to play policemen in Siberia, and they knew that without prompt and sufficient aid their position was likely to become exceedingly dangerous. Nevertheless, the unparalleled strategic opportunities which this position gave them made a strong appeal to their imagination; and they readily acceded to the change of policy. The Czechoslovak army—grown, by all accounts, to one hundred thousand men—now stands in a tenuous line five thousand miles long, from Samara to the ocean, sorely beset at many points, but bravely holding the outposts of freedom amid the winter desolation of northern Asia.

RECOGNITION BY THE ALLIED POWERS

The Allied powers have not only despatched aid to the Czechoslovak forces in Siberia; that it was in their own interest to do. They have formally recognized the Czechoslovak people, although possessing sovereignty over not a square inch of territory, as a nation with a complete right to independence. France was the first to act; and on June 30, 1918, President Poincaré journeyed to the war-zone to present a Czechoslovak flag to the soldiers of that nationality and to speak eloquent words of appreciation of the Czechoslovaks' services to the Allied cause.

Italy then extended recognition; and on August 13 Great Britain followed with a

formal acknowledgment of "the unity of the three Czechoslovak armies as an Allied and belligerent army," and of "the right of the Czechoslovak National Council, as the supreme organ of Czechoslovak national interests, and as the present trustee of the future Czechoslovak government, to exercise supreme authority over this Allied and belligerent army." Three weeks later the United States took similar action, the following statement being issued by Secretary Lansing on September 3:

The Czechoslovak peoples having taken up arms against the German and Austro-Hungarian empires, and having placed in the field organized armies, which are waging war against those empires under officers of their own nationality and in accordance with the rules and practices of civilized nations, and Czechoslovaks having in the prosecution of their independent purposes in the present war confided the supreme political authority to the Czechoslovak National Council, the government of the United States recognizes that a state of belligerency exists between the Czechoslovaks thus organized and the German and Austro-Hungarian empires.

It also recognizes the Czechoslovak National Council as a *de facto* belligerent government, clothed with proper authority to direct the military and political affairs of the Czechoslovaks.

From Vienna, of course, there came violent denunciation. The Czechoslovak National Council, it was officially declared, "is a committee of private persons who have no mandate from the Czechoslovak people and still less from the Czechoslovak 'nation,' which exists only in the imagination of the Entente." The Czechoslovak army was affirmed to be no ally of the Entente in international law, and the pronouncement ended with the assertion that "these disloyal elements, guilty of perjury, will, notwithstanding the Entente's recognition, be regarded and treated as traitors."

THE FUTURE OF THE CZECHOSLOVAKS

Is Czechoslovakia to take a permanent place among free and independent nations after the war? There is small room for doubt that it will do so. The only alternative—unless it be a union with an independent Hungary, which, because of the historic enmity of Czech and Magyar, is unthinkable—is autonomy in a federalized Austrian empire. But events have so shaped themselves in the past two years as to make the restoration of Austrian control over the racial minorities of the tottering empire highly improbable and very undesirable.

The United States is clearly committed

on the subject, not only by its recognition of Czechoslovak belligerency and nationality, but by President Wilson's solemn declaration, in the famous "fourteen points" speech which he addressed to Congress on January 8, 1918, that "the peoples of Austria-Hungary, whose place among the nations we wish to see safeguarded and assured, should be accorded the freest opportunity of autonomous development."

This principle was further emphasized and elaborated in Secretary Lansing's note of October 19, 1918, to the Austrian government. Referring to the sentence just quoted, the later communication added:

Since that sentence was written and uttered to the Congress of the United States, the government of the United States has recognized that a state of belligerency exists between Czechoslovaks and the German and Austro-Hungarian empires, and that the Czechoslovak National Council is a *de facto* belligerent government clothed with proper authority to direct the military and political affairs of the Czechoslovaks. It has also recognized in the fullest manner the justice of the nationalistic aspirations of the Jugoslavs for freedom.

The President is, therefore, no longer at liberty to accept the mere "autonomy" of these peoples as a basis of peace, but is obliged to insist that they, and not he, shall be the judges of what action on the part of the Austro-Hungarian government will satisfy their aspirations and their conception of their rights and destiny as members of the family of nations.

Mr. Lloyd George, too, in a recent speech reiterated the British government's promises of support.

Czechoslovakia should be constituted an independent nation because its peoples inherently deserve to recover their freedom; but there are other reasons why the Allied world should look with favor upon such a solution. An important one will be readily understood by any one who glances at the map. It is very doubtful whether German-controlled Austria should be allowed to form a geographical whole with Germany. Only by the creation of a free state between them—Czechoslovakia—can this be prevented and any attempted revival of Pan-Germanism be bottled up at its very source.

The boundaries of the new state, in the view of Dr. Masaryk—who speaks for the present *de facto* government—should be so drawn as to include Bohemia, Moravia, Austrian Silesia, and, in Hungary, the territory extending southward to Pressburg and eastward to Ungvar. The country would thus be about four times the size of Belgium, and

would have a population of twelve millions. Its boundaries cannot be established on historic lines without including at least two million Germans, chiefly in the northwestern part of Bohemia, but the National Council declares that the government will be broadly democratic, and that ample provision will be made for the rights of minorities.

America honors herself in giving encouragement and aid to a long-suffering people

which is one of the most intelligent and industrious in Europe, and which has ever been peculiarly sensitive to right and wrong in international affairs.

In witness to this last assertion it is timely to cite the fact that in 1871 the Czechs, alone of all the peoples of the earth outside of France, entered formal protest, by a resolution of their diet, against Germany's seizure of the unhappy provinces of Alsace-Lorraine.



Honor Among Thieves

BY ELIZABETH PATTERSON

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

A MAN and a woman sat at dinner on the outside balcony of a small hotel in Italy. The steady rain of the afternoon had resolved itself into intermittent drops, and the air was heavy with the perfumes of a warm spring night on the Riviera.

The woman made no pretense of eating, but sat with her slender hands folded in her lap, now silently watching her companion, now gazing out into the darkness beyond the little railing. The man had a curious air of grimness. He ate a very lit-

tle of everything, and finally leaned back, fingering a cigarette.

"You haven't touched a thing," he said.

"I'm waiting for coffee. I shall have time enough to eat," she answered. Then, leaning forward, she added: "I have such a dreadful feeling about you, as if I could not trust you!"

He said nothing, but lit his cigarette and beckoned for the coffee. They drank it in silence, and after another cigarette, while the gratified waiter pocketed his generous tip, he turned squarely toward her.

"Will you come and sit outside for a little while?" he asked.

They walked through the main dining-room, apparently indifferent to the ill-disguised looks of interest and curiosity that followed them; for they were a sensation that custom could not stale. He stayed at a neighboring hotel, and every morning he came for her. They sat together and talked; they had their meals together, and they strolled up and down the quaint old streets in plain sight of every one. Sometimes they motored to some near-by place for dinner, or made little excursions into the country.

It seemed a prosaic thing, and it was difficult to understand just why there was so much talk; for there was a great deal. No doubt she would have been noticed anywhere, even without the piquant fact of his constant presence at her side. She was tall, with straight, dark hair, and people found themselves wondering about the rather wistful expression in her blue eyes. They had all seen for themselves her name in the hotel-register—"Mrs. Bacon, Providence, Rhode Island, U. S. A." She had no maid, she appeared to have no husband.

One person had talked with her—a young American girl who had one day found the same sheltering doorway in a sudden storm. Since then they had exchanged bows and passing words and smiles.

This evening, as the man and the woman threaded their way through the foyer, between the bridge-tables and the groups of chatting tourists, the young American girl flushed a little as she caught Mrs. Bacon's eye.

"It's certainly very queer," said the American girl's mother, returning to the complicated shuffling of her cards.

The American girl, nice young creature that she was, protested that no one could look so lovely and be queer.

"One often leads to the other," murmured another voice, solemn and prophetic, from behind a book.

They walked on down the long, wet street, and finally sat down upon a bench, finding one fairly dried by the wind, facing the sea.

"You are going to-morrow?" she asked. "I know you said you would, but you are so strange to-night, and so quiet, that I can't help thinking you are planning something different."

"Do you love me?" he asked.

She made no answer.

"I want to say just this," he went on. "You can't really think that I am going calmly away—deliberately making it impossible to see you, or hear you, or be near you. There is nothing that matters to me in this world or the next—except you!"

"How many times we have talked that all out!" she said slowly. "There is nothing for me to say that I haven't said over and over again. You know there is just one thing you can do for me, and that you won't do."

After a while she got up, and they walked slowly back to the hotel.

"Good night," he whispered, as they came into the glare of lights.

She held out her hand, but she did not look at him.

The next morning he waited for her in vain. For hours he sat in their accustomed place, with an anxiety in his heart not far removed from fear. Late in the afternoon he inquired at the desk, and was told that Mrs. Bacon had left the hotel early that morning, and had given no address.

She had outwitted him! She had known he would not keep his promise—his promise that he had not meant to keep.

For several days he wandered about, wondering dully what to do. Should he follow her, if he could find a clue? Should he spend his life trying to find her? Should he make her more conspicuous than she already was? A strange feeling of shame mingled with his thoughts of her.

Then apathy settled upon him with its deadening touch, and he dreamed the days and nights away.

One evening, among his letters, he found a note from her, mailed in London:

I knew you would not go, so I went. I have no more strength to fight you. Do not try to find me. Go home for my sake—I am giving you up for yours.

EDITH.

That night he booked his passage by telegram, and the next day found him on the boat for Genoa. The joy of life faded at his touch, and he turned, like a stricken child, toward home.

II

MARY's face was scarlet, and her hand shook as she lifted her teacup to her lips. Trudy Mason stood in front of the fire, fastening her fur under her dimpled chin.

"Of course," she said, "I don't suppose

it really amounts to anything, only they were all talking about it."

Mary put her cup down.

"Who told you?" she asked.

"Oh," said Trudy lightly, "they said Miss Green knew all about it—had always known her. They said she was lovely, too—except, of course, for this queer thing; but I think they've probably exaggerated it. People always do!"

Mary's silence frightened her. She had not meant to tell it all.

"Well," she went on, kissing Mary, "it's nearly dark, and I must run. Do try to come for the carols, and don't worry. I oughtn't to have told you!"

Mary got up and went to the door with her friend.

"Good-by," she said quietly.

Then she went back into the drawing-room, where she stood for a long time looking through the darkening window at the hurrying snowflakes.

"If there is any snow," her father had written, "have Robert meet us with the big sleigh."

For they were coming to-night!

His first letter had arrived a week ago. Aunt Fanny—their dead mother's aunt—had opened it at the breakfast-table, and, after reading it through, had taken her glasses off and read it all over again with her dim, unaided eyes. Then she put her glasses back and read it a third time—this time out loud to Mary. At the end she had said almost apologetically:

"Men are very strange, my dear. Your dear father is lonely, and"—she glanced at Mary's childish face—"it doesn't mean, of course, that he has forgotten—"

She paused again, at a loss. Aunt Fanny was seldom at a loss.

"Archie's school closed to-day," she said. "Isn't he coming to-night, on the six-o'clock train?"

"May I see father's letter?" asked Mary.

It was headed "Morley's Hotel, London, December 8," and said briefly that he was sailing on the next boat, and that he wanted Aunt Fanny and the children to know of his engagement to Mrs. Bacon, of Providence, and that he sent best love and kisses to them all.

Archie had come that night, and Aunt Fanny had told him as they sat together after dinner. Aunt Fanny was quite herself again. She had not been thinking, as Mary had thought all day, of her niece's

white hands as they had lain so quietly upon her breast only five short months ago. Aunt Fanny did not think of such things any more.

"Archie," she had talked gently on, "you mustn't mind about your father marrying again. I'm sure she must be very nice, and men do unexpected things. Bacon is an excellent name. Your dear mother, I feel sure, would understand."

Archie, to hide his embarrassment, had turned back to the piano, picking at the keys with a heavy forefinger. And this morning his second letter had arrived, saying that he was bringing Mrs. Bacon home with him for a few days, so that they could meet her. He was glad, he told them, that they had opened the country house for Christmas, and he would arrive there that evening.

Old Thomas had taken the tea-things some time ago, and mended the fire, and put every chair straight over and over again, but Mary never stirred. Finally he went up to her.

"They'll be here in a minute, miss," he said gently. "Hadh't you better get dressed?"

She turned obediently and went up-stairs. Everything in her room looked distorted through her blinding tears, and her dress, lying on the bed, stood out in waving lines of black. Her mind was stunned at its contact with that amazing thing called life. The bewildering puzzle of her father's tenderness to her dead mother, and of his thrusting aside a mourning that had barely begun, was overlaid, for the moment, by the incredible revelation of the afternoon. Could it be true that they were all talking about it, that this Mrs. Bacon had been in some dreadful scandal—Trudy had put it very baldly—with some man abroad, and that Mary's father ought to know?

Her heart seemed suddenly to stop, as she caught the clash of sleigh-bells coming up the drive. Then, in a great burst of sound, she heard the front door open, and her father's voice.

"Oh, Aunt Fanny! Archie! Edith, this is home! Where's Mary?"

III

AUNT FANNY and Archie fell swift victims to Mrs. Bacon's charm. Dinner was hardly over that first night when Aunt Fanny asked her to go to the carols.

"What's this I hear?" said Mary's father

—even his voice had a new, light tone. "Edith roped in for carols already?" Then, leaning toward her, he added: "You are trying to make a hit!"

"I know I am," she answered frankly.

Mary had never imagined her father as he

wife had been the victim of weary years of illness. Her frail beauty had faded quickly, and had left the great, burning eyes and petulant mouth with no softening, no allure. Her aunt had come to keep house for him, the children had made life



LIKE A CAT, THE PLAYER HAD LEAPED UPON THE TABLE

was that night. His manner to his children had always been the same—absorbed, perfunctory, perhaps, but tender—that impersonal tenderness toward little children and animals, instinctive in a man of his nature. Why, now, should he be so unlike himself? He laughed and talked with a gay carelessness that left his young daughter wondering and almost ashamed.

Mrs. Bacon was plainly trying to please. If Aunt Fanny noticed it, she ignored it. Aunt Fanny's easy vagueness was a subterfuge of the very, very wise. Mary noticed it, and resented it. Her whole being was throbbing in the pain of readjustment. It deepened her distress to find her own heart responding to this changed atmosphere that she could not understand.

If John Dixon's had been an introspective mind, he might have wondered why fate had picked him out to marry as he had. His

possible, and he had held doggedly on. She had clung closely to him day and night, her piteous little spirit struggling, protesting, until the very end.

In her children, those years of self-restraint, of pity and dismay, had bred a watchful loyalty for something of their own, something of which even the memory must be protected; and now, like a flash from another world, came this stranger—this woman who had been talked about!

The evening before Edith Bacon's visit came to an end she went up to Mary's room. She stayed there for a long time, and the murmur of voices was broken once by a quick sob.

Down-stairs Dixon stood in front of the fire, waiting for her.

"Well," he said, when she finally ap-

peared, "I suppose you know you've been up-stairs for hours?"

"It's just what I thought," she said, coming toward him. "Gossip! The child has heard something very dreadful—so she says—about me, and thinks I am taking advantage of you."

"What on earth could any one say about you?" asked Dixon.

"Did it ever occur to you that people

"And you," put in Dixon, "were thinking of what you couldn't tell her—that I didn't even forget them, that I didn't care. The awful part is that it's just as true to-day as it was then. I have never really thought of anything but you since that night, and when you ran away"—he drew a folded bit of paper from his pocketbook—"I was lost," he ended, in an unsteady voice, "lost!"



WHERE HAD DIXON SEEN HER BEFORE?

might talk?" she asked gently. "So I told her."

"You told her!" said Dixon. "What did you tell her?"

"About Herman," she answered, "and about that night. It was her right to know. She was crying, poor child, when I went in, but she listened quietly. When I had finished, she said: 'Was it father they meant?' 'Yes, Mary,' I told her, 'but not the way they meant.' 'If it was father,' she said, 'it was all right. I'll tell Trudy'; and I—"

She took the paper from him and read it. It was the note she had sent him from London. She dropped it into the fire, and they watched it perish in a leap of flame.

"Do you mind?" she asked. "It served its purpose—it saved us both."

"I can't follow this lost and saved business," he said, as he drew her close. "I say I was lost, and you say we were saved. Perhaps it depends on what one means by 'lost' and 'saved.'"

"Perhaps it does," she said.

She smiled up at him, and her eyes were bright with tears.

IV

AFTER she had gone up-stairs, Dixon sat on alone, heedless of the time, gazing into the dying fire with unseeing eyes. He was living over again, as he had done so many times before, a certain night in Monte Carlo, nearly five years before. He had gone abroad that summer under the doctor's orders; for he had begun to give a little under the strain at home. It had promised to be a dreary outing. How well he remembered the dull ache of life, as he sat at his lonely dinner that first evening on land! The effort of trying to look about, of trying to relax, had reacted upon his worn-out nerves, until going to bed was out of the question. Late though it was, there is no time in Monte Carlo, and he strolled out into the starlight, toward the Casino.

He answered the perfunctory questions at the great entrance-hall, and after placing his card of admission in his pocketbook—he was a very orderly man—he made his way through the fast-thinning crowd. He forgot his fatigue as he watched the faces about him. There were those who came for business, and those who came for pleasure, and those for whom the two words meant one and the same thing.

He shyly placed a few francs on the roulette-table, and saw them immediately gathered in by the croupier. An occasional figure lounged in the deep chairs, but plainly the few quiet hours allotted to this seducer of mankind were at hand.

He passed on to a smaller room, where a little group was gathered about another roulette-table. Two men were playing here—one seated, with a great pile of coins under his hand; the other standing, swaying a little against a woman, who stood beside him. The play was far too fast for Dixon's comprehension. His fascinated gaze went from the table to the players' faces, and back again.

The man standing was extraordinary-looking, his bold eyes were bloodshot, and his straight-cut mouth was disfigured by a scar. There was something compelling in his whole bearing; despite his unsteadiness, something singularly attractive, and repellent at the same time. Evidently he was losing heavily, and the woman by his side seemed trying to get him away. Once she took hold of his arm, and once she pushed

in closer to his side and said something to him.

An unreal feeling of familiarity crept over Dixon as he watched her. Had he seen her before? He studied her thin face, the shadows under her eyes, and her fine, straight nose. She looked up once and caught his eye. Where, in Heaven's name, had he seen her before?

"*Mon Dieu!*" said a man's voice beside him.

Like a cat, the player who was standing had leaped upon the table. Seizing the croupier by his two wrists, and pushing him backward, he repeated something in French over and over again.

The group was in a sudden turmoil. A cry rang out, and a sharp oath and a crash, as the struggling men fell against the table, and to the floor. Dixon sprang forward with the rest. When he stood up, smoothing his crumpled cuffs, he was conscious that the noise had died away as abruptly as it had begun.

In the doorway stood a very tall, gray-haired man, with a decoration in his coat. He seemed to take in the situation at a glance. With great deliberation he turned and closed the folding doors. Then he walked over to the figure prostrate on the floor.

The croupier got himself upon his feet, dragging his torn shirt together, as he tried to stand.

"M. Louis!" he muttered.

Dixon could never recall just what was done, or said, but he suddenly found himself in the great, deserted foyer. He and a few other onlookers had somehow been bowed out, dismissed.

"That's the biggest crook on the Riviera!" said a man beside him. "I wouldn't be surprised if he was all in," the speaker continued, as they walked together out into the cool gardens. "Did you hear the crack when his head hit the table? It's a shame about her!"

"Who is she?" asked Dixon.

"That's his wife," was the answer. "I guess she's known all over Europe. He'd have been in jail long ago if it wasn't for her. Well, good night," the stranger said, as he turned down one of the footpaths.

A limousine was drawing cautiously into the bright light of the entrance. Suddenly the lights went out, and in a few moments two men appeared, carrying something dark and heavy between them. They went to

the car and lifted their burden into it. Dixon stood there, watching.

Then came the tall man whom the croupier had called "M. Louis." He was talking rapidly to the woman, whose white face was like ashes. Dixon felt that weird, unmistakable conviction that he had seen her before. But when, and where? It must have been at home somewhere, for she was plainly an American.

Without pausing to consider, he stepped up to them. M. Louis looked up sharply.

"A friend of *madame*?" he asked in French.

"Yes," said Dixon.

"You understand French, *monsieur*?" asked M. Louis.

"No," said Dixon shortly.

There was a pause. Then M. Louis said in excellent English:

"*Madame* will need a friend to-night. Perhaps you will escort her to her little villa? I go to drive with *monsieur*."

He walked over to the car and got into the front seat beside the chauffeur. Very slowly, very gently, they drew out from the Casino entrance, down through the fragrant parkway, out of sight.

"Please forgive me," said Dixon, as he strode quickly along by her side. "I hope I may offer my services. I can't help feeling that I've seen you before. Aren't you an American?"

With the first word she spoke, Dixon knew her.

"You are very kind," she said.

"Aren't you Edith Sumner?" he asked.

He had met her years ago, in Boston. He had gone to her coming-out party, given by some friend of his mother.

"Yes," she said.

She did not speak again, and Dixon felt constrained and awkward. On they walked, twisting and turning through the shadowy streets. Edith Sumner was a little ahead of him as she turned into a brightly painted gate, and up a wide path. An undersized boy ran out of the house and seized her hand.

"*Madame!*" he cried. His shrill French sounded very loud. "M. Louis and the doctor!"

She paused a moment, and put her arm around him.

"Hush, Josef!" she said gently.

Dixon followed them into the living-room. The wounded man lay upon the divan, ominously still. The doctor was putting

something away in a bag. He seemed to be explaining something. He shrugged his shoulders in rapid gestures, looking frequently at M. Louis, as if for his approval.

Edith listened very quietly. Dixon could guess what she had heard. Louis escorted the doctor to the door with elaborate courtesy; then he turned to Edith. He bowed to Dixon, as if politely including him, and said in his crisp, soft English:

"I feared this, *madame*. I regret it deeply. *Monsieur* was not himself to-night, and my croupier is strong and hot-headed. These things will happen." He took out his watch. "In an hour we will come for you. Can you be ready, *madame*? My own car will come. It is only a short drive to San Remo, but one must go slowly. There is a friend on the Italian border, a kind man, who will arrange all. I shall have the papers from our good doctor; and you, *monsieur*"—with another bow—"you will perhaps be willing to attend them?"

"M. Louis," asked Edith, "may I take Josef?"

"No, dear *madame*," answered M. Louis. "Josef must remain to keep the villa, and answer perhaps the kind inquiries of friends. I will see to him—he shall not want. For you, *madame*, you will come back. Monte Carlo has nothing but a welcome for you always. Your affairs will be in my hands. The villa can be packed, closed. Everything will be at your orders."

He crossed the room and put his ear to the dead man's lips.

"Ah!" he said softly, and Dixon thought he could detect a gleam of satisfaction in the keen, bright eyes. "It is soon over! *Madame*," he added, "you realize the importance? In an hour, then. I shall come myself to bid you *bon voyage*."

Edith followed him out. As Dixon heard the click of the gate, he fairly sprang after her and caught her arm.

"For the love of God," he said, "what did he mean? What are you going to do?"

"Hush!" she said again, as she had said to Josef. "We must go. M. Louis is right—I see it. It's to avoid scandal. There have been so many scandals about Herman. Only a month ago a woman killed herself at the Casino, because—oh!" she cried, losing her self-control for a moment. "Only help me, don't ask about it! He has been forbidden the place time and time again. I've got him away, but he came back. Once I left him, but I came back to him."

They turned quickly as Josef ran toward them.

"*Madame*," he implored her, with terror in his eyes, "I will defy M. Louis, I will go with you, I will die for you, but I cannot, I cannot stay with *monsieur*!"

Dixon's impotence and dismay found a sudden vent.

"You little fool!" he said. "*Monsieur* is dead!"

"Dead or alive," sobbed Josef, "it is the same. He breathed, I watched him. He looked at me!"

Edith and Dixon went back into the little parlor, Josef looking after them from the threshold. They stood side by side, looking down upon him who lay so heavily upon the wide divan. Not even the majesty of death could dignify that handsome, evil face, so helplessly and pitilessly revealed. All his charm, all his dash and poise, had fallen from him like a cheap disguise when his dark life went out.

"He was very cruel to Josef," said Edith simply.

She pulled the folded rug from beneath his feet and covered the limp body. A thin line of blood had oozed from the corner of his mouth.

"Will you stay with him a little while?" she whispered.

She left the room to come back presently with a bowl of water and a clean handkerchief. She carefully sponged his face and laid her hand gently for a moment upon his graying hair. Something caught Dixon by the throat.

"How good of her!" he cried to himself.

Always, when he traced back his memories of her, step by step, from the last down to the very first, this moment stood out distinct among them all. It was that quality in her that melted his very soul into tenderness—she was so good toward the whole world, so unembittered, and so kind.

What a night! M. Louis had come back, and he and his chauffeur had lifted the body of Herman Bacon and carried it out to the waiting car. Dixon, in obedience to M. Louis's nod, had come forward without a word and seated himself beside it.

"*Adieu*!" said M. Louis as he spread the traveling-rug over the limp knees. "A pleasant journey! Sleep well, my friend!"

He shook hands elaborately with Dixon; then he turned to Edith. For the first time a note of real feeling showed in his mocking voice.

"Courage, *madame*!" he said. "Remember how much we are your friends!"

Then he stepped down, and, bowing, signed to his chauffeur.

V

THEY wound their way as quietly as possible through the little side streets. Then the hum and the whirl became part of the night as they sped along, faster and faster, with their dreadful burden. Each time the car lurched Dixon felt the heavy impact, until he put his arm around the drooping shoulders and sat closer to the body.

What was he doing? Why had he allowed himself to be involved in this fantastic and terrible adventure? The outline of Edith Bacon's hat and veil and cloak were burned into his brain as he watched her in front of him. Once she turned to speak to him.

"I'm all right, thanks," he answered.

They slowed down at a stream of light across the roadway. It was the Italian frontier. Dixon's heart leaped to his throat as an official stepped up to them. A friend, evidently, for he looked at the driver, and at the number of the car, and waved his hand.

"*Bon voyage, madame!*" he said. "*Bon voyage, messieurs!*"

Dixon's mind was on fire with wild speculations. He felt more and more like a whirling cog in some great, rushing wheel. He could have cried out with loathing as he drew the stiffening form of his companion still closer to his side. He strained his eyes to see as they flew along through the soft, gray night.

The first birds were chirping as they came into San Remo. Up to the highest slope they climbed, and before a certain house they stopped. The chauffeur got out and rapped upon the door. It was opened instantly by a little old man, who seemed to ask a few sharp questions before he came out to them. He talked to Edith in Italian; then he went back into his house and shut the door.

Edith turned around to Dixon.

"Are you very tired?" she asked. In the gathering light he noticed the little lines around her sweet blue eyes. "He is furious," she went on, a little breathlessly, "because we have stopped at his house in the daylight. I hardly know what to do!"

The little landlord, or whatever he was, came out to them again.

"One thing or the other!" he snapped in broken English. "I do not have the motor-car to stand before my door all day, for the whole world to see!"

He was small, but apparently very strong. He leaned into the car and put his arms under the dead man's shoulders and knees. Instinctively Dixon covered the face with a corner of the rug. They carried the body into the house, into a small room at the back. M. Thibot, as Edith called him, gave a grunt of relief.

"There is no need for you to stay, *madame*," he said, looking suspiciously at Dixon. "Everything will be arranged."

"I know," said Edith; "but I cannot go yet. I could never be at peace about him!"

"There is nothing to eat," said M. Thibot. "We have no cooks here."

Edith was giving some directions to the chauffeur.

"He will take you back to Monte Carlo," she told Dixon. "It is your best chance. How can I thank you? I don't know what to say to you!"

"Aren't you coming?" asked Dixon.

She shook her head.

"Then I'm not going," he said.

M. Thibot was looking from one to the other with his small eyes.

"I do not have *monsieur* to run in and out of my house," he broke in. "If he stays, he stays—in this room. Perhaps some wine may be found, and some bread—very, very high price!"

He left them abruptly.

All through that sunny day they waited for the night to come again. Dixon dozed at intervals, and each time awoke with his heart beating quickly with fright, for each time he dreamed of finding some great treasure, some pearl beyond price, and then came the nightmare that he had lost it.

Some one was leaning over him.

"Oh!" he cried, stumbling to his feet. "Heavens, it's you! How long have I slept? Do you want me?"

"We are going now," said Edith. "It's all over."

They walked out into the night, and down into the bright town. As he sat opposite her in a quaint little café, he watched her try to eat. Every time she caught his eye she tried to smile, and he told himself that he would never leave her, that nothing mattered, nothing counted but to be near her, and to help her; and that to him she

meant the love and the truth and the courage of God Himself.

"I thought," she was saying, "that we could get a car, and have it take us on to Santa Margherita. I know these towns. I will stay on there and rest, and you can easily get back to Monte Carlo. But before you go, you must let me talk to you a little. I want to explain. You have been so kind that I—"

She suddenly stopped and looked away.

They drove all day, sitting side by side, she with the unconsciousness of a tired child, he with a strange new dignity.

The hotel at Santa Margherita looked like something in a dream to Dixon's unaccustomed eyes. There it lay in the sunshine, gleaming white in its gardens above the Mediterranean. Under the orange-trees were happy people having tea. Edith signed the register—"Mrs. Herman Bacon, Providence, Rhode Island, U. S. A."—and Dixon wrote his own name underneath.

The *concierge*, discreet and smiling, showed them rooms side by side. Edith walked into the first one without a glance about her; then she held out her hand to Dixon.

"I won't come down to-night," she said; "but please don't go until I see you again."

Dixon suddenly felt very self-conscious. He objected to his room. He said that he must have something on the other side of the house, something with more sunshine. They gave him one with less, but it was clean and far away.

He contented himself fairly well during the evening, and next morning he strolled about the little town. He bought some collars, and a box of queer, thin cigars, and some post-cards for the children, which he did not send.

Then he began to watch for her. Lunch passed, and tea-time, and dinner, but no sign.

After dinner, as he sat in a corner of the garden with his coffee on the marble table in front of him, the conviction grew that she was avoiding him. Probably she could not bear the thought of seeing him again. Did she think he had been impertinent? Was she shy, or angry that he had seen so much?

What could he do to set himself right? Could he go to her room? Could he write a note? He was going mad, mad, with the longing to see her again!

He upset his coffee with a sharp little

crash as he stumbled to his feet. The earth swayed beneath him, and his breath caught, for there she was, coming down the path to find him!

He bowed rather stiffly, and all that he said was:

"How do you do, Mrs. Bacon?"

He saw her daily, and she talked to him. She told him how they had buried Herman Bacon in the first darkness of the night. More from what she left unsaid than from her actual words, Dixon could piece together what her life had been. Her husband had figured in scandal after scandal, he had been a swindler and a blackmailer. Her money and his connections had saved him from his just deserts. Why she had stayed with him, wandering from place to place, humiliated at every turn, she did not attempt to explain. It was a sense of his helplessness, perhaps, of pity; or perhaps of quixotic loyalty to the irresistible creature who had wooed and won her with such consummate grace.

Dixon talked to her about his business, and about his horses, and told her about his home and his two children.

At the end of a week she told him that he must go. She said she wanted to be alone, that she was perfectly well and strong, and that it made her feel guilty to let her tragic affairs interrupt his holiday. She insisted, and he obeyed. He honestly tried to play the part he knew she had assigned to him. He started on a sightseeing

tour with the idea of losing himself in the many interests of these foreign towns; but it was useless. Wherever he went, whatever he did, sleeping or waking, in imagination she was by his side, her sweet eyes smiling, her thin hands clasped in his.

And on the other side stalked the nightmare he had had in M. Thibot's house. He was losing her, he was actually battling with himself to see her no more!

Calmly and deliberately he made up his mind. There was no weakness of defeat in it, no juggling with right and wrong. Had he lived all his dull, dead-level life for this, only to let it go?

He went back to Santa Margherita, and found her there. He poured out his heart and soul to her. He made her understand that this was no wild obsession born of pity and admiration, but a tremendous thing, of the existence of which he had never dreamed. He said that he belonged to her body and soul, to do with as she wished—that he had nothing else, that he asked for nothing else, either in this world or the next.

He was a man by nature and by training unused to the things of the spirit, but as he sat in his house this wintry night, with this woman so securely his own, he realized dimly what made the glory of it. He saw, though through a glass darkly, that she had touched the heights that day when, loving him and not trusting him, she had gone away and left him.

TO THE VICTOR

ALL honor to Marshal Foch,
Guiding his men of might—
Men with unfaltering hearts and hands,
Waging a gallant fight!
Straight through the shot and shell,
As the crimson war-tides roll,
Eager to win or die,
Seeking the final goal!

All honor to Marshal Foch,
And the work that he has wrought,
With stalwart and unsleeping brain—
The arsenal of thought!
A master mind is his
To plan 'midst war's alarms;
Praise to the Lord of Hosts, who gave
The victory to his arms!

William H. Hayne

"For Extraordinary Heroism"

PICTURESQUE EPISODES OF THE GREAT WAR—STORIES OF VALOR THAT SHOW
WHAT IT MEANS TO WIN AND WEAR A MILITARY MEDAL

By John S. T. West

WHEN you meet the Distinguished Service Cross of the American army, salute! A real man is wearing it. Take a case—take any case at random—from the published records of the War Department. Here is a sample:

Sergeant John Blohm, Company B, Three Hundred and Fifth Infantry—For extraordinary heroism in action near St. Thibaut, France, September 2, 1918.

Sergeant Blohm had dodged into a shell-hole. It was in a field near the Vesle River,



LIEUTENANT BENJAMIN E. TURNER, OF CHICAGO, WHOSE EXPLOITS AT FISMETTE ARE TOLD
ON PAGE 703—WITH HIM, ON THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE, IS HIS
BROTHER, PRIVATE ROBERT I. TURNER

From a photograph by the Western Newspaper Union, New York



MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES H. MUIR, A DIVISION COMMANDER
WHO WENT OVER THE TOP WITH HIS MEN IN THE
DESPERATE FIGHTING IN THE ARGONNE

From a copyrighted photograph by Clinckinst, Washington

and the ground around him was sprayed by German machine guns, which fired at everything that moved. The shell-hole was a refuge from the storm of death. So long as a man stayed there he was safe, and when dark came he could easily regain the American trenches.

But from the shell-hole Sergeant Blohm saw an American corporal, wounded, dragging himself through the grass. The corporal was one of Blohm's patrol, which had been across the river and was now filtering back to safety. He had been shot in the neck. Behind him his path was marked in blood.

Sergeant Blohm scrambled out of his hole without a moment's hesitation, though duty did not require this risk. German bullets sang their waspish song in his ears while he dragged the corporal behind a tree

near the river bank. They sent splinters of bark flying about him while he crouched, dressing the corporal's wound.

There was a fallen tree near by. Sergeant Blohm crawled to this and began methodically to make up a raft from its boughs. Now he was a fair mark for the Germans, and when he dragged the corporal into the water and got him supported on the crude raft he was a shining mark. Rifles and machine guns concentrated their venom on him.

Then Sergeant Blohm swam the river, towing the injured man. After that he crossed two hundred yards of open field, carrying his comrade, the bullets spitting at his heels. Finally he reached the safety of the American trenches.

A LONG ROLL OF HEROES

There were thirty-nine other cases of extraordinary heroism cited by General Pershing in the morning paper from which Sergeant Blohm's story is taken. We might have begun with Private Mellen F. Tuttle, who, single-handed, when his companions of an automatic-rifle team were killed or wounded, routed the Germans

out of a number of machine-gun nests; or with Private Arthur Dieter, who on four different occasions the night of July 16, at St. Agnan, volunteered to go out under heavy shell-fire and machine-gun spray and bring in the wounded.

We might have begun with any of hundreds of these short stories of heroism that General Pershing has been cabling from France. Because this is a brief article it is out of the question to tell them all, or even to mention more than a few of the most spectacular episodes. Our purpose is merely to call attention to that great library of American heroism that is appearing in our newspapers; the official citations for valor.

America sent these men to France hopeful that they would give good account of their Americanism. No longer need we

hope for them, for they have abundantly made good. They proved themselves all we hoped and far better. Taken from the power-machines in clothing - lofts, from house-painters' scaffolds, from truck-drivers' seats, from offices in Wall Street and ranches in Montana and New Mexico; gathered in from cabarets, clubs, railway cabooses, and colleges, they are in mind, bone, and sinew all American, and their bravery is the finest tradition of the greatest democracy.

Modern warfare is a game strictly governed by rules and conventions. Privates and non-commissioned officers do the hand-to-hand fighting; commissioned men boss the job. The higher his rank, the farther is the officer from the battle-front—theoretically at any rate. One good, sound reason for this is the fact that it costs a great deal more to educate a competent general than to train a private, and an army deprived of generals would not stand much chance of winning.

But now and then some American officer of high rank will forget the rules and prove that he's just as good a fighting man as the first doughboy in the front rank. There is the case of "Uncle Charley" of the so-called Iron Division, composed of Pennsylvania Guard regiments, and officially listed as the Twenty-Eighth. This officer's proper name and title is Major-General Charles H. Muir, and he was commander of the division. He has since been promoted to command a corps. "Uncle Charley" is an affectionate nickname given to him by his men.

MAJOR-GENERAL WENT OVER THE TOP

At the close of last September the Pennsylvania troops were waiting word to clear out the Bois de Prémont, a sector of the Argonne Forest. The woods concealed German machine-gun nests, plentiful as shell-holes in No Man's Land. General Muir arrived at the front unannounced while the



SERGEANT CLYDE GRAHAM, IN PEACE-TIME A COLLEGE PROFESSOR, WHO OPERATED A TANK THAT CAPTURED TWO VILLAGES AND TOOK SEVENTY PRISONERS

From a photograph by the International Film Service, New York

officers were eying their wrist-watch dials for the exact second of advance.

"I'll take charge of one company myself," he remarked to one of his colonels, thereby surprising that officer to speechlessness.

Through the spatter of machine-gun fire and the uproar of high-caliber shells Uncle Charley went over the top with his men. A report came back that the German positions were being cleaned out, but no word of the major-general. The staff at regimental headquarters did some worrying. Finally, however, he appeared in person, and a very different appearance he made than when he said good-by. His uniform was ripped and torn, his immaculate boots were mired and spattered.

"Whew!" he sighed. "That takes me back to the old days in the Philippines!"

But next day Major-General Muir was

at the front again. He just couldn't stay away from the excitement.

Standing with a party of officers, he became a fine target for German airmen. One plane began circling him while the boche gunner cranked his machine gun. The major-general snatched a rifle from a private and opened fire on the aviator. His marksmanship speedily discouraged the German, who left, headed in the general direction of Berlin; nor did he come back again.

This story about General Muir does not properly belong in the present article, for he was not out gunning for the D. S. C. His record in the service is enough to satisfy any man; but, typical of the spirit of a democratic army, he hated to stay behind and miss all the fun. And in the newspapers that reported his exploits, another despatch told of German officers who drove their men to battle at the pistol's point and themselves sat behind in the bomb-proofs.

THE STORY OF THE LOST BATTALION

An American battalion was lost in the Argonne Forest. It was a part of the Seventy-Seventh Division, the men trained at Camp Upton a year ago. Before we entered the war, you might find the soldiers of this battalion in the business houses of New York—many of them in the clothing-lofts where the "ready to wear" garments that cover most Americans are produced.

"Mighty funny material for an army," a lot of us wise folks said when we saw them loaded on buses, suit-cases in hand, starting off for the great adventure.

Major (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Charles W. Whittlesey, in civil life a Manhattan lawyer, was in command. Through the machine-gun fire of the retreating Germans he led his newly made soldiers at a relentless pace. So rapid was their advance that the battalion lost touch with its supporting forces.

It appears that the crafty Germans selected a forested hollow as a trap for the Americans. Giving way before them, the foe in field-gray slipped around to their flank and rear. Machine-gun fire from every side told Major Whittlesey that he was surrounded.

In shallow trenches, scooped out of the leaves and earth, the Americans were kept under constant bombardment of trench-mortars, grenades, and machine guns. They had started with scant rations, and now had none. Their ammunition began

to run low. Though American airplanes were circling over the forest, looking for them, they had no rockets with which to signal for help.

German machine-gun nests, placed at intervals of fifteen feet, ringed them in. Snipers watched eagerly for any stir among the leaves that hid the Americans. The Kaiser's field-guns pounded the hillside where they lay. The men were starving. They were exhausted from lack of sleep, physical weariness, and nervous strain. When the order was passed along not to fire at any foe unless he was so close that he was sure to be hit, they knew that there was no reserve of ammunition.

On the fourth day of this apparently hopeless defense an American, who had been captured by the Germans, was sent back to Major Whittlesey, blindfolded, and carrying a note from German headquarters:

Americans, you are surrounded on all sides. Surrender in the name of humanity. You will be well treated.

The major's reply was made without a moment's hesitation. His three-word answer was in unmistakable American fighting vocabulary:

"Go to hell!"

Major Whittlesey's answer, together with news of the German note, passed among the improvised shelters where the Americans lay. They applauded with cheers that could be heard in the German lines.

THROUGH THE GERMAN BLOCKADE

While this was happening, a young American lieutenant, Arthur McKeogh, who had been a newspaper reporter in private life, together with a former garment-worker named Hirschowitz and another private named Jack Munson, was trying to run the German blockade and get help from the American lines. Lieutenant McKeogh had been stationing runners behind the battalion during its advance, but the Germans had long ago broken that line of communication.

At night these three, with a compass to guide them, crawled into the underbrush and started back. They dared not follow any paths, for the Germans held them all. In the early morning, rounding the corner of a dim trail, they came face to face with two German officers. McKeogh dropped one with a pistol shot; the other ran.

The three crawled back into the brush and made painful progress. Without warn-

ing they came upon a series of German "funk holes"—individual trenches—and Lieutenant McKeogh ordered his two companions to take their own initiative. They

McKeogh thought fastest of the three. He killed both enemies and scrambled out of the hole. Running blindly, he tripped and rolled down a long declivity. At the



LIEUTENANT FRANK LUKE, AN AIRMAN FROM ARIZONA, A SPECIALIST IN DESTROYING GERMAN OBSERVATION BALLOONS

From a photograph by the Press Illustrating Service, New York

had only just separated when the lieutenant made a false step and fell into one of the trenches, astride the shoulders of a startled German. Facing him, in touching distance, was another German, mouth open and eyes goggling.

bottom was a pile of brush and leaves. He crawled into that and lay there until dawn. Then, in the faint light, depending on the compass, he crawled on, reaching the American lines at the happiest of hours, breakfast-time.

The lost battalion was speedily found again.

AN AIRMAN'S EXCITING VACATION

First Lieutenant Edmund G. Chamberlain, who hails from San Antonio, Texas, is a flier with the United States Marines.

Last July he took a two-day vacation from the training-camp behind the front where he was being prepared for war, and came back recommended for the Victoria Cross and the Congressional Medal, the highest military honors in the gift of two nations. Lieutenant Chamberlain appeared at a

British air camp as a visitor and an eager student. The first day he was sent out with an expedition, and brought down two enemy planes.

Next day, the British being short of fliers, Chamberlain was sent out again as one of thirty raiders. Above German territory the squadron was met by an equal number of German machines, and three British planes were downed. A bullet struck the engine of Lieutenant Chamberlain's machine and damaged it. One of his machine guns jammed.

The damaged engine acted erratically. It would run, then stop, then pick up again. The American began losing altitude.

In company with a French bomber and another Briton, he started for home. About eight miles from the line, while he was busy trying to get the jammed cartridge from his machine gun, the antiaircraft fire suddenly died away, and, looking up, he saw twelve German planes circling menacingly above him and his companions.

One assailant headed direct for Chamberlain. His engine had gone dead a moment before, but he turned to meet the foe, and raked him with a volley from the undamaged gun, sending the German down.

Then Chamberlain's engine coughed into life again, and he was able to climb to where two Allied planes were dodging and darting, trying to break out of a circle of ten flying Teutons. The American climbed over them, unseen against the hazy sun. When two of the Germans went for one of his companions, he swooped down on them in a vertical drop, like a bolt from



LIEUTENANT ARTHUR MCKEOGH, FORMERLY A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER REPORTER, WHO MADE A DARING JOURNEY THROUGH THE GERMAN LINES TO BRING RELIEF TO MAJOR WHITTLESEY'S "LOST BATTALION"

heaven. A blast of machine-gun fire sent down one German.

Chamberlain dodged to miss the falling plane, and found another foe squarely before him. They passed each other with a roar at twenty yards' distance, the American pumping twenty-five rounds from his good machine gun. The enemy plane burst into flames and began to spin. The pilot jumped to his death. But the damaged engine was missing again, and soon it stopped. Five German planes were chasing Chamberlain. His companions got two of them, but the enemy kept up the chase with reinforcements.

Chamberlain turned the plane's nose straight toward the earth until it gained a powerful momentum, then skilfully twisted it upward into a loop, side-slipped at the top of his circle, and looked down. Just under him an enemy plane fluttered earthward, its wing drooping. There were four still left.

The American now found himself close to the leader of the Germans, an Albatross marked in gray and yellow. He loosed his last bullets as the enemy's machine flashed past. Then, looking back, he saw the German diving backward, the aviator hanging half-way out of his machine, the victim of a direct hit.

Without power and without ammunition, Lieutenant Chamberlain headed for the British lines, but he was too low to make his goal. As he slipped earthward, he saw a company of Germans waiting to capture him. He had sufficient momentum left to charge and disperse them; then he landed in a wheat-field in No Man's Land. There he set fire to his plane, saving the compass.

He crawled from the burning wheat into a wooded ravine, where he came upon three Germans. He drew back his arm, claspings the round metal compass like a hand-grenade. Two of the Germans ran, the third surrendered.

With his prisoner, Chamberlain started



LIEUTENANT EDMUND G. CHAMBERLAIN, A MARINE CORPS AIRMAN, WHO ENLIVENED A BRIEF VACATION BY A DESPERATE ADVENTURE IN COMPANY WITH A BRITISH SQUADRON

through the wood, and found a wounded French Colonial. He gave the poor fellow some water, and picked him up. Then, driving the prisoner before him, to draw any German fire, he made his way across a stream, through some thick brush, and back to the Allied lines.



LIEUTENANT LOUIS G. BERNHEIMER, AN AIRMAN FROM NEW YORK, WHO WON THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS BY EXPLOITS DESCRIBED ON PAGE 704

As soon as the wounded man was cared for, the American lieutenant hastened to a telephone to report to his command.

SERGEANT WAALER'S EXPLOIT

Sergeant Reader Waaler is Norwegian by birth, and has only his first American papers. One day in October last he saw an American sergeant and six British infantrymen crawling from shell-hole to shell-hole in No Man's Land, all badly wounded. With two volunteer privates, Sergeant Waaler went out and brought them in.

The rescued men told Waaler that they had left three wounded comrades imprisoned in a disabled tank. This time the sergeant did not want to risk any of his men. He vaulted over the top alone and started off, dodging the big shells. When he reached the tank it was in flames.

Waaler crawled three times into the blazing tank, bringing out the wounded men, who were facing incineration. Two were so badly hurt that they could not walk. Sergeant Waaler dragged first one, then the other, from shell-hole to shell-hole until he got them to safety.

Speaking of the tanks, there is the remarkable exploit of Sergeant Clyde Graham, who is normally a professor at the University of Maine. With Lieutenant Joseph Knowles he manned a lone American tank that wandered into the towns of Essey and Pannes under terrific German fire. The lone tank scattered a German battery and accumulated seventy prisoners. Both towns were made safe for democracy.

At four o'clock on the morning of the 27th of last August one hundred and ninety American soldiers, commanded by six officers, were spread in crescent formation around Fismette, just across the Vesle from Fismes, where the Americans were established. At earliest dawn the Germans loosed a torrent of projectiles against the place. Gas shells poisoned the air. Bursting shrapnel filled it with death. Airplanes rained bombs from overhead. Then the gray-clad infantry, in overpowering numbers, came through the streets at a run.

A man in American uniform appeared among the United States troops, shouting

that resistance was useless, and that one of the American officers advised everybody to surrender. The man was later identified as a German spy.

"Surrender, hell!" swore Lieutenant Benjamin E. Turner, of Chicago. "We'll stick it out!"

Lieutenant Turner had with him Sergeants Richard Moore and William File-shifter, and Privates Frank S. Incoushi, O. H. Hunt, Moses Wallace, Ralph E. Lesser, Douglas Hunt, and Stanley Savage. They were on the extreme right of the crescent.

Until eight o'clock in the morning this little detachment held back the German attack, while other American units commenced to recross the Vesle to safety. The enemy's guns laid a heavy barrage on the opposite side of the river, and no reinforcements could reach them. Then they began dropping back slowly until they reached the wreck of a house a few hundred feet from the river bank, where they held on until eleven o'clock.

"Now, you men, clear out!" the lieutenant ordered finally, when he saw further resistance was suicide. "I'll follow later."

Not a man would go without Turner, however.

Finally the lieutenant retreated with his men as far as the river bank. There he stopped to write his wife's address and a brief message on a scrap of paper; then he ran back to the wrecked house. Dodging from window to window, he kept up a scattering fire that made the Germans believe, for a few minutes, that the Americans were still resisting in force.

Only when the last of his men was safely over the Vesle did Lieutenant Turner stop firing and run for safety. Later he was with them when they advanced again and added Fismette to the map of permanently captured territory.

HEROES OF THE AIR SERVICE

One night Lieutenant Frank Luke, an aviator who hails from Arizona, was late in returning to the American lines. He was obliged to land in a wheat-field, but he found that night landing was not difficult, owing to the illumination of flares and rockets. From this chance grew his plan of night raids against enemy balloons.

Lieutenant Luke learned the hour when the unwieldy German sausages were inflated and sent aloft, and he began to fly at that time, just before the dawn, so as to catch

them as they rose from their nests. Within four days he destroyed eleven balloons and three airplanes. Later he beat that record by sending down three balloons in half an hour.



THE LATE LIEUTENANT JAMES S. D. BURNS, AN AIRMAN FROM NEW YORK, TO WHOM THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS WAS AWARDED AFTER HIS DEATH IN ACTION

Lieutenant Louis G. Bernheimer, of New York, and Lieutenant Ralph Bagby, of New Haven, Missouri, were the heroes of a flying adventure as unusual as anything that has occurred in the air over the western front. On October 20, during a terrific downpour of rain, while the ground was thigh-deep with sticky mud, the American command, for vitally important reasons, desired information about the enemy's movements west of the Meuse.

Lieutenants Bernheimer and Bagby volunteered to try to get a plane aloft, though there was not a machine of any nationality in the air that day. The new Liberty motor played a part in this adventure, and probably it has had few more severe tests.

The Americans got into the air and made a considerable flight across the German lines, buffeted by the storm, tossed on uncertain air currents, and half drowned in the flood from above. At one point they descended within a few feet of the ground to have a look at German trenches. Their machine was made into a colander by German bullets, but by good luck neither man was hit.

Lieutenant Bernheimer, a few weeks later, received the Distinguished Service Cross for another air exploit in which he helped to secure thirty-six photographs of great value to the American army. There were four planes in this expedition, three of them pursuit planes to protect the craft in which Bernheimer and Lieutenant John W. Jordan, of Chicago, rode as pilot and observer respectively. The four American machines were attacked by twelve German planes. Lieutenant Jordan was wounded in the shoulder and the leg, but Bernheimer handled his plane so well that they escaped; but one American plane was lost in the fight, and a second one disabled.

Lieutenant Bernheimer is a Yale man, class of 1917. He trained for the artillery at Tobyhanna, Pennsylvania, and later, at Plattsburg, was transferred to the air service.

Lieutenant James S. D. Burns, a New Yorker, with Lieutenant Roger W. Hitchcock, of Los Angeles, California, was piloting one of the pursuit planes that supported Lieutenant Bernheimer on this photographic reconnaissance. In the fight with the Germans Lieutenant Burns was fatally wounded, and his body jammed the controls of the machine. The plane fluttered earthward at terrific speed, a drop of six thousand feet. Close to destruction, Lieutenant

Hitchcock managed to right it, and got the machine safely to the aerodrome. Both Hitchcock and Burns—the latter, alas, posthumously—were awarded the D. S. C., as were all concerned in the exploit.

SAMPLES OF THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

Lieutenant George H. Pendleton has added further honor to a noted family. He is a great-grandson of Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star-Spangled Banner," a grandson of Senator George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, and a son of Judge Francis K. Pendleton of the New York Supreme Court.

With two other officers and twenty men, Lieutenant Pendleton was sent by the Belgian command to get information about the enemy. In a fight with a German patrol Pendleton was wounded, but despite his wounds he continued on his errand and returned to headquarters with the necessary information.

The colonel of the Belgian regiment made Pendleton an honorary member of the Régiment des Guides. He was cited for valor in Belgian army orders, and King Albert conferred on him the Belgian War Cross.

While the Americans were driving the enemy from Fismes, last August, word came back that our machine guns were running short of ammunition. Lieutenant Eugene E. Moyer volunteered to supply them, and Lieutenant Peter Stauffer, the supply officer, decided to go along. They loaded fifty boxes of machine-gun cartridges on two trucks and started in company with Wagoner G. Thorn and Privates Clyde W. Steel, Fred Miller, and John A. Shenk.

On their way to Fismes they heard that it would be impossible to get into the town, as the Germans still held half of it and were burning it; but these men knew that their comrades in Fismes needed that ammunition, and they drove on. One of the trucks broke down, and they were obliged to put a double load, and a dangerous one, on their single truck. When they reached Fismes the place was on fire. The Germans, from just beyond the limits of the town, raked its streets with their fire so that the narrow ways flowed with deadly steel as water pours through a drain-pipe.

Nevertheless, the American soldiers gave the sturdy engine of their truck all the gas it would take. Thundering over the cobbles of Fismes, they plowed a path through

stones and rubble, dared the solid flames, and delivered their explosive cargo to the men who needed it.

Corporal Richard A. Williams, of Topeka,

him to look up. A lone plane, marked with the Kaiser's black cross, was circling like a hawk, and as he looked, its pilot opened fire on him. Machine-gun bullets



LIEUTENANT GEORGE H. PENDLETON, OF NEW YORK, A GREAT-GRANDSON OF FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, AND WINNER OF A BELGIAN DECORATION FOR GALLANTRY

From a photograph by Fairchild, New York

Kansas, followed the moderately exciting trade of lineman along the telephone systems at the front. In the Argonne region, one day last fall, he was at the top of a thirty-foot pole, splicing damaged wires, when the snarl of an airplane motor caused

sent the splinters flying from the pole and whistled unpleasantly past his ears.

Corporal Williams went down the pole in two jumps, but not because he was afraid of the German's machine gun. His rifle was at the foot of the pole, and he

snatched it up and climbed back again almost as fast as he had come down.

From the top of the pole he fought a duel with the aviator. Circling him again and again, the German loosed a deadly fire, while the Kansan sat coolly, waiting every good chance to speed another bullet at the foe. The German got the worst of the fight, and fled.

All that a nation may expect of its army is that its soldiers should do their duty; but it is characteristic of our Yanks in France that they have done more than their duty. They have proved again and again their eagerness in exploits from which every normal man must flinch a little—acts of humanity, adventures that show intelligent initiative, brilliant exploits brilliantly accomplished.

To be heroic is to do something which no brave man need be ashamed to fear. Read the short stories of heroism that General Pershing has cabled in official form to the newspapers, and you will be impressed at once with the eagerness of the men we sent to France, with the high spirit that gave a sporting aspect to their fighting.

There is no better example of this than the exchange of repartee between foes. We

answered the German attempts with something finer and more manly, as well as more humorous, than a hymn of hate. For instance:

Lieutenant Arthur C. Burnett was in charge of a small force in the Argonne Forest. They were assembled to attack a German position when a stone was tossed among them. A piece of paper was tied to the stone. Written on this paper, in good English, Lieutenant Burnett read:

You Americans may win this war, but there won't be enough of you left going back to fill a rowboat.

Burnett wrote in reply:

Thank Heaven there won't be any women and children in the rowboat for your submarine savages to drown.

This note was tied to the stone and tossed back to the Germans. The Yanks gave them a couple of minutes to read it; then they charged the position and drove out the foe, underscoring their remarks with the only pen the German so far has understood—the bayonet.

When you meet the Distinguished Service Cross of the American army, salute! A real man is wearing it.

THE BALLAD OF YOUTH

I HATE this whining over death,
This fear that's like an old wife's story
Lisp'd sadly under bated breath
In stale and toothless repertory,
Shaming the great, free heart of glory
That gives our mortal part the lie—
Since some day every one must die!

The lurking skulker and the brave,
The one aquake, the other burning;
The ruler and the shackled slave
Upon life's lane that knows no turning,
With but a passing hour's sojourning,
Must to the grim, last draft reply—
For some day every one must die!

And to go out while still in flower
Of blood, when nothing makes completer
The sunward strength of full-manned power,
Before old age, decrepit cheater,
Comes shambling on like broken meter—
What is more perfect, just, or high?
And some day every one must die!

Harry Kemp

Our Great Army School

DURING THE PRESENT WINTER OUR CAMPS IN THE WAR-ZONE WILL BECOME COLLEGES, TRAINING OUR YOUNG VETERANS FOR THE PURSUITS OF PEACE

By Roy Ritchie

AFTER the war—what? What are we going to do, when peace has been signed, with the millions of soldiers who will be coming back to us? What is going to be the result when these millions, returning to civil life, encounter the difficulties of what, in our period of economic readjustment, is bound to be an unsettled and shifting labor market? Will they fit back, after the war, into their old niches, these fighting men? If not, what are they going to do?

Our military establishment now consists of nearly four million men, more than half of whom are overseas. They are the flower of our young manhood—the boys of to-day who to-morrow will be the men guiding the destinies of our nation. We have taken them out of their schools, away from their lathes, away from their desks, and made them overnight into a great army.

We have plucked them up, veritably, by the roots. We have set them down in a new environment. Everything is different. Where once they learned industry, we

have taught them to destroy. Where once they were pointed to the Christian virtues of humility and love, we have instructed them how most efficiently to kill.

However righteous the cause in which we have fought, these things cannot help but set their impression indelibly upon the social life of America.

The case of Chicken Heath is a case in point.

At seventeen Chicken is a veteran. The name by which his parents know him is not Chicken, but Robert. His cognomen was supplied by his dough-boy comrades. For the benefit of erudite readers who wot not the delights of American slang, it may be explained that the term, as here used, is intended to denote youth.

Chicken Heath enlisted at Montgomery, Alabama, at the age of sixteen, and went to France with the One Hundred and Sixty-Seventh Infantry as a member of the famous Rainbow Division. Last March, on the Toul front, he was gassed, and was invalided home.



PRIVATE "CHICKEN" HEATH, A VETERAN OF SEVENTEEN—WHAT IS TO BE MADE OF HIM AFTER THE WAR?

A large city in the Middle West was in the midst of a Liberty Loan campaign. The campaign committee asked the War Department for a squad of returned soldiers, to stimulate the sale of bonds. Chicken had just landed in New York. He was assigned, with others, to visit the Western city before proceeding to his home.

As it happened, he missed connections with the other members of his party and arrived at his destination alone. A silk-hatted committee, headed by the mayor, was at the station to welcome Pershing's men of war. There was a band, and, of course, there was a crowd. The train rolled in, the band blared, the crowd cheered, and there alighted—one scared boy of seventeen.

Chicken said afterward, in his soft Southern voice, that he never had such a fright, even when going over the top.

He has been over, too. Hear this man-boy talk of war:

"One night I started out with a detail on patrol duty in No Man's Land. There were five of us and a lieutenant. We were lying in a shell-hole when a couple of Heinies came scrambling down among us, yelling: '*Kamerad!*' We were sure it was a trick. They had done it before. And sure enough, we found out later that nine other Germans were waiting to bean us when we started talking to the first two. But we didn't talk. We pulled our automatics, and—"

It is chilling to hear a child talk of death so callously. This is Chicken's story of his gassing:

"A German barrage killed one of our machine-gunners up ahead. The lieutenant asked for volunteers to go up and get the gun and the dead gunner. Private Hicks—he was my buddy—said he'd go, so I went, too. We got there all right, and were on the way back when a shell exploded right over us. It got Hicksy and knocked me crazy. While I was lying there, the gas came. We had been trading masks the night before, just to have something to do, and I got one that was too big for me. Some of the gas came in around the edges. All I can remember is that it smelled like cabbage burning."

Chicken was a schoolboy in the seventh grade when he heard his country's call. It is related of this hardened veteran that, returning finally on furlough to Montgomery, he met the school truant-officer on the street, and barely repressed an instinctive impulse to dash up a near-by alley.

What are we going to do, after the war, with Chicken, of the seventh grade, who so lately laid aside the playthings of childhood, and who now talks of killing human beings with the philosophic indifference of an Alaric or an Attila?

Chicken and his millions of comrades will be coming home before long. Every one of them will have a new view-point. What will that view-point be? The answer means much to our country.

"The morrow of victory," said the Italian patriot Mazzini, "is more perilous than its eve."

History shows that the periods of demobilization, following great wars, have very frequently been times of trouble and unrest.

Ancient Greek warriors, returning from their victory over Troy, found everything at home changed. A new generation, growing to manhood during the years of war, had adopted leaders of its own, and the heroes of the Trojan campaign found their places occupied by strangers, their property taken, their families impoverished and cast out. Some of the leaders fared no better than the lowliest private in the ranks. Ulysses discovered his wife Penelope, paragon of beauty and virtue, entertaining a persistent company of wooers. Agamemnon, finding his spouse Clytemnestra mixed up in an intrigue with her cousin, was murdered by the precious pair.

Roman troops, disbanded in Africa after the first Punic War, declined to stay disbanded, and, lusting for loot, carried on war against the Carthaginians for many years, and devastated the country.

Returning Crusaders, historians declare, spreading through Europe after their mostly unsuccessful attacks upon the Saracens, weaned from habits of industry by long participation in roving and adventurous campaigns, were little better than swash-buckling marauders.

I do not cite these instances as symptomatic of what may be expected in these modern times, but merely as interesting bits of history. It is not at all likely that any such happenings could be repeated in twentieth-century America; yet one cannot escape the thought that millions of men with guns in their hands are a power to be reckoned with. A Russian army destroyed a proud dynasty and is still running amuck.

As late as the Revolutionary War, dissatisfied Colonial soldiers refused to lay down their arms at the close of hostilities.

They wanted to be assured that justice would be done them by their country. It was not until General Washington personally promised to use his influence in their behalf with the national legislature that they consented to return to their homes.

To conjecture what will happen in this country after the war, we must take account of the state of mind of the soldier-unit in our army. What will be his viewpoint, what his mental and moral status?

I ask the question, and I have the answer ready.

When peace has been signed, the American soldier will return to civil life a better citizen, physically, morally, and mentally.

Surgeon-General Gorgas is authority for the statement that the aggregate longevity of our men in military service will be lengthened by the war. This means that if from the total number of years which all men entering the service might normally expect to live we subtract the number of lost years represented by those killed, the remaining figure will still be larger than the original sum, because of the increased expectation of life of the survivors. The total man-life of the nation, therefore, is unimpaired.

Almost without exception, our soldiers are enjoying better health than they had in civil life. Their lives have been simplified. Their thinking is done for them. They take no thought for food or clothes. They have had no bills to pay. They have had but two main functions—to keep themselves healthy and to kill the enemy.

They are inured to hardships and accustomed to death. They are of the stuff of which pioneers are made. Many predict that when the world has laid down its arms, thousands of them will seek out the wild places of the earth and there, on the farthest frontiers, carve out for themselves heroic careers.

So much for the soldier's physical condition. There is no question but that morally, too, he is improved. He is surrounded with wisely administered safeguards. He is learning a higher moral standard of living. And, face to face with eternity, he has turned an inquiring mind upon the loftiest subject that ever interested the human race. He is coming to believe it necessary to have a definite system of religious belief. He is close to death, and he is coming to know God.

Mentally, the American soldier will come back from France with new ideas and new

ideals, with horizons widened through intercourse with other peoples of the world. He will stimulate in America a new national life. All this is bound to come, in the normal sequence of events.

But events are not to be permitted to work themselves out without guidance. The soldier's advantages for preparing to reenter civil life are not going to be normal, but abnormal, advantages. The government of the United States is going to send its fighting men back to their lathes and their desks better equipped than ever before for the job of peace-time living.

Through the War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. and the American University Union, our army has entered upon an educational undertaking colossal in scope, and without parallel in the world's history. Army officials and educational authorities have been busy for months working out details. General Pershing has approved their plans. During the present winter hundreds of thousands of our soldiers will be gathered in Y. M. C. A. huts, in French schools and universities, and in improvised class-rooms at the points where they are stationed, spending their spare time in study.

Hundreds of courses will be offered calculated to prepare soldiers for meeting the problems of peace-time existence, ranging from grade-school subjects to the highest university branches of study. It will be the most unique and the most gigantic school the world has ever seen.

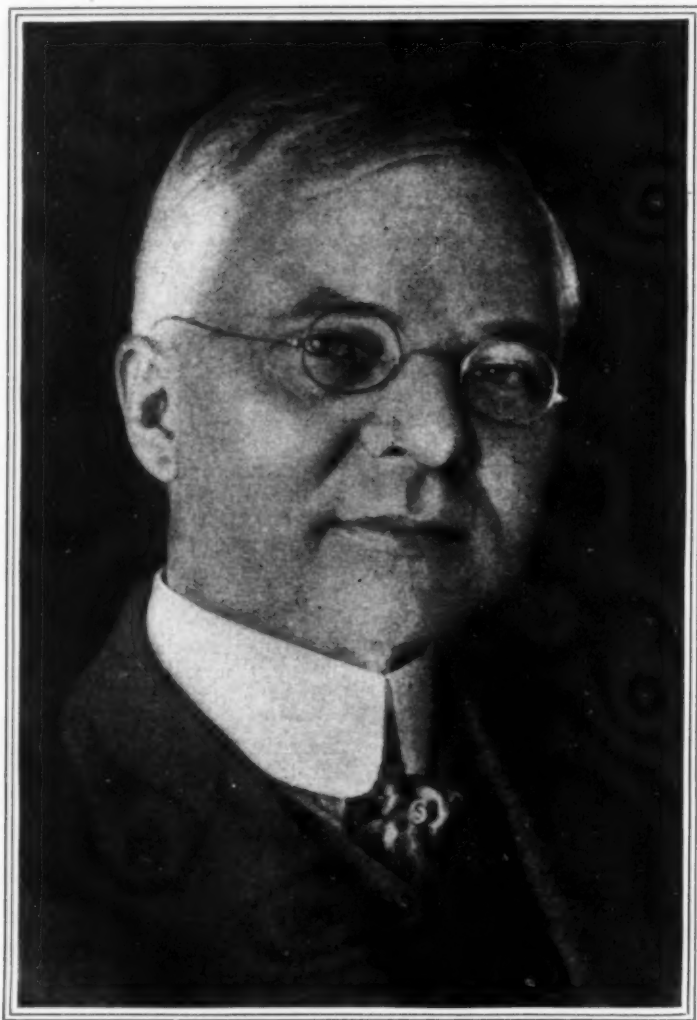
Early preparations went forward largely under the direction of Anson Phelps Stokes, secretary of Yale University. Another noted educator, Professor John Erskine, of Columbia, has been in France for some time engaged in actual field work. Dr. Frank E. Spaulding, superintendent of the public schools of Cleveland, Ohio, said to be the highest-salaried public-school head in the country, has been appointed chairman of an army educational commission to organize the great war-zone school. Professor Erskine will be one member of the commission. Two others are to be named.

Dr. Spaulding sailed for France last August. Shortly before his departure, I found him in his office in Cleveland, busily at work winding up his affairs for his year's leave of absence.

When you shake hands with him, you look into a face that might belong to a retired farmer, or a country doctor, who had become a philosopher through years of con-

tact with the soil. You note that his hair is turning white. You get an impression of wisdom and charity—an impression which is enhanced, probably, by his old-fashioned gold-rimmed spectacles. While you are shaking his hand, he is talking. His

prime of life have broken off their education, or left pursuits in which they were just starting, to go to war. They are the men who, after the return of peace, will be running our country. We have them all together now, under military rule. They



DR. FRANK E. SPAULDING, SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS IN CLEVELAND, OHIO, AND CHAIRMAN OF THE ARMY EDUCATIONAL COMMISSION IN FRANCE

voice is gentle, and he laughs easily. It is a quiet, spontaneous laugh—the laugh of a man who doesn't believe the world is going to ruin.

"This army work," he said, "to my mind represents a wonderful opportunity. Hundreds of thousands of young men in the very

have the youthful plasticity of mind. Their future years will be just exactly what we choose to make of them. It does not require much stretch of the imagination to believe that the destiny of our country lies in the hands of the teachers who are to instruct these soldiers.

"Every man in our overseas service will have a chance to return to America a more important factor in civilian life than before he left. It is our aim to have each individual prepare himself as far as possible for the kind of work he wishes to follow when he comes home."

The question whether enrolment is to be voluntary or compulsory will probably depend upon the military duties of the various commands.

"It is my idea, however," declared Dr. Spaulding, "that study will be made compulsory at least to the degree that every illiterate soldier will be made literate before he returns to America."

The tentative program for the war school was divided into two parts, the first of which had to do with the education of soldiers during the war. During this period it was intended to limit the courses chiefly to studies having a tangible bearing on the winning of the struggle. Classes were to be held in French, mathematics, engineering, topographical map-making, photography, American citizenship, and in other subjects having direct application to the business in hand.

Lectures were to be given on such topics as "General Causes of the War," "Historical and Diplomatic Background of the War," "The Entrance of the Nations," "The Course of Events During the War," "History of France to the Revolution," "History of France During the Revolution and Afterward," and "French and English Characteristics and Customs."

Professor Stokes emphasized, in his preliminary report on the educational program, the necessity for this sort of thing.

"The average soldier arriving at a French port," he wrote, "and brought, in a troop-train of cattle-cars or third-class compartments, to camp in some small village, has no opportunity to understand France. He is likely to see and hear the worst rather than the better side. He will be much more sympathetic with his French and English allies, and will prove more effective as a fighting man, if he realizes their true character, their political and social ideals, and the difference between these ideals and those of imperialistic Germany."

The second part of the teaching program concerns itself with educational facilities to be offered the men during the period of demobilization. The war school's curriculum will then include all manner of courses, in-

dustrial, commercial, professional, the better to fit the soldier for life at home.

"Hundreds of thousands of American troops will probably remain in France for at least a year after peace is signed," asserted Dr. Spaulding. "Problems of transportation, and the necessity for leaving large armed forces in Europe until international relations are firmly reestablished and real peace assured, lead to the conclusion that it will be at least that long, and possibly a great deal longer, before the bulk of our army can be brought home."

"The demobilization period is certain to pass all too slowly for the young Americans who have been on fighting edge for so long; but there is not likely to be any demoralization. Our war-zone school will take care of that. We shall be getting in our best licks at that time."

Vocational training will enter largely into the plans of the school. Men will be taught trades. They will learn to be machinists and carpenters, bookkeepers and stenographers, mechanics and farmers. Classes and lectures will be conducted by hundreds of Y. M. C. A. secretaries and army chaplains of broad educational experience. Two hundred college presidents, high-school principals, and other teachers have been found doing Y. M. C. A. work and serving in various branches of the army who are well qualified to act as instructors. Additional American educators will be recruited. Arrangements have been made with French and English educational institutions for the use of the school and college buildings, and, in many cases, of instructors also.

"The soldier who did not receive an elementary education at home," Dr. Spaulding told me, his eye alight with confident enthusiasm, "may now take such a course while in service. The fellow who finished grade school, but got a job instead of going on through high school may get his high-school diploma here. The university student called away from his studies to fight may now finish his course, no matter what sort of course it is."

Happy the lot of Chicken Heath, who, when peace takes him back to Montgomery, will doubtless be well through high school!

Happy the lot of thousands of young men, neglectful in youth of educational opportunity, who, thinking themselves doomed to drab and dreary lives of unskilled labor, now find opening before them innumerable vistas of unending encouragement!

Cupid and Conductorettes

BY JACK BECHDOLT

Illustrated by J. Scott Williams

MRS. SARAH STALTON SMOOF was a lady reformer of uncertain age and boundless energy. She was the originator of the movement to clothe the nude statuary in the Metropolitan Museum in Mother Hubbard wrappers, organizer of the campaign to stop cigarette-smoking in the American army, and founder of the League to Prevent Love-Making in the Movies.

One day the morning sun discovered her

writer, she wrote a letter to a newspaper, complaining of the shockingly loose morals of conductorettes. The paper printed the letter, and another interesting reform movement basked in the light of publicity for several weeks.

II

POP LUFKINS sat on the topmost step of the flight that



"MY H-HEART IS B-BROKEN!"

with nothing to do, so she looked out of the window of her house, which stood near the end of a suburban car-line. When she had nothing else to do she found congenial occupation in looking out of the window to see what others were doing and find reasons to disapprove.

This was in the days when women car-conductors were a novelty introduced by the great war.

A street-car had reached the end of the line. The motorman and the conductorette sat side by side on the step, and anybody could see with half an eye that they were enjoying their conversation. A prejudiced person might have said that they were flirting.

Mrs. Sarah Stalton Smoof looked, and her indignation waxed. Turning to her type-

led down to the dim, musty hall, and rubbed the light fuzz of his bald spot in savage perplexity.

It was not enough for that iron-jawed wife of his that he, an active man, barely fifty, must be snatched from the job he had followed for years and be kept idle at home. No! He must also sit by and see his daughter break her heart for love of a man of whom Mrs. Lufkins did not happen to approve.

Through the thin pine door of Clytie Lufkins's bedroom came the subdued noise of a woman's grief. The sobs were stifled, as if their author had buried her head in the pillows, but every echo stabbed Pop Lufkins through the heart like a white-hot dagger.

A long-drawn moan brought him to his

feet wincing with sympathetic pangs. He stole to the door and knocked gently.

"Clytie! Come, kitten, come!" he soothed.

"Go away! Please let me alone, Pop. My h-heart is b-broken!" pleaded Clytie.

The rasp of Mrs. Lufkins's anger broke into their murmurs.

"Pop, you leave that fool girl be. If it wasn't for you and your chicken-heartedness we wouldn't have all this row on our hands. You hear me, Pop? Put out that cat and come to bed. Has this whole family got to act like a pack of fools?"

Straining through a wall of lath and plas-



"LET ANOTHER BELLOW
OUT OF YOU, AND
I'LL BE IN!"

ter from the bedroom adjoining Clytie's, the voice of Mrs. Lufkins lost none of its commanding timbre, its suggestion of despotism. Pop started like a man stung by a wasp.

"Yes, Mattie," he mumbled patiently.

"And you, Clytie!" raged the fond mother. "You let another bellow out of you, and I'll be in and hand you a good, old-fashioned wallop like you deserve. Believe me, I'll give you something that will make you forget this foolishness about marrying a low-down, greasy plumber!"

"He's not a plumber," Pop whispered to himself fiercely. "It ain't fair to—"

Half-way down the stairs a change came over him. He stole softly to the front door,

pushed aside the dusty lace curtain, and peered out.

"It ain't right," he argued, in vindication of what he was planning. "It just ain't right by neither of 'em. They're young and they got just as good a warrant to get married as I and Mattie had. Poor old Phil!"

Across the street, beneath an arc-light, he saw the figure of wo thus apostrophized. Phil Leonard, as a matter of fact, was not an old man, but a young fellow of twenty-five or thereabouts, slight of build and not bad-looking. Out there on the wet sidewalk he stood disconsolately, with his eye fixed upon the modest residence of the Lufkins family, and he gazed as one who looks his last on the face of a dead friend. The utter hopelessness of youthful despair was printed plain in every line of him; and Pop regarded him with a mournful eye of sympathy.

Teddy, the cat, stole velvet-footed through the dark and rubbed against Mr. Lufkins's leg, only to be spurned by his sock-clad foot.

"It ain't right," Pop repeated bitterly; "and what's more, I won't stand for it!"

Softly he turned the handle of the door, swung it open, and went out on the steps that descended to the street.

"S-s-s-st!" he hissed. "Oh, Phil!"

Step by step Pop stole toward the sidewalk, reiterating his whispering signal. A March drizzle trickled over the stones and collected in pools that soaked his scantily covered feet, but he did not notice it.

Phil Leonard suddenly became aware of the messenger from the house of his regard, and splashed across to meet him.

"Pop!" he exclaimed. "Good night, man—look at your feet!"

"Never mind my feet. Phil, I got an idea. Listen—you want to get married, you and Clytie?"

For answer Phil gripped Pop sharply by the arm with a grasp that made the older man wince.

"Do we?" he exclaimed bitterly.

"Well, then, go ahead!"

"Go ahead! What d'you mean, go ahead? You know what *she* said."

"Yes, but"—Pop gulped excitedly—"never mind what she said."

"You mean—"

"I mean this, Phil. I like you pretty well for a son-in-law, see? Clytie likes you pretty well, too, I guess. That leaves only Mattie against you, and it's time Mattie learned something. So if Clytie says yes—say, wait a second while I get her!"

It was more than a second that Phil waited on the door-step. It was more like ten minutes; but finally Pop succeeded, by devious strategy, in running himself and Clytie past the maternal blockade.

The girl he brought with him was a black-haired, slender wisp of a thing. Her wistful face bore traces of recent tears, which a hasty toilet had not entirely effaced; but despite this Clytie Lufkins looked a girl worth hazarding a lot to win.

"Now, Phil and Clytie, listen to me," Pop announced briskly. "Mattie's dead set against your marrying, and Mattie's a powerful self-willed woman. I been thinking this thing over, and the best thing you can do is elope—and do it to-night!"

"Elope? Oh, Pop!"

"Say, it sounds like you said a mouthful," Phil began enthusiastically, when Pop waved him to silence.

"Understand me, Phil, my girl's not been raised to go eloping with the first young fellow that comes along. Nothing like that! She ain't the kind of girl would go running off from her father and mother, if—"

"Say," protested Phil hotly, "don't I know that? Don't I know—"

"And furthermore," Pop swept on, "I'm going to see that this fly-by-night business is done right and proper, because I'm going to elope with you. Now, what say?"

They said nothing. They only stared their bewilderment.

"Well now, Phil, I understood you to say you had the money and you wanted to marry my little girl. And you, Clytie, didn't you tell me you wanted Phil?"

Clytie's arms were close about Pop's neck and her cheek against his as she nodded voiceless assent.

"Sure I got the money, and my new job in Brooklyn's a steady thing, just like I told Mrs. Lufkins," Phil answered. "But about this—now—your eloping with us—"

"I'm dead set on that, Phil. By rights a girl ought to have the company of her own mother to make everything right and proper when she marries a young man, but Mattie's made up her mind she won't have you because you're a plumber—"

"I'm not a plumber," protested Phil. "I'm a pipe-fitter, and—"

Pop waved the interruption aside.

"So that ain't to be," he went on. "Next best thing, as I see it, is for the girl to have her father; so I go along, or the elopement's all off. After you're married you don't need to keep me any longer 'n you want, but to-night I go with you over to Brooklyn, and to-morrow morning we'll go to the city hall. After I see you two safe, settled, and happy, I'm coming home to Mattie, and probably things will work out all right. She'll rave, but she'll get over that—she'll have to. Now, what say?"

"I say you're a trump!" declared Phil warmly. "As for your staying at our house, why, you can just put your feet on my radiator as long as you live. Ain't that right, Clytie? Now I'll chase off and get a taxi. Clytie, can you be ready in an hour?"

"I—I'll be ready, Phil!"

"Then I'll run along with you, Phil," Pop announced, "if you don't mind."

"But your feet, Pop!"

"My feet be hanged!" said Pop vigorously. "You think I'm going to risk going back after my shoes *now*? Not if I have to walk on my hands!"

Pop splashed bravely beside Phil while they sought the nearest taxi-stand. Panting somewhat, because Phil's eager steps set him at a dog-trot, he proffered Phil heartfelt advice.

"My boy, after you been married and settled down, there's one thing you got to avoid like it was poison-ivy, and that's letting your wife boss your job. In my case it was conductorettes brought on all the trouble. If it hadn't been for them, I wouldn't be hoofing it through the slush to-night in my socks."

"Conductorettes! Why, Pop!" Phil stared with sudden astonishment at his almost father-in-law.

"Yep, female car-conductors," puffed Pop, shaking his head.

"Why, you gay and sporty old rascal! Conductorettes—"

"Oh, nothing like you think," Pop disclaimed vigorously. "But when Mattie read in the paper how women was going to run the street-cars, she got jealous and made me quit my job. Wouldn't have me flirting around outrageously with a lot of bold women in khaki bloomers, not her! And me—like a sucker, I listened and quit. I quit work, Phil—the job I'd held for

twenty-five years; and right then was when I let my wife begin bossing me. From conductorettes it got to be other things. She wouldn't let me get another job—said I didn't need one, anyway. Just because we had a little money and owned the house, she was going to keep me home and make a gentleman of me. Every time I talked about going to work she could see some kind of women connected with the job, and she wouldn't let me. Phil, are there any lady plumbers—pipe-fitters, I mean?"

"My Lord, no, Pop!"

"Well, likely there will be some day; but when there are, you stick to the job just the same. Never mind what Clytie says. It's being idle makes a fool of a man. Look where it's brought me! If the girls want to be plumbers, let 'em; and while I don't advise you ever to cross my little girl in what she wants, that's one time a man's got to stand up for his own happiness. If Clytie don't like lady-plumbers, you just let her lump 'em—or you'll be good and sorry!"

III

POP gazed abstractedly from the window of a third-story Brooklyn flat into a third-rate Brooklyn street in the last stages of a late spring thaw. It needs a philosopher to find cheer in such a prospect, and it was plain from his attitude that Pop was no philosopher.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Leonard had been married and at home in the flat almost two months. Apparently their hurried flight to Brooklyn had not created a ripple on the surface of metropolitan life. Their wedding had been one of a batch of half a dozen perfunctorily mumbled over by a tired city magistrate, and two months of Brooklyn commonplaces had worn

off most of the guilty thrill of their midnight escape from Mrs. Lufkins's dungeon.

"Pop, what is it?" Clytie paused, dust-rag in hand, a pleasant domestic figure framed in the doorway of the tiny kitchen.

"The postman's gone by—again," Pop muttered dully.

His daughter moved to his side, a matter of very few steps in that flat, and slipped two soft, warm arms of velvet texture about his neck.

"Never mind," she soothed. "Probably it 'll come in the next mail. Mails are something fierce these days."

"Clytie, I got a feeling she won't ever write."

"Now, Pop!"

"I should have gone home directly you and Phil were married. Oh, Clytie, I



"LISTEN—YOU WANT TO GET MARRIED, YOU AND CLYTIE?"

wisht I had! But I was afraid—you know how Mattie is when she's riled—and I thought my letter would kind of smooth the way. Instead of that, not a word. She won't forgive us, girl, and I—I kind of m-miss her!"

"Pop! There now, don't feel that way!"

"But I've made up my mind," Pop declared, winking hard. "I'm going home. It's got to be done."

"Maybe you're right, Pop."

"And I'm going to do something else, too—I'm going around to the office and get back my old job on the car."

"Why, Pop!"

"Yes, I been thinking things out, kitten. If I hadn't listened to Mattie and quit my job, we'd all have stayed happy. It ain't healthy, not working, when you're an active man. I was just in Mattie's way puttering round the house. Conductorettes or not, I'm going to get back my old job, and then I'm going straight home to her!"

Clytie planted a warm kiss on her father's bald spot.

"Oh, I do hope it's all right!" she breathed fervently. "I hope it's all right between you, Pop, because I—I want my ma back again—I want my ma!"

Pop rose to face his daughter. Very gently he placed his hands on her slender young shoulders. His eyes were moist.

"There, kitten, there!" he soothed. "I'll get her back to you if I have to hog-tie her and carry her all the way to Brooklyn!"

He returned so late in the evening that the portion of dinner which Clytie had saved for him was crisped brown in the oven. He carried a basket, from which emanated the wails of an agonized cat. He seemed to have shrunk in stature. His face was white and queerly drawn, and his eyes were ringed with dark circles.

He waved aside the dinner as he sank into a chair and announced dully:

"She's gone!"

"Gone!" Phil and Clytie chorused.

"Gone, lock, stock, and barrel—sold out the furniture a month ago and moved away—didn't leave any address." Pop's voice was flat and toneless with rigidly suppressed emotion. "She left a note, though, with Mrs. Wilson, next door."

Phil read the missive that Pop handed him:

Pop:

You and Clytie skipped out like thieves in the dark. All right! I can skip out, too, and you needn't bother to try and find me, any more than

I tried to find you. I drew half the money at the bank. The other half's yours, I guess.

MATTIE.

P. S.—I gave Teddy to Mrs. Wilson. If you don't like the home he is in, take him.

Clytie threw herself into her husband's arms, abandoned to tears. Pop slowly bent over and released the cover of the basket. He placed Teddy on his daughter's lap with awkward tenderness.

"Look, kitten dear, here's old Ted come back home!"

"I don't want him!" Clytie protested. "I want my ma!"

Pop's arms, fists clenched, rose above his head in an abandonment of agony. His voice reached a shrill, vibrating note as he wailed brokenly:

"So do I, Clytie—so do I!"

IV

POP LUFKINS took No. 978 out of the barn with a grin creasing his cheeks, for he had long ago recovered his old, cheery spirit. The morning was a bitter-cold one in February, but he was scarcely aware of that. He did not notice whether his car was crowded or empty. Automatically his hand moved the controller-handle and shifted the hissing air-brake. Automatically his mind responded to the alternate *ting* and *ting-ting* of the signal-bell.

His lips pursed into a voiceless whistle and his blue eyes twinkled. His motor-man's cap was jauntily tilted back, and his red muffler streamed from under his coat like a brave flag of joy.

Back and forth the car sped, its steel wheels squealing against frozen rails. The passengers packed in it groaned and gasped, grumbled and trampled and cursed. The fare-indicator clicked incessantly. The conductor who had taken the car at the barn left it and a new one took his place, but Pop never thought about his relief.

At length the crowd began to thin. The rush was past. The car was reaching the finish of its run. Automatically Pop eased it over the switch-points at the end of the line. Automatically he lifted off controller and brake handles and started toward the opposite end of No. 978. Automatically he noted that the conductor had lifted the fare-box and was carrying it forward—

Then the lightning struck.

Pop raised his eyes to smile into the face of Mattie Lufkins—Mattie in the khaki bloomers and short skirt of a conductorette;



"THE POSTMAN'S GONE BY—AGAIN"

Mattie lugging along the heavy fare-box; Mattie wearing the service-cap and grimly determined to squelch this old rake of a motorman who wore his cap on the back of his head and whistled.

Mattie Lufkins's mouth and eyes opened wide. The fare-box dropped from her hands and crashed to the floor between them. Pop Lufkins, goggling, incredulous, and dumfounded, added the controller-handles to the crash.

It was a moment before either spoke.

"Pop!" Mattie gasped. "Oh, *Pop!* I been looking and looking and *looking!* Oh, Pop!"

"Mattie! So it's really Mattie! I thought you had gone for good and all."

"And I thought I'd lost you! Oh, Pop, but I'm glad!"

"On a street-car, Mattie?" Pop passed his hand before his dizzy eyes. "I don't make it out, somehow."

"I b-been t-trying to find you," sobbed Mattie. "I t-tried every way I knew!"

"You—you *wanted* to find me?"

Mattie nodded humbly.

"I—I got so lonely," she murmured. "I—I just couldn't stand it. It seemed like—"

"But you had my address all the time, Mattie—you had Clytie's address—"

"She—well, that is we—you—I—Mattie, we're a grandma—yep, early this morning! And, Mattie, it's a little mite of a grandson!"

V

MRS. SARAH STALTON SMOOF had just completed her organization of the League to Reform Lingerie Advertising, and, hav-



IT WAS A MOMENT BEFORE EITHER COULD SPEAK

"No, I—I was mad, and I tore up your letter the day I got it. Then, after I left the house, I saw how wicked I was, Pop—how I had wronged you and Clytie; and I put advertisements in the papers and—and everything. Then I thought of the cars. I knew you'd go back to the old job; but they wouldn't tell me at the barns, so I went to work. I've worked through the five boroughs, hoping to find you. But, Pop, my little girl—Clytie—how is—"

A vast smile radiated over Pop Lufkins's face.

"Clytie? She's fine, she—there, there, deary, don't you worry now, she—"

"What, Pop? What is it?"

ing nothing to do, she looked out of the window. What she saw caused her to run for her opera-glasses.

In the street-car that stood at the end of the line a middle-aged motorman was embracing a middle-aged conductorette. The shameless, brazen creatures!

Mrs. Smoof decided in a flash that it was high time to revive her campaign for the moral uplift of conductorettes. She sat down at her desk and rapidly outlined another stinging complaint to the newspapers.

Mrs. Smoof was shocked in every fiber of her ladylike being; but she was not unhappy, for she, too, above all things, disliked to be idle.

On Grand Cayman

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

Illustrated by Modest Stein

ONCE upon a time in the long ago, certain English pirates, questing safe storage for their loot, laired themselves on a tiny dot of coral rock and sand lost in the middle of the Spanish Main. Women, I suppose, formed part of their plunder. At any rate, pirate families arose there. Then shipwreck from time to time cast a few mariners of different races against the jagged rock, open to boundless sweeps of storm; and thereunto in later years were added cargoes of black ivory—slaves from the Kongo and the Niger. And presently, after obscure decades of battle, murder, and sudden death, over another island in far and shining seas the British flag was waving, and a new colony was born on Grand Cayman.

Piracy died, giving place to piety and "wracking," so that men prayed ships might be sent them from the sea, to break on the gray coral and strew merchandise for their eager hands. Dwellings were built of rare woods, furnished with costly stuffs from merchantmen. Then even wrecking passed away, so that no longer the Cayman folk lighted false beacons to aid their prayers. Races blended, and law took root.

England held aloof, meddling not; but a little of old England put down tap-roots there, and grew—a bit of England which to-day must be in some respects what England was in centuries far gone. The old English speech of that other age, softened and made languid by long tropic isolation, still remained English such as with close attention you shall understand.

Dreaming and aloof, having no contacts with the modern world save a casual schooner from Jamaica, or an infrequent Honduranian bark, Grand Cayman drowns under her ardent sun. Lapped in traditions of the past, defiantly proud of being Brit-

ish still—of being the only West Indian island never conquered by the don—she lies amid infinite reaches of crystal blue, unmindful of to-day.

Her life ebbs and flows, patriarchal in its unmoved simplicity. Her thought is still the thought of children to whom the locomotive, the air-ship, the motor-car, even the telephone, are but tales of such of her adventurers as have ventured far north to Cuba, or even to the half-mythical wonders of Mobile and New Orleans. A brownish folk for the most part, virile, muscled like bronzes; a folk content to fish, to catch gigantic sea-turtles, to bask.

Primitive? That you shall see. And so, now, to our story.

II

THE moon had never burned more bright on Grand Cayman than that still, stifling night of January. Right up in the middle of the unclouded blue, pin-stabbed with star-points of flame, it hung—not silver, but more like a targe of burnished, luminous steel.

Under its splendor the league-long rollers of the Caribbean crumbled to white on shining sands and over sharp-fanged coral. Its light revealed the long straggle of Georgetown, skirting the coast between West Bay and Old Isaac's; it gleamed on corrugated-iron roofs, made inky shadows under the huge-fingered breadfruit-trees and gnarled sea-grapes, and showed, in the broad, open bight fronting the town, a single craft at anchor.

This craft was a bark, white with red rails, bluff-bowed, and clumsy-rigged, her bare poles swaying easily against the stars. Her flag, still aloft, drooped the blue and white of Honduras. From aboard murmured a hum of Spanish; and one could see the waxing, waning glow of cigarette-

tips, the steady beam of her riding-light. Under her counter lurked shadows blacker than those beneath the groves of Grand Cayman.

From these shadows a smaller shadow detached itself and became a skiff, rowed by vigorous arms. With trailing phosphorescence at its stern and in each dip of its oars—phosphorescence that mingled with the quicksilver of the moon's reflection on broken water—it moved shoreward through the somnolent heat. Over glass it seemed to go, for right to the snowy coral bottom the moonbeams fell, ten fathoms deep, so that every sponge-cluster or lovely tinted sea-flower, every moving shape of shark or barracuda, mullet or Spanish mackerel, was visible as in an aquarium.

To these familiar sights, old stories all, the man at the oars gave no heed. His mind was busy with far other things than sunken gardens of the sea.

For a time he pulled steadily, with the easy-rhythmed swing that declared arms long skilled in boatmanship. Now and then he turned his head, observing the lantern on the mast at Government House, the glimmers of light that here and there gleamed out from the houses of the settlement. The moon showed his figure lithe and corded, in its loose, white-cotton garb, a muscular throat, brown arms, feet innocent of socks and shod only with light-blue Cuban alpargatas. Of the man's face little could be seen, by reason of the shadow of his broad-brimmed hat; but it seemed of lean strength, with eyes that caught and reflected the little light-wimples dancing along the oar-blades.

"Bleak to the ocean," he murmured, "an' werry poor, after what I seen in all these years o' jo'rney-in', but home!"

He spoke unemotionally, in the soft, languid voice of the Caymanero. For a while he bent to his oars, driving the boat in toward the tiny cove where stands Government House. Then presently he mused, half-whisperingly:

"Hope Sara ain't made a die of it!"

Into the cove drew the boat, grated on the little beach, halted. The man leaped out and hauled the craft up among the dug-out canoes covered with a thatch of palm-leaves to protect them against cracking in the sun. For a moment he stood there, white and silent in the night, surveying under that steely moonshine a prospect that in six years of absence had changed not at

all—Government House enclosed in its trim picket-fence; sheds on their piling; sea-wall with jumbled corals at its base; cragged coral shore on either hand, pitted and undercut by ceaseless gnawings of the sea, and thickly spotted with clinging shells of "sea-beef."

Then he turned, clambered lithely to the near-by roadway, and set forward on the narrow, deserted street that led along the shore.

A street you could hardly call it, for it was less than street and more than path—just a tortuous lane, gleaming hard and white in the moonlight. Wattle fences flanked it, with cacti, sword-beans, and huge-rooted silk-cotton trees shading little white-walled houses from which now and then voices murmured or rays of light shone round solid wooden shutters. A few shops, too, stood along the lane—shops where shillings and pence still held sway; where flour was sold by the gallon, and where no gauds of fashion had ever yet intruded.

Every detail stood boldly out in that metallic moonlight. Against the steely disk in mid heaven bats flickered and moving swarms of midges danced like atoms in a complex molecule. Their fine-drawn song, keen and ephemeral, mingled with the low, intermittent contrabass of surf in Great Sound, across the island.

The newcomer kept stolidly on, looking for some one with whom he might have speech; but this some one must be a boy, who should not recognize him. Had any man come along the path, the sailor would have sunk his head, pulled down his hat, and walked in silence. He held past a square building with a sign, "Receiver of Wrecks"; past the chapel with its little shingled steeple; past the broken old fort with its coquina walls, its rusted cannon lying amid rank weeds.

Then, near a house made of the old cabin of a ship, he paused under the shadow of a mango; for here the lane forked. Which way now to go? He knew not.

Unhurried, patient, he waited; and before very long a boy, indeed, grew visible—a boy nine or ten years old, a small, white figure, barefooted and scantily clad, swinging onward with the free stride of this island race.

"Boy! Heah!"

"What yuh be want-in', sir?"

Coppered with a darker hue than even

tropic sun could give, the boy peered up at him.

"Sara Ebanks. Where she be liv-in' now?"

A moment the boy pondered, with the grave abstraction of all Caymaneros. Then, his serious eyes fixed on the unknown face shadowed by the broad hat, he made answer:

"Thruppence, an' I be tell-in' yuh."

Accustomed to the bargaining of his people, the seaman produced a Jamaica threepenny bit and dropped it into the extended palm. This coin the boy slid into a loose pocket. He turned, pointing.

"Sara, she be liv-in' past the graveyard, sir," said he, his voice unexpressive, soft, even. "Little house with a big ban-yan nigh un. Ain't Sara Ebanks, now—Sara Bodden."



ACCUSTOMED TO THE BARGAINING OF HIS PEOPLE, THE SEAMAN PRODUCED A JAMAICA
THREEPENNY BIT

"Bodden?" asked the sailor, without emotion. "What be her hosband's *Christ-shun* name?"

"David. Tuppence moah, an' I be lead-in' yuh to the house."

The stranger shook his head and moved away. For a brief moment the boy looked after him, not with curiosity — for these islanders feel none — but regretting that he had not charged sixpence in the beginning. Then he swung on his heel and continued his way.

III

"DAVID BODDEN!" murmured the sailor, treading noiselessly along in his rope-soled, cotton alpargatas. White-clad in the white moon-radiance, on the white, white road he walked, between black shadows of gum-trees, breadfruits, and coco-palms. "David Bodden—a good mahn. So be I. Which one be the best? That be what we know-in' soon."

Past the graveyard he went, silent, brooding. The moonlight drenched this place of snowy sand with ghostly lights. For a few minutes he paused by the far end of the graveyard, leaned strong elbows on the fence, and looked at the little sand-mounds edged with conch-shells pink and brown.

Behind the yard, palms and rustling palmettos made a dense thicket, through which the tropical night-breeze whispered its secrets. Fireflies were dancing in the shadow, while the crickets fiddled for their flashing quadrille. A few tiny crabs, alarmed by the sailor, sidled to their holes among the graves.

No headstones marked the resting-places of the Caymaneros; no grass waved green above them, nor did they lie deep and cool. In death, as in life, sand and heat were still their portion.

An open grave, brimmed with moonshine, yawned shallow in the coral rock; a waiting grave, for always, when a Caymanero is buried, another grave is hewn at once in the coral. This grave seemed to fascinate the sailorman. For a time he peered at it, his eyes brooding under the shadow of his hat-brim.

"One of us will be fill-in' that, maybe," he muttered.

Then he relapsed into silent pondering. The slow suspiration of surf told of a beach down through the tangle of guavas, palms, and sea-grapes to westward; and here or

there, through the thicket, the liquid plain of sea loomed vague. Once more the seaman turned and made his way along the lane.

Almost at once he reached a little house in a clearing, with a banyan-tree dangling its root-streamers from turgid branches. An ordinary little house of the poorer Cayman type it was, roosting on squared posts, with white-plastered walls that showed through cracks the bamboo wattling and hewn beams. Both front windows were fast closed with solid wooden shutters, useful against hurricanes and sand-storms, but through the half-open door faint lamp-shine trembled.

Slow voices, in a murmur, reached the sailor as he stood there observing everything, taking stock of the sandy yard with its naseberry-trees and lace hibiscus-bushes, its jasmines and oyster-lilies, the fishing-nets draped over the fence, the goat tethered to a stake, the fowls roosting in the crooked red limbs of a rubber-tree.

As the mariner observed all this, he nodded.

"This heah be all right," said he. "David be a good mahn, a hard-work-in' mahn. He's done good by Sara. There ain't no better at tort-lin' (turtling) on Grand Cayman, no, nor on Little nor Brac. But I be a good mahn, too. We got to see which be the best un."

Pushing the gate open, he entered the little clearing. His foot struck against something in the sand. He picked it up, and found it was a doll—a rag-baby, primitive and crude.

"Whose will that be, now?" he wondered, dropping the doll. "For one o' mine, or one o' hisn?"

Silently he approached the house, his feet slipping noiselessly in the gleaming white sand. With calm resolution untinged by any faintest emotional quickening, he reached the three steps that led up to the door.

He mounted the steps, pushed the door wide, and entered the house of Sara Ebanks, his lawful wedded wife.

IV

A NAKED, white-walled place it was, dimly lit by an old glass lamp that shed uncertain rays on primitive furniture, on conches upon a shelf, on fishing-gear flung in a corner, on staring lithographs of British royalty, on a few childish trinkets and

children's simple clothing heaped over a chair.

The lamp showed, too, a woman and a man seated by a rough-hewn table. The man, busily reeving a turtle-hook to a stout line, was huge of shoulder, brown of face,

sat there stolidly. Such was David Bodden, who for more than five years had believed himself the husband of Sara Ebanks; who for more than five years had labored competently to be a good provider, a good man to her and hers.



SARA RAISED THE PROSTRATE MAN'S HEAD AND PEERED AT HIS FACE

with heavy jaw and bull neck. The clay pipe in his teeth was smoldering as he worked. Barefooted, clad only in loose, white trousers and an undershirt that disclosed the powerful muscles of his torso, he

The woman, who sat at plain sewing near David, had not yet passed beyond the years of grace and quiet charm that for a while adorn nearly all Caymaneras. As she glanced up, peering—as David, too, peered

—to see what visitor was coming so late, the warm color of her cheek, the tilt of her chin, the turn of her strong throat, and the amplitude of her deep breast struck the sailor man with an appeal that came nigh to stirring the impassive self-repression of his race.

But still he did not call to her, hold out his arms to her, or even go to her. Without eagerness, without any show of jealousy or anger, not even taking off his hat, he remained there at the door for a long minute, observing.

Sara, a frown of puzzlement on her brow, arose. She held the sewing in her hand, and faced him. David paused in his work, stolidly watching.

"Who be yon stranger?" asked he in a low, quiet voice—the soft, vague, mournful voice of all his people. "That won't be Martin Ebanks, now?"

"Yes, that be Martin," Sara answered mildly. "Ain't that you, Martin?"

"It be, *so*," the sailorman made answer. He took off his hat, disclosing sun-baked features, lean and sea-toughened, with a white wale from mid cheek to point of jaw. "It be, *so*, Sara, an' we got to see which un be the best mahn, here."

David Bodden's chair scraped on the adz-hewn floor as the turtle-fisher rose. His hook clanged on the table. Anger there was none in his face, of astonishment or excitement but very little. The eyes of all were steady. No voice was raised above that singularly subdued, almost languid monotone.

Sara was first to speak:

"We heard yuh was wracked anigh Belize—drownded, six year ago. It all come straight to us, yuh was dead."

"Wracked I was," Martin answered. He approached the table, so that the lamp more strongly cast up the lights and shadows of his wrinkles. "But not drownded. I been in Brazil, an' beyond. Now I be back, an' you be my woman. Got any young uns o' hisn?"

"We gotten two," spoke up the turtle-fisher impassively. "I've kept good care along o' your woman, Martin; an' I've fended for your three, same as for my own. Yuh can't be blam-*in'* me nor her."

"I ain't," said Martin.

"We was wed, reg'lar," Sara volunteered, her calm eyes appraising the man who had been given back by the sea. Her hand and the newcomer's had not even met.

Unfevered, their pulses had not quickened. "After you was posted, Mart, we had our banns on the church-door, proper like. It's all right."

"I ain't blam-*in'*," asserted Martin, the lamplight in his eyes as he took the woman's measure and the man's; "but I be back to Grand Cayman now, an' you be my woman."

"Yuh been posted, Martin," said the turtler, without resentment. "You be dead, legal. You be onto the parish register, 'Lost at sea.'"

"Sara be my woman," the sailorman reiterated stolidly. "I be home."

"This heah house ain't yours," affirmed Sara. "It be hisn."

"I gotten seventy pound nine shill-*in'*s an' fourpence into my ditty-bag, aboard the Estrella," answered Ebanks. "I'll buy him up."

"An' two o' the young uns ain't yourn," the woman added.

"He can take 'em, or I'll fend, whichever."

"This heah be my home," put in David, without anger, but firmly. "It be my family an' my woman till the gen'l court in Jamaica settles it."

"Months, that 'll be tak-*in'*," objected the sailorman. "I mislike them courts, David. Your marriage is legal like, same as mine, an' it 'll take months. Let's be settl-*in'* it now."

"Now?" questioned Sara. Her black eyes widened a very little, so that the lamp-shine gleamed therein, but she made no move. The three seemed almost graven folk of wood, not animate. "How yuh do that?"

"One of us twain be the best mahn," explained Ebanks patiently. "We can find out which one that be, down anigh Bosun's Bay. Then t'other goes."

"That be fair," agreed David without hesitation. "That be spoke like a good mahn."

"If it be you as goes," added the seaman, "I'll be giv-*in'* yuh my seventy pound nine shill-*in'* an' fourpence. If one gets killed, like, t'other an' the woman will swear it was an accident. If I get killed, or has to go, nobody never knows I was heah. Nobody on the Estrella don't know who I be, an' whiles I was com-*in'* to this house all I spoke to was a young boy." He paused for a moment, collecting his slow thought. "Now," he concluded, "where

be my young uns? I want to see 'em, case it's me as goes."

"They be sleep-in', yon." The woman pointed at one of the two doorways that yawned black in the white wall. She picked up the lamp, and moved toward the door. Ebanks followed, the broad hat dangling from his fist.

"They'll be big uns now," he stolidly commented.

The turtle-fisher peered after him and nodded.

"An' all great feeders, too," he said. "Great feeders they be!"

Ebanks entered the little bedroom, bare and stifling with tight-closed shutters. Two beds, rough-hewn of cottonwood, met his contemplative gaze. One held two sleeping children, still very small. From it he turned to the other.

"There they be, Martin," said the woman. "All strong an' rugged. David, he's fended good."

"Hold the light heah," directed the sailor, making no comment.

She obeyed. In silence he surveyed the trio of bronzed young faces. The hand of the youngest boy lay outside the sheet of coarse cotton. Ebanks did not even touch it. Whether the children had missed him he did not ask, any more than he had asked whether Sara had mourned him. In silence he peered down at the children for a minute or two, his eyes steady, his face quite unmoved.

"They be all right," he finally murmured, and turned away. "I misdoubt they wouldn't call me father now; but they could learn to."

Sara followed him back into the living-room with the lamp.

"Ready?" he asked Boddén.

"Yes," answered the turtler. "How yuh want-in' to fight? I gotten two machetes, if yuh want."

"Them don't be fair," objected Ebanks. "Them don't show the best mahn. Quick-est, maybe—or maybe luck, with a cut; but not the best un. These heah shows."

He held up a fist, hard, hairy, formidable. The turtle-man gravely nodded, and moved toward the door. Sara put down the lamp and puffed the flame to extinction.

"I go-in', too," she announced.

In silence all three moved through the half-light reflected in from the moonlight through the door ajar. They issued from the house, crossed the gleaming sand of the

little yard, and so betook themselves toward Bosun's Bay.

V

WHITE as bone, curving in a long stretch broken only by that one marshy indentation, the beach girdles its pure coral sand for miles against the Caribbean surf. To that portion of the beach near Bosun's, where they could be sure of isolation, they proceeded.

Through a little garden-patch they walked in silence, a garden where yams and malangas grew in tiny earth-pockets in the rock; then they passed through a thicket of palms, and so came to the marshy inlet, where gnarled branches of gum-trees seemed twisted in pain, and where mangroves sprang their crooked claw-roots in the mud, like famished and misshapen spiders.

Hard by, a sheltered bit of sand offered seclusion absolute. The sea, under that steely moon, lay silently sparkling under a far, luminous drift of haze. Off to southward the tiny glimmer of light on the mast at Government House, reminder of law and order, burned steadily, as if opposing the vagrant lawlessness of the Honduranian bark's riding-light—the bark itself now only a dim blot on the sea.

Silence brooded over the world, save for the gnats and crickets, and the murmuring whisper of the lee surf fingering the beach. The sand, fine as powdered sugar, slipped under their feet. And so they came to a level place, hard by a sea-grape thicket. Here Martin Ebanks stopped.

"This will be a right place," said he.

He flung down his hat near the sea-grapes. He pulled his loose, open-throated shirt over his head, and threw it on the sand.

The turtler also stripped to the waist, and notched up his belt a hole or two. The bodies of the men—Ebanks slender, hard, wiry, the other massive, heavy, slow—gleamed under the moon, their muscles brought into sharp relief by the vertical light.

Almost as disinterestedly as if the coming battle were to her a thing wholly aloof, impersonal, the woman sat down on a coral boulder.

"Ain't no need for kill-in', be there?" asked she.

"Not if we can find out who be the best mahn withouten," answered the seaman

briefly. Then, to Bodden: "I'll say this heah, David. I ain't gotten noth-*in'* against you. Yuh be a good mahn. Yuh been good to my woman an' my young uns; but the woman an' the young uns be mine, an' yuh gotten 'em. Yuh want-*in'* to quit, afore we fight? There be seventy pound nine shill-*in'* an' fourpence, remember."

The turtler shook his head.

"No," he answered, without animosity, in low and even tones. "I put in moah money nor that, myself, a'ready. It be home to me, an' Sara, she be a good wench. We gotten to fight."

"Not mad like, though," suggested the sailorman.

"Not mad like; but there be one mahn too much."

"One too much," echoed Ebanks. He knotted his formidable fists, shuffled his feet into the sands, and crouched a little forward. "One too much."

"If it be me as goes," said the turtle-fisher, drawing himself to a guard, "yuh'll fend for mine, like I done for yourn?"

"I do-*in'* that sure," promised the sailor. And after that the two men made no further speech.

Bodden, keenly alert, waited the sailor's attack. It came on the instant, swift, skilled, backed by the science and brute force of much bucko fighting aboard deep-water ships. Like a cobra the seaman struck, his blows evading the slower man's parry, going home like pistol-shots on neck and jaw. Bodden's outlashing reached only vacant air.

Unruffled, the turtler spat blood on the sand, still facing his antagonist. Not thus was he to be stung into rushing, attacking, exposing himself. He waited, swaying his great fists and shoulders.

Again Ebanks bored in; and this time Bodden caught him. Blows thudded dully. The woman, watching in silence, heard their impact on ribs and softer flesh; she heard the grunt and gasp of effort as the turtler wrenched Ebanks to his knees.

Floundering, they scattered silver dust of sand. Ebanks drove upward to the other's mouth. As the turtler staggered, the sailor slipped eel-like away and regained his feet.

Bodden, panting, grappled for him. The sailor very neatly tripped him, plunged him sprawling, leaped upon him, and grappled for the throat. In silence, save for their panting breath, they toiled—one to stran-

gle, the other to tear loose those talon fingers.

Still quite impassively, half-masked under the blot of sea-grape shadow, the woman sat and watched, as at a show. Both were good men, one mighty with the hawk's-bill, the other at sea. Fall what would, she was secure—she and the children that all were hers. The drama battling itself out there on that moon-drenched strip of sand—why should it cause her passive Cayman heart to throb?

A grunt of agony, the dull crack of a breaking bone; and Ebanks's left hand lost its cunning. Bodden had caught one finger, bent it backward, snapped it. Desperately the sailor tried to wriggle free, but now the turtler had him. A powerful fist rose and fell heavily—once, twice, thrice. A groan, a quiver; and Ebanks slid face downward to the sand; groveled, limpened, and lay there quite still.

VI

Up to his knees, puffing like the king of all the porpoises, his body powdered with white sand adhering to the sweaty skin, rose David, the turtle-fisher.

"I done un in, Sara," he gulped, smearing his bloody mouth. "Come, we be go-*in'* now."

He arose, picked up his shirt, and donned it, his arms for a moment waving grotesquely in air.

Sara stood up. She advanced through the sand-drift, slipping in its deep softness. To the prostrate man she came, knelt by him, laid a hand on his naked shoulder. She raised his head, and peered at his face by the witching moonlight.

"Ain't go-*in'* to make a die of it, be he?" she asked without emotion.

David shook his head.

"No," he answered; "but a little water wouldn't hurt un, nohow."

He stooped, grappled Ebanks under the arms, and dragged him to the surf. Wading out, he dipped his fallen antagonist twice or thrice.

"There, he be com-*in'* back now," the turtle-man announced. "Can yuh stand now, mahn?"

Feebly the sailor gasped some inarticulate word. Bodden supported him. Staggeringly Ebanks stumbled up out of the surf, helped by his vanquisher.

"Hahd enow?" queried Bodden, without animus.

"I' hahd." Ebanks coughed, dripping, choking. His body gleamed like metal, washed with brine and moonlight. "You be the best mahn, David. I quitt-in'."

"Friends, like?"

"Friends."

Their hands met and clasped. Sara, un-stirred, her knuckles on her hips, stood there, lithe in her loose white jacket. Her black hair, black eyes, and brown skin contrasted vividly with that white cloth, white as the sand, white as the moon.

"Give un his haht an' shift, woman," bade the turtler.

She obeyed. Bodden helped Ebanks clothe himself. A little silence fell. Then the vanquished sailorman put out his hand to Sara.

"Fare ye well," said he.

"Fare ye well," she answered.

Her hand, for a moment, lay inert in his; then it drew away.

Ebanks turned and limped, slowly shuffling, toward Government House. Silently David and the woman watched him go. No further word was spoken, no other adieu called out.

Together the man and the woman waited. The turtler did not take Sara in his arms and kiss her, neither did she press closer to him, nor speak word of blame or praise. Contemplatively, as if observing some stranger pass, they watched Martin Ebanks walk away.

At the turn of the beach, where a jut of mangroves thrust down toward the surf, the sailor vanished, without even pausing to look backward.

"Well, Mart be gone," said Bodden slowly. "I gotten to up early, the morn, to crawl (corral) turtles in Great Sound. Come, woman."

"Wait," she answered. "Wait—see if he goes out to yon bark."

Patiently, without a word, they stood there. After a certain while, out over the silver-gleaming sea a little black spot, moving from shore, told them that Ebanks was really gone from the island and out of their lives. They watched the black spot till it reached the shadows of the bark and vanished there.

"He be a good mahn, but I be the best," said the turtle-fisher simply.

The woman made no answer. In silence they turned shoreward, plowed up through the shining sands, and vanished under the black shadows of the sea-grapes.

Along the shore ran whispers, from the murmuring fringe of froth. Dull, far, rolled the trembling thunders of the windward surf in Great Sound. Vast stars and tiny fireflies speckled the night with twinkling dots of flame. Against the broad and burnished face of the steel moon, shrill gnats danced as they hummed their high keening in the luminous night. And David and Sara walked home.

THEIR GUERDON

"THESE men are mine while they are young," Youth said.

"Life's fairest pathways shall they gaily tread

With my handmaidens, Love and Pleasure." "Nay,"

Grim-visaged War broke in; "they're mine, I say!

The sodden, stricken field shall be their bed,

Where chaos rules and every brook runs red;

I claim them all!" Death shook his grisly head

With cold finality. "Your pardon, pray,

These men are mine!"

Then Glory came with golden wings outspread;

Her shining brow a dazzling radiance shed;

In vibrant, ringing tones she cried: "Yet stay!

Nor War nor Death shall win. I will repay

With fame and honor all our splendid dead—

These men are mine!"

Ralph Totten

The Mountain Woman*

BY CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

Author of "The Call of the Cumberlands," "The Battle-Cry," etc.

AARON MCGIVINS, who dwells on Shoulderblade Branch, a remote region of the Kentucky hills, has a son and a daughter. Joe, the son, is a good-natured and rather effeminate young fellow, while his sister, on the other hand, by a curious whim of her father, has been christened Alexander and brought up like a boy.

The story opens at the time of a sudden spring flood, which threatens to wash away Aaron McGivins's winter cut of logs. The timber is saved by the help of a party of neighbors; but one of these men, Bud Sellers, starts drinking, and when McGivins reproves him, he shoots the old mountaineer. The wounded man is carried home, and Alexander proclaims her intention of killing his assailant; but he makes his daughter promise to forego the idea of vengeance.

Her father being disabled, Alexander takes personal charge of rafting the timber down the river. Brent, a lumber-dealer who has contracted to buy it, goes with the rafts, and Bud Sellers, now deeply repentant, is also a member of one of the crews. The timber is taken down to Coal City, where Brent pays for it—Alexander, in her ignorance of finance, refusing to accept a check, and insisting on payment in cash. She proposes to make her way home through the woods, carrying the money, a little more than four thousand dollars, in her saddle-bags. Brent protests against so perilous a journey, but in vain. So, too, does Jack Halloway, who has met Alexander in Coal City and earned her gratitude by protecting her from the insolence of a ruffian named Lute Brown. To all appearances Halloway is a countryman, but Brent recognizes him as a rich New Yorker who was born in these Kentucky hills, and who knows their ways well enough to masquerade as a mountaineer. He is deeply impressed by Alexander's beauty and unconventional personality, but Brent warns him not to trifle with the mountain girl.

Brent and Halloway soon discover that Alexander has been watched, and that a conspiracy is afoot to waylay her on her homeward journey—among the plotters being Jase Mallows, a youth whose attentions she has rejected, and Lute Brown. They warn her, but she still refuses an escort. Nevertheless, they plan counter measures. Bud Sellers joins them, and he enlists Jerry O'Keefe and a few others who can be trusted. Some of these are sent on to Crab-Apple Post-Office, which Alexander will have to pass, while Halloway goes to another strategic point—the telegraph-office at Viper. He has learned that the operator there is one of the would-be robbers, and being able to read the Morse code he hopes to overhear news of their movements. But the operator suspects his purpose, and he is held up, handcuffed, and imprisoned in a room behind the office.

Meanwhile Alexander is waylaid and captured in the woods, and is taken to a cavern—a chamber of an abandoned coal-mine—where her captors, garbed as Kuklux clansmen, subject her to a pretended trial on a charge of witchcraft. This has been arranged by Jase Mallows, who plans to come upon the scene and effect a mock rescue, so as to pose as the girl's heroic deliverer—but with no idea of preventing the theft of her money.

XII

HALLOWAY, spending a long and dreary day bound to his chair in the baggage-room at Viper, had succeeded in wriggling his lips free of the bandage. As yet that was only an academic victory. Unless there stood in the room where the instrument ticked a sufficiently strong force of his friends to wage a successful battle, any sound from his lips would mean only death for them and himself, without material advantage to his cause.

Twice, during his long inactivity, the raucous sound of a telephone-bell jangled, and he heard a voice replying to some inquiry:

"No, he hain't been here!"

The question so answered, he guessed, had come from Brent, who was seeking to confer with him as he came along the road between Coal City and Viper. He thought very grimly, and with bitter futility, of the force waiting so near, and so eagerly keyed to action under O'Keefe, which one minute of private speech would launch into hurricane effectiveness.

In mad moments he had even tried to break the chain between the steel bracelets that bit into his wrists. His Samson strength had strained until the arteries swelled in his temples, and it had been almost enough, but not quite. A link had stretched a bit, but his wrists had been so

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painfully lacerated that the effort had to be abandoned.

Then, when the day was spent toward late afternoon, he caught the chatter of the key again, somewhat confused by the intervening wall. Though he missed part of the message, he caught a few words, which were pregnant with meaning:

"Got her—in mine—back of gap."

Now, Halloway told himself, as the tortured sweat of suspense dripped down his face, he must somehow convey word to Jerry O'Keefe, but how? He had the facts—the location—the certainty—and by a cruel turn of luck he could use none of his vital information!

He twisted his two gyved hands around, and got one of them into his coat-pocket. He brought out his pipe, which he could neither fill nor light, but there was a certain steadying comfort in feeling its cool stem between his teeth.

He had been pondering one point which had puzzled him. From what telegraph-office out there in the wilds was Wicks acting as intelligence-bureau? Obviously he must be near the gap itself, and the station wire followed the railroad.

Then Halloway remembered a device that he had seen used about mining properties, and laughed at his own stupidity in remaining so long baffled. The few telephones hereabout were party lines, where all conversation could be overheard, so that they were practically unavailable for the use of highwaymen. Wicks had brought with him a key, a battery, and a ground wire, and had cut in on a local telephone-line. There were two instruments on the operator's table in the station, and one was a twin to the thing that the resourceful Wicks was using.

Brent and Bud Sellers had ridden with spirits rapidly sinking as they drew nearer to the region of Wolfpen Gap. Their failure to reach Halloway by telephone at Viper was a bad augury, since it left them in the position of an army whose intelligence-bureau has collapsed.

The two horsemen had ridden through wintry forests along steep and difficult roads where it seemed that they alone represented humanity. Of course, Alexander might be traveling as uneventfully as themselves, but they could feel no great confidence in that hope. There was nothing to do but to push on to Viper, perhaps pass-

ing, as they went, some spot where they might be sorely needed. They had to try to find Halloway, whose silence left them groping in the dark.

Will Brent, in the sense of present requirements, was no woodsman. He knew the forests as a lumber expert knows them, but the seemingly trivial and minute indications that another might have read carried no meaning for him.

However, he put his dependence in Bud Sellers, whose knowledge of such lore amounted to wizardry. At one point Bud halted abruptly, gazing down from his saddle.

"Right hyar," he said shortly, "Alexander stopped an' hed speech with two horsemen. The looks of hit don't pleasure me none, neither."

"Why?" inquired Brent.

The mountaineer drew his brow into an apprehensive furrow.

"Fer a spell back I've been watchin' these signs with forebodin's. Alexander wasn't ridin' at no stiddy gait. She'd walk her mule, then gallop him—then she'd pull down an' halt. These other two riders did jest what she did. Kain't ye read the story writ out in the marks of them mule-irons on the mud?"

Brent shook his head in bewilderment.

"Well, hit's all too blamed plain! Hit would 'pear ter signify that Alexander sought fer shake off two fellers thet didn't 'low ter be shook off. Right hyar they all stopped an' parleyed some."

"Why?"

"Because three mules stood hyar fer a leetle spell. Ye kin see whar they stomped, an' movin' mules don't stomp twice or thrice over the same spot. Then two of 'em went on gallopin', an' one went on walkin'. Yes, this is whar she got rid of 'em, but I misdoubt ef they lost sight of her."

A little farther Bud showed Brent where the two mules had turned aside to the right, and, a mile farther on, where Alexander had also abandoned the main road and gone to the left.

"She held ter the highway a mile farther then she 'lowed ter," growled Sellers. "Thar's jest one reasonable cause fer thet. She knowed she war bein' spied on, an' she aimed ter shake 'em off. I wonder *did* she shake 'em off!"

When they had almost reached the gap itself, and were proceeding warily, they

came to a narrow ford. Here Bud drew rein.

"Let's pause an' study this hyar proposition afore we rides on any farther," he suggested.

It was a particularly wild and desolate spot, where the road bent so sharply that they had turned a corner and come upon the crossing of the water without a previous view. They had been riding toward what had seemed a sheer wall of bluff, and the abrupt angle had brought them to a point where the road dipped sharply down and lost itself in the swift waters of a narrow creek. On the opposite shore the road came out again with a right-angle turn, to thread its course along a shelf of higher ground, as a narrow cornice might run along a wall. Below there was a drop to the creek; above rose the almost perpendicular uplift of the precipice.

"This hyar's the commencement of Wolfpen Gap," Bud Sellers enlightened his companion. "This is just about whar them fellers aimed ter layway Alexander at. I shouldn't marvel none ef some of 'em's watchin' us from them thickets up on the bluff right now."

"Then let's hurry across," Brent nervously suggested. "Once we get over the stream, the cliff itself will shield us. They can't shoot straight down."

"Oh, I reckon they don't hardly aim ter harm us," reassured Bud. "An' anyhow we've got ter tutor this matter jest right. The creek's narrer, but hit's deep beyond fordin'. We needs must swim our mules acrost."

Brent shuddered a little at the sight of the chill water, but Bud went on inexorably.

"Now ye've got ter start as fur up as ye handily kin. The current's swift, an' if hit carries ye beyond the small bend, ye comes out in quicksand. Jest foller me. I'll go fust."

Brent had faced a number of adventures of late, but for this newest one he had little stomach. Nevertheless, he gritted his teeth and prepared to go ahead and follow his companion's lead, since need left no alternative.

As Bud's mule thrust its forefeet into the creek's edge, the creature balked, and the young man kicked him viciously. Brent was waiting with bated breath when abruptly, from overhead, came the clean, sharp bark of a rifle. Brent's hat went spinning from his head, and he felt the

light sting of a grazing wound along his scalp.

It seemed to be in the same instant that he heard Bud's revolver barking its retort toward the point from which the flash had gleamed. There followed a second report, and the zip of a bullet burying itself in wood. Then he heard Bud yelling:

"Go on!"

Realizing that once across the narrow stream he would be under shelter, Brent kicked and belabored his mule to the take-off. There followed a downward plunge, a floundering in the icy water, and then an unsteady sensation as the beast struck out to swim. The current had taken its effect, and mule and rider were being carried down-channel faster than they were gaining across; but Brent instinctively turned his head to see what had become of his guide.

He saw an unbelievable thing. The mountaineer, upon whose coolness and courage he had absolutely relied, had not ventured the crossing at all! Bud had wheeled after firing, and had kicked his mount into wild flight, making for the protection of the turn about which they had come. Twice before he gained safety the rifle above spat out venomously, but missed the fleeing target.

Such a confusion seized upon Brent that he never knew how he got across the creek. Ahead had lain quicksand, above a rifle in the laurel, and within him an overpowering nausea of betrayed confidence. His comrade had deserted him—had run away!

Somehow his own mount had won across, and was plodding up to solid roadway once more. There—safe, at least for the moment—he halted and looked back.

Hoping against hope, Brent waited for five minutes with a clammy sweat on his forehead; but there was still no sign of a returning Bud Sellers. Then Brent unwillingly admitted that it was a pure and unmitigated case of desertion under fire.

"Heavens!" he groaned. "He quit me cold—quit like a dog! He simply got out and ran!"

With a sickened heart he rode on, his head aching from the near touch of the assassin's bullet. He was not even watching for a second ambushade. Fortunately for him, there was none; but with dulled observation he passed by a place where, close to the road, a tunnel ran back into an abandoned coal-mine. He followed his dejected course without suspecting that at

that very moment Alexander was being held a prisoner in the cavern to which the tunnel gave access.

XIII

THE men who had come to Viper for the purpose of cooperating with Jerry O'Keefe and with Holloway had, of course, drifted in singly and with no apparent cohesion. It was vital that they should avoid any manifest community of purpose, yet they were armed, ready, and alert, awaiting only a signal to gather out of scattered elements into a close-knit force with formidable striking-power.

As they waited through the day for the call which did not come, they began to feel the dispirited gloom of men keyed to action and kept interminably waiting. None of them dropped away, however.

It was close to sundown when Brent himself arrived. Since he failed to encounter Jerry O'Keefe on the streets of the little town, he did not pause to search for him, but went direct to the telegraph-office, where Holloway had purposed to make his headquarters. It had not been disclosed to O'Keefe how close to the heart of the conspiracy the operator was, and the young man with the Irish eyes had not been stirred to any deep suspicion in that quarter. Neither of them had thought that harm could come to such a powerful fellow as Holloway in so public a place.

Through the open door and the smeared window of the office spilled out a yellow and sickly light. Inside sat two men, but a glance told Brent that neither of them worked the key. The pair were gaunt and sinister of aspect, and they were not town folk, but creek-dwellers. One was evil-visaged to a point of gargoyle hideousness. The other was little better. He raised a face to inspect the man in the door which some malignant sculptor might have modeled in pure spite, pinching it viciously here and there into sharp angles of grotesqueness; yet in the eyes Brent recognized keenness and determination.

The newcomer casually inquired for the station-agent. One of the fellows stared at him morosely, making no reply. The other, however, supplied the curt information:

"He's done gone out ter git him a snack ter eat."

"I'm looking for a man named Holloway," said Brent. "He's a big, upstanding fellow. Maybe you men know him?"

To the mountaineers—a people who walk softly and speak low by custom—it seemed that the city man spoke with a volume and resonance quite needless in such narrow confines.

"I knows him when I sees him," admitted the man who had spoken before.

"Has he been about here to-day?"

"No."

"I'll wait till the operator gets back," announced Brent with a nonchalance difficult to maintain.

He did not take a seat, but stood studiously appraising the place, while he seemed to see little. After the depression attendant upon Bud's desertion, there had followed an almost electric keenness. Every gesture was guarded now, and every nerve set against any self-betrayal, for he felt himself fencing in the dark with wily adversaries.

He sauntered idly past the door to the baggage-room. Beyond its panels he could hear the scurry of rats among loose piles of boxes and litter.

"Sounds like the rats are having a party in there," he suggested, as if laudably resolved upon making conversation in a taciturn circle.

"Mebby they be."

Still only one of the countrymen had spoken a syllable.

"I'd like to put a good rat-dog in there and watch him work!" laughed Brent, turning again to face the door, as if he found fascination in the thought.

He idly laid his hand on the knob, as if to open the door, but he went no further. Just at the side of the lintel hung a broken and extremely dirty mirror, and a quick glance into its revealing surface told him a significant story. He saw the man with the pinched features reach swiftly behind him and slide a rifle away from its concealed place against the wall. He saw the other's hand go flashlike under his coat and under his left armpit. He caught in both faces a sudden and black malignity which told him beyond question that they would not play, but would kill.

Of course, too, he knew why, and he made a point of standing there with every evidence of having seen nothing and suspecting nothing.

After that first glance he also carefully avoided the mirror, which might work revelation to them as well as to himself. Eventually he turned, not directly toward them, but toward the other end of the room, and

carelessly walked its length, that he might give emphasis to his pretense of leisureliness before he came slowly about.

When he did so, the two men sat as before. The rifle had already disappeared. The hand that had swept holsterward had swept out again. Both faces were blankly unconcerned.

Brent dropped into a chair near the door and listened as the clatter inside increased. The rats scrambled about with a multiplicity of light, gnawing sounds and the clicking of boxes or other objects unstably balanced. Then, slowly, the clicking ceased to be random. It differed from the other little noises only to Brent's practised ears. That was not because his ears were keener than the other men's, but because to them there was no comprehensible connection between a faint tapping and the sequence of raps that spells words in the Morse code.

It was strange that from rats at play should issue the coherent sense of consecutive telegraphy!

Brent had been on the *qui vive*, steadied against any self-betrayal; but now he struggled against the impulse to tremble with excitement. His fingers, gripping the chair-arms, threatened to betray him by their tautness. He could feel cold perspiration dripping down his body. He crossed his legs and slouched more indolently into his chair, in the attitude of a bored and vacant-minded man; but as he sat his brain was focused on the clicking.

"Am tied up here," spelled out the dots and dashes from the baggage-room. "If you understand, scrape chair on floor."

Brent shifted his seat noisily.

"She is caught."

There was a pause there.

"How can he be doing it?" Brent questioned himself.

Inside, bound to his chair, with cuffed wrists, Holloway went on sending—rapping with a pipe-stem between parted rows of strong teeth.

"She is held in mine back of gap."

The pressure of concentrating on that faint but infinitely important sound, and the need of maintaining a semblance of weary dulness, were trying Brent's soul. He thanked Heaven for the taciturnity of his companions.

"Get there with all men possible. As for me—"

Brent came suddenly and noisily to his feet, for just then the operator appeared in

the doorway, and it would not do for the message to continue after his coming.

"Well, here comes the man I've been waiting for!" he announced loudly. Once more the clatter in the baggage-room became the random sounds made by rats at play. "I wanted to ask you if you had any message for William Brent from a man named Holloway," he inquired.

Receiving a brief negative, he turned toward the outer door. An exit under such circumstances is always difficult. To curb the urge of haste, to remain casual under lynxlike eyes, is a trying task. Any slip now, and Brent might find himself in the same durance as Holloway. When he breathed the outer air, it was with a deep-drawn sigh of relief for delivery out of peril.

When he had established connection with O'Keefe and had given him the main facts—withholding, however, his sources of information—he said:

"We must get Holloway free before we start."

"Like thunder we must!" exploded Jerry. "So long as he lays thar, they'll figger they've done fooled us an' beat us. Ef we take him out, thar'll be men in the la'rel all the way we've got ter go, pickin' us off in the dark!"

"You're right," assented Brent. "But the poor fellow's been there all day, I guess."

"Waal, then, a leetle more hain't goin' ter hurt him none."

Fifteen minutes later, leaving separately, but timed to come to a rendezvous near the point of attack, a good dozen men were on the trail to the gap.

Through wet and chilly thickets O'Keefe led Brent at a gait that made his heart pound. There was a battle-joy in the mountaineer's eyes; and in them, too, was something else inspired by certain dreams of the girl whom he had seen only once, and whom he had told himself he meant to marry.

Over broken gulches and along precipitous paths he led the way buoyantly. Now and then he broke into low and almost inaudible crooning of an ancient love-song.

XIV

VAINLY the crew of highwaymen in the mine awaited the arrival of the pretended rescuer who was to take their captive off their hands and relieve them of the necessity of murder. It had been understood that Jase was to employ only a few attackers

in the accomplishment of this knightly deed. Few men could be spared from other duties, and the smaller the force that he led to victory the more lustrous would be his glory of achievement. There was to be a great deal of shooting and shouting through the narrow entrance to the place, and the exaggerating echoes of the rocks would multiply this into a convincing din of battle.

The alleged Kuklux clansmen were to fight their way out, leaving their prisoner behind. In the ensuing confusion—but not until then—the saddle-bags were to disappear.

It was all very simple and prettily adjusted, but the difficulty was that Jase had failed to arrive, and the act was lagging without its climax.

He failed because of unforeseen events. Pending the cue for his entrance, he and his fellow heroes were being employed as sentries guarding the approaches to the place against invasion by outsiders. Jase himself had for several hours been lying as flat as a lizard under a matted clump of laurel at the edge of a cliff, overlooking a ford which could not be rapidly crossed. His function was to see to it that no one passed there whose coming might prove an embarrassment. The rawness of the air caused his bones to ache and his muscles to cramp, but he had been steadfast. He was playing for high stakes.

Finally two horsemen had appeared—and they were two who must not pass. One of them was Brent, the other was Bud Sellers. So Jase had opened fire and Bud had returned it—returned it and fled.

That left the sentinel with a result half successful and half disastrous, and made it necessary for him to make a hurried short cut to another point past which Brent must shortly ride. There he would finish the matter of disputing the road.

Mallows drew himself out of his cramped ambush and started for his new station; but before he had taken many steps a sudden and violent feeling of distress assailed him. In surprise and vague alarm he pressed his hand to his side, and it came away blood-covered. He stopped and took account of his condition—and found himself shot in the chest.

In the excitement of the moment he had not felt the bullet's sting, but now he was becoming rapidly and alarmingly weak. He stumbled on, but several times he fell, and each time it was with a greater effort that

he regained his feet. He clamped his teeth and pressed doggedly forward, but the ranges began to swim in giddy circles and a thickening fog clouded his eyes. Finally he dropped and did not rise again.

As night fell in the mine, the temper of the men there became increasingly ugly. Some had recourse to the flasks that they carried in their pockets. As their blood warmed into an alcoholic glow, their eyes, through the slits in their masks, began dwelling on Alexander's beauty of face and figure with a menacing and predatory greed.

Alexander McGivins was in the most actual and imminent peril.

The girl's hands were no longer bound. When the commander of the group realized that her imprisonment was not to terminate so soon as had been planned, he had been magnanimous to the extent of freeing her wrists, but he had granted her no further extension of freedom.

The prisoner had given them no satisfaction of weakening nerve, but in her heart she felt a growing fear as the time lengthened and the men went on drinking their fiery moonshine. The pack was growing restive—openly restive, now. After still another council among the more important bandits, the leader came over and made an announcement.

"The clan aims now ter discuss yore case amongst themselves. We air goin' ter leave four men hyar ter keep watch over ye whilst we're away; an' them four has orders ter kill ye if ye seeks ter escape!"

Raising his hand above his head, he turned and marched out through the shaft's opening. Behind him, trailing in single file and dead silence, trooped all the henchmen save the four left on guard. Alexander noted with a certain degree of satisfaction that her saddle-bags were not removed by those who departed.

The blazing pine torches went out with the procession, leaving the cavern gloomily shadowed. The only light now came from two lanterns; and the girl sickened with the realization that at least one of her jailers was drunk.

As soon as the withdrawal of the chieftain brought a loosening of discipline, he lurched over toward her, and, crossing the trickle of running water, bent forward and stared brazenly into her face. Only his eyes were visible, but they were menacing and bestial.

Presently he thrust out a hand and stroked the white shoulder which the torn

clothing had left bare. Instantly, in a transport of white-hot fury, the girl sprang sideways and sought to drag the mask from his face. Sudden as he was, the fellow still held to his instincts of self-protection. He seized her in a violent grip, pinioning her arms at her sides.

In Alexander's lithe body dwelt a strength quite sufficient for a fair fight, and had it been a fair fight she would probably have made short work of the drunken ruffian. Caught unexpectedly as she was, she still writhed and twisted, fighting with savage knee-blows until she had freed her right hand; and then she struck out with no feminine uncertainty. The fellow reeled back, and Alexander followed him up with lightning speed.

She had become a fury animated by a single purpose. She meant to unmask her assailant and register his face for a future reprisal of death. The man, recognizing that at all costs he must prevent that recognition, was compelled to throw both elbows across his face and to bear without further retaliation the blows she rained upon him—and soundly effective blows they were.

The thing happened quickly, and for an instant the other three stood looking on in astonishment—even with amusement at first. But as the fellow backed across the tiny brook, he tripped and fell sprawling, and his outthrown hand carried down and extinguished one of the lanterns from its precarious niche on a narrow shelf of rock.

Alexander, making the most of her brief moment, leaped across the body that had gone down, and recovered, from its place on top of the saddle-bags, the pistol that had been taken from her at the time of her capture.

The three who had so far remained non-combatants could maintain that rôle no longer.

"Drop thet gun!" yelled one, as their own weapons leaped out.

Alexander had thrown herself to the ground, and at the same instant she fired a single shot—not at any one of her jailers, but at the sole remaining lantern, which was only ten feet distant. Then, as the place went black, she came to her feet and plunged through the darkness to the opposite wall, where she had marked a pulpit-like rock that would give her temporary shelter.

She guessed rightly that for a while, at

least, since she was known to be armed, there would be hesitation in the relighting of lanterns and even in the striking of matches. As a matter of fact, the caution of her enemies went still further. The cave remained dark and silent. There was no sound of voices, no perceptible sign of movement.

Alexander herself was groping warily for the rock, setting down each foot with extreme care. At last she gained the protection that she sought and waited. She wished she might have regained her rifle, but that had not been lying within reach when she made her hurricane entrance into action.

There remained five cartridges in her revolver. Somewhere there in the inky-blackness about her were four men, presumably ammunitioned without stint. Also their confederates would shortly return, bearing flambeaux—and then her little moment of advantage would end. Even if every cartridge at her command went fatally home, the supply was inadequate to cope with such numbers.

The silence hung with a suspense that was well-nigh unendurable. When, for a second time, the filthy wings of a bat brushed her cheek, she had to bite the blood out of her lips to stifle an outcry.

As black and seemingly as lifeless as the coal which men had sought there was the cavern where she crouched. Alexander wondered why the sound of her pistol, which must have thundered in ragged echoes through the shaft, had not brought back the other men. She was trapped, and there was no conceivable possibility of escape. At the touch of unclean fingers she had seen red and struck out—and the rest had followed as an avalanche follows a slipping stone.

At last, when the breathless stillness could no longer be borne, she cautiously stooped and raked her hand back and forth until it came in contact with a loose piece of rock. She felt that she must force those silent antagonists to some sort of action, so she tossed the missile outward. As it struck with a light clatter, a waiting pistol barked, and Alexander's own weapon roared back at the tiny spurt of flame.

Instantly, too, three others spoke, aimed at her flash, and she heard the spatter of lead against stone close beside her. In the confined space the fusillade bellowed blantly, and slowly diminishing echoes lin-

gered after the firing itself ceased. Then once more there settled down a silence more trying than gunnery.

Slowly an idea dawned in the girl's mind, and strengthened into conviction. If the main group who had trailed out with torches had been anywhere near, the noise in the cavern must have recalled them in hot haste. The fact that they had not come back must indicate that they had never meant to return. They had permanently departed, leaving her in the hands of a quartet selected as a robbing-party and an execution-squad.

With that realization the matter resolved itself into a new phase. Alexander would eventually be murdered here in this rat-hole unless she could, one by one, shoot to death the four unseen men who were her jailers there. Four enemies stood between herself and freedom—and four cartridges were left in her weapon.

At last she crept cautiously out and made her tedious way back to the center of the rocky chamber. She must do something, and the audacious plan that she had formed involved the need of a light. If she ran against one of the men, her pistol was ready.

After much noiseless groping she came upon the overturned lantern. Back in her sheltering niche she boldly struck a match and kindled the wick. Still, as she reached up and set the lantern on a shelf of rock, the unbroken silence held.

She had hoped to draw her enemies' fire and to account for at least some of them; but now, as she peeped cautiously out, she found to her astonishment that except for herself the cavern was empty. She also became sure of another thing—her saddlebags had gone.

She came out then, and, having repossessed herself of her rifle, took up a position well to one side of the mouth of the chamber, where any one who entered must pass her muzzle. She did not venture into the passage itself, because she was sure that that way lay an ambush.

Presently, besides the sickly illumination within, she recognized a new waver of light that came from beyond the entrance. There was a slight sound—apparently that of very stealthy feet—and the light drew slowly nearer.

Alexander hastened back to her rock, holding close to the walls of the cavern as she went. Then, ensconcing herself there, al-

most invisible in the shadow, she waited with parted lips and a cocked rifle.

XV

TIME had hung heavy on Jack Halloway's hands after he had heard Brent announce his departure. The chair scraped on the floor had been his only assurance that the other man had understood him, and even that might possibly have been a mere coincidence. Still, Brent's promptness in cutting him off on the arrival of the operator had seemed a hopeful sign indicating team-work.

Halloway had declared himself a man who took joy in the savage strain that civilization had failed to drive out of his nature. Now that strain was mounting into volcano stirrings presaging an eruption. If he could free himself, there would ensue a tempest of wreckage about that railroad-station such as Samson brought down with the pillars of the Philistines' house in Gaza. Unfortunately, however, no chances had been taken in his binding.

He fell to wondering what his captors intended to do with him. Except in extremity, they would hardly murder him out of hand; and yet to explain to him why they had treated him so roughly would be a delicate matter. It was to be remembered that the operator could not have suspected that his captive had read the wire. So far as that backwoods Machiavelli could have divined, there was no link connecting himself with the conspiracy to rob. He probably thought that when the time came he could readily clear his skirts.

Night had fallen when at last the prisoner heard the door open and saw the agent enter, accompanied by two of the gunmen who had been his companions in the morning. They had a lantern, and the telegraph man held a heavy file in his hand. Halting before the bound figure, he spoke slowly and with a somewhat shamefaced note of apology.

"I reckon I've got ter pray yore forgiveness, stranger," he began. "A right mean sort of mistake 'pears ter hev took place—but hit war one I couldn't help without I defied the law."

"How's thet?" demanded Halloway shortly.

"When thet message come from the town marshal at Coal City," his informant went on, "he warned thet the man he wanted was a violent feller, and we'd better take no

chances. Thet's why we fell on ye so severe an' tied ye up so tight."

"Waal"—Halloway was schooling his demeanor warily into the middle course between a too-ready forgiveness and a too-bellucose resentment—"waal, what air ye cravin' my pardon fer, then?"

"We've done heard ergin from Coal City. The town marshal says thet hit war all a fool mistake, and thar hain't no sufficient grounds ter hold ye on. He bids me set ye free forthwith."

"Go on, then, and do hit. I've done hed a plenty of settin' here strapped ter this cheer!"

But the operator hesitated.

"Afore I turns ye loose, I'd like ter feel plumb sartin thet ye hain't holdin' no grudge."

Halloway knew that should he seem easily placated, he would not be believed; so he spoke with a voice of stern, yet just determination.

"So help me God, I aims ter demand full payment fer this hyar day—but I aims ter punish the right man. Ye says ye only acted on orders from an officer, don't ye?"

"Thet's true as text."

"All right, then—ye hain't the man I'm atter, ef thet's so. Mistakes will happen. As ter the other feller, I kin bide my time fer a spell. I reckon my wrath won't cool none!"

The station-agent heaved a sigh of relief.

"Hit's a right unfortunate thing," he declared sympathetically. "I've been studyin' erbout hit, an' I said ter myself, what ef some enemy of yourn sent both them messages?"

This seemingly innocent suggestion was by way of discounting the future when Halloway learned that the town marshal knew nothing of the matter.

The operator bent and unfastened the bindings about the prisoner's ankles and waist. That left only the handcuffs, and when he came to them once more a note of apologetic anxiety crept into his voice.

"The key ter them things is lost," he deprecated. "The best I kin do fer ye air ter file the chain. Ye kin stick yore hands in yore pockets, though, an' nobody won't see 'em."

"Thet's good enough fer the present time," assented Halloway. "Ef ye'll loan me thet file, I'll git 'em off myself, later on."

So, while the giant stood with outstretched hands, the other filed through a

link in the middle of the chain. Then the four men left the baggage-room and went into the outer office. Its door was closed, but Halloway, who walked ahead, laid a hand on the knob and paused to inquire, without rancor:

"I reckon ye aims ter give me back my gun, don't ye?"

The operator promptly produced the weapon from the drawer of his table. Halloway made no examination to see whether it came back to him full-chambered or empty. He had his guess on that score, but he wished to appear unsuspicious just now, so he thrust the thing into its holster.

Then, deliberately, he turned the key in the door—and for a time that was his last deliberate act. Seizing the fellow who stood nearest him, he swung him forward and held him as a partial shield before his own body.

"Thar's three of ye hyar," he announced in an abruptly ominous voice, "and one of me. Ef any man makes a move ter draw a gun, I aims straightway ter break this feller's neck. Don't let no man move from where he stands at!"

Astonishment enforced a momentary obedience, save that the man upon whose shoulders the gigantic hands lay—not as yet heavily—attempted to squirm away. Iron fingers bit into his flesh, and, wincing, with a smothered yell of pain, he stood trembling.

Halloway passed one hand over his hostage's shoulder and drew the pistol from its holster. Then he sent the fellow spinning from him like a top, and covered the others, who huddled close together.

"Yore guns—grip fust—an' speedily!" he directed, in a voice that carried terror and brought immediate obedience.

"Ye promised us thet ye wouldn't hold us accountable," whined the operator.

Halloway laughed, as he unloaded the captured pistols and tossed them into a corner.

"What I promised war not ter visit no revengeance on the wrong fellers," he corrected. "Never mind how I knows hit, but I does know thet no message ever come from the Coal City town marshal. The one that did come told about a plot ter layway an' rob a woman—an' the three of ye war in on hit!"

The terror of the unaccountable and wholly mystifying situation held the miscreants in its paralysis. In no conceivable way could the giant stranger have learned these things, yet he knew them, and the

three men wondered what else he might know. But Halloway allowed them little leisure for reflection.

"I've done throwed away them guns. I reckon ye knows whether mine's loaded or not—I don't. Now the four of us air goin' ter hev a leetle frolic, right hyar an' now—a leetle four-cornered fight, fist and skull fashion!"

He walked across, locked the baggage-room door, and dropped the key into his pocket.

"Come on, boys, let's start right in!" he invited. "Fer yore own sakes hit's kinderly a pity ye couldn't git these irons off'n me. They're right apt ter scar somebody up!"

They knew that to get out they must fight their way out; and, after all, they were three against one. Flinging a heavy chair above his head, the quickest-witted of the trio hurled himself forward to the attack.

From Halloway's eyes shot bolts of battle-lust, and from under the downward sweep of the improvised weapon he glided as a trout slips away from a startling shadow. Before the chair-wielder had recovered his equilibrium, Halloway seized him up as a grown man might seize a small child, and hurled him headlong at the operator, so that the two went down in a tangle of writhing bodies.

The third man had not been idle. As Halloway straightened and wheeled, he met the lunge of a snarling adversary with a lifted and wickedly gleaming dirk.

As the knife flashed down, the dodging Goliath felt its sting in his left shoulder—but only with a glancing blow which had been aimed at his throat. Blood was let, but no great hurt done, save that it roused him to a veritably demoniac fury. The embrace in which the wielder of the blade was folded was like the snapping of a bear-trap. Almost instantly its victim dropped his weapon and hung gasping, with broken ribs and stifled lungs.

Halloway cast him aside and wheeled again with lowered head, for the two other men were at him afresh with whatever weapons came to their hands. They attacked with the violence of desperation.

The fallen figure lay quiet enough, but the remaining three swept in tempestuous chaos about the place. The table was wrecked; the furniture shattered; all the fighters were bleeding and panting. One of Halloway's foes bore on his face the brand-like marks of handcuffs; the other had a

great welt across the forehead, left there by the heavy file.

At the end one figure straightened up, his task ended, while behind him lay three who would not soon be ready to fight again. Unlocking the door, Halloway let himself out into the night.

He paused on the platform to draw a long breath of cool air. Then, plunging his hands deep into his pockets, he strolled along whistling. But when he had come to the edge of the town and the road toward Wolfpen Gap, he broke into a run.

XVI

ALEXANDER stood waiting in her rocky niche, wondering who these men might be who were approaching with such an extremity of caution. For a time suspense chilled her very heart, but when finally two figures slipped through the mouth of the tunnel, with cocked rifles thrust out before them, her taut nerves relaxed. One of them was Will Brent. He moved cautiously, and seemed to have no great relish for the adventure. The other, his eyes agleam with eagerness for battle, was Jerry O'Keefe.

As both scanned the narrow and seemingly deserted area between the coal-seamed walls, their faces became heavy with disappointment. Other men followed them until eight or ten had crowded into the cavern.

"We're too late," Brent said in a tone of dejection. "They've been here and gone."

Alexander, peering silently over the top of her rock, missed the face of Bud Sellers, the one man whom she wholly trusted. She told herself that to suspect Brent or O'Keefe was ungenerous, yet out of her recent vicissitudes an exaggerated instinct of caution had been born, and she waited to judge the complexion of affairs before she revealed herself.

Jerry's engaging face grew vengefully dark as he turned toward Brent and spoke apprehensively.

"The place stinks with burned gunpowder! Do ye reckon she showed fight, an' they hurt her? Afore God, men, ef that's true, I aims ter do some killin' my own self! I hain't niver seed her but wunst, but I aims ter wed with thet gal!"

Then, with a laugh that pealed through the place and brought the startled men around her, Alexander emerged from her concealment.

"I almost feels sorry thet they didn't

finish me, ef that's the fate that's in store fer me!" she announced.

Her eyes squarely met those of Jerry O'Keefe, and he reddened furiously. At once Brent began asking and answering questions, and in that diversion of attention the young mountaineer found escape from his discomfiture. The rescue party had encountered none of the men who had so recently vacated the mine. Outside the woods were "masterly wild and la'relly" and ridged with cavernous crags. The conspirators had evidently scattered and melted from sight.

But Alexander's face grew serious and pained as she gave her most important information.

"You men come a leetle too late. I driv' 'em off, but them that went last tuck my saddle-bags away with 'em."

Brent's only response was a gesture of despair. After all the plotting and counter-plotting, all the dangers and hardships; after all her own gallant efforts, the girl had lost the game!

He looked at her as she stood there repressing, under a stoical blankness of expression, emotions which he thought must give her a wormwood bitterness of spirit.

"We're wasting time here," he announced after a brief pause. "They can't have gone far. We must comb these woods!"

But Alexander shrugged her shoulders.

"Thar hain't no possible way of runnin' 'em down ter-night," she said. "They've scattered like a hover of pa'tridges that's been shot at, an' whichever one's got them saddle-bags is in safe hidin' afore now. I've got one more plan yit, but hit's fer ter-morrer. Let's go back thar an' sot thet Halloway feller free."

But half-way back they met a gigantic figure whose wrists jangled with the clink of steel chains as he swung his long arms. Halloway was calm—even cheerful—of mood, now that he had appeased his wrath; nor did he seem very much concerned as to what might be the fate of the trio he had left behind him.

The sky had cleared and a moon had risen. No longer refusing the attendance of her body-guard, Alexander insisted upon pushing on through Viper to her kinsman's house at Perry Center. It was as well that her foes should imagine her forces in full flight.

Though they had all spent arduous days and nights, they made the last stage of the

trip at an excellent rate of speed. After Wolfpen Gap and its vicinity had been left behind, the forest-clad wilderness changed abruptly, as it so often does in Appalachia, to higher ground, where the roads ran through almost parklike stretches, now silver and cobalt under a high moon.

Jerry O'Keefe had friends at Perry Center whose doors would open to him and his companions even at this inhospitable hour between midnight and dawn. When they left Alexander at her threshold, she paused for a moment and turned with the moonlight on her face.

"Boys," she said softly, "I'm beholden ter every one of ye! Even ef we fails atter all, hit hain't because we didn't try hard; an' we hain't done yit."

Two of the men to whom she spoke were gazing at her with rapt eyes. O'Keefe, on that moonlit night, was riding in a gallop of bold dreams, with hymeneal visions in his mind. Halloway's thoughts would perhaps have suffered by comparison, but they were no less romantic. Later, when he and Brent lay on the same pallet in the cockloft of a log house, he heaved a deep sigh and gave rein to his fancy.

"I'm going away from here," he announced; "and Heaven knows I shall miss her as a man misses the brilliance of tropic seas or the luster of tropic skies!"

"I thought you boasted that you meant to stay," commented Brent drowsily.

"I did—but I'm not sheer fool. I told you that I had gaged my entrance with a nicety of judgment for dramatic values. I shall regulate my exit with the same sense. She likes to think herself a man, which means that she hasn't waked up yet; but some day she will."

Brent was too far gone to reply, and Halloway's own voice became heavy with coming sleep.

"She's had adventures that she won't forget. If we go away, her imagination will be at work. Later, when spring comes and the sap rises—and the birds—the birds—"

There the voice trailed off into the incoherence of slumber.

Jase Mallows, too, was sleeping at that hour, and it was only by a lucky chance that it was not his final sleep.

The terrane over which the group of highwaymen had been operating had centered about the mine just above Wolfpen Gap. The distances between all the points in-

volved had been comparatively short, save as prolonged by the broken formation of mountain and chasm, of precipice and gorge. On all hands were caves and thickets, and the gap itself was what local parlance termed a "master shut-in."

When the chief body of pretended Ku-klux operators had trailed out of the mine, they removed their masks and scattered into the forest. They could, if need exacted, have remained there for days, safe from discovery, each in his separate hiding-place. One unfamiliar with this country of aerie and lair may wonder at the stories of men hiding out successfully, but one who knows it marvels only that any man who has taken to the wilds is ever captured.

One of the last to leave stumbled on an inert and prostrate body in the dark as he crossed a ridge not far away. Cautiously he investigated, and recognized Jase Mallows, who was unconscious and had lost much blood.

His confederate paused, in a quandary as to what disposition to make of him. When to-morrow's news leaked out, wounded men would 'be suspected men, and those who accompanied them might share in that suspicion. Yet to desert a comrade in that fashion was abhorrent even to the slack conscience of the desperado; so he grudgingly hefted the burden of the senseless figure and plodded under its weight to the nearest cabin. There he told an imaginative story of how he had stumbled on his gruesome find in the open highroad. Of course, he knew nothing whatever of the injured man or of the cause that had led to his wounding.

Early the next morning Brent, Halloway, and O'Keefe went to consult with Alexander as to the next step. None of them meant to give up after going this far, and the men fretted for immediate action; but Alexander, to their mystification, shook her head.

"Not yit," she ruled. "I'm waitin' hyar now fer tidin's thet may help us."

While they stood in the yard of the log house, a figure appeared plodding slowly along the roadway. The girl's eyes were bent on it with a fixed anxiety. It came with such a weary lagging, such a painful shuffling of feet, and such an exhausted hanging of head, that Brent at first failed to recognize Bud Sellers. The young man's left arm hung with the limpness that denotes a broken bone.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the timber-buyer under his breath. "I should hardly think he'd have the nerve to show himself here!"

But Bud looked only at the girl. He was on foot now, but over his shoulders hung his saddle-bags. He halted and threw them at Alexander's feet.

"My mule got shot out from under me," he informed her quite simply, "an' I busted an arm. Hit war a right mean trip. Open them bags."

Alexander obeyed, and drew out a parcel bound in brown paper, bearing the bright-red spots of the bank's sealing-wax.

"I reckon, men," she said quietly, "we won't hev ter sot out afresh."

Brent, Halloway, and O'Keefe gazed stupidly at one another. Incredulous amazement and perplexity tied their tongues. Finally Halloway found his voice to stammer:

"What's done happened? How did Sellers git hit?"

Then Alexander threw back her head and let her laughter peal out.

"He's done hed hit all the time," she announced. "You fellers has done been stanch friends ter me, an' I've got ter crave yore forgiveness ef I hain't trusted ye full an' free from the start." She paused. "But, ye see, ye forewarned me erg'inst them real robbers, an' Jase Mallows forewarned me erg'inst *you*. I 'lowed he war lyin', but I couldn't take no chances. Thar war jest one feller I knowed I could trust without question, an' thet feller was Bud; so he tuck the money, an' thet bundle I rid away from the bank with was jest make-believe. I aimed ter lead 'em over a false trail!"

"Outwitted the pack of us!" bellowed Halloway gleefully. "Afore God, I takes my hat off ter ye! But why didn't ye suffer some man ter tote the dummy bundle?"

"Ef airy man had undertook hit," she responded gravely, "they'd most likely hev kilt him first an' s'arched him atterward."

Bud had dropped down on a step of the stile that led from the road to the yard. His heavy-lidded eyes were full of weariness and pain. His limp arm sagged.

"Thet's why I run away, Mr. Brent," he said slowly. "I had to. Two of us couldn't cross thar without goin' slow, an' I couldn't let them saddle-bags git lost."

"So ye couldn't be quite sure who you could trust!" repeated Halloway. "I hope ye knows now."

But Brent, watching the light in the great

fellow's eyes, did not miss their hungry gleam, and in a low voice he said:

"Jack, I'm not sure yet."

XVII

THE conspiracy fathered by Lute Brown and Jase Mallows had its inception in a small coterie of miscreants whose ambitions had been stirred to avarice by the prospect of sharing among them a sum of four thousand dollars. Ramifications of detail had necessitated the use of a larger force—a force so large, indeed, that anything like an equal distribution of booty would have eaten unduly into the profits of the principals. Therefore the rank and file of the band were merely mercenaries, working for a flat wage, and a modest wage at that.

In such an enterprise the danger of mutiny always looms large, and the bludgeon of blackmail lies ready to the hand of the mutineer. Therefore, to Lute and those in his closest confidence, the actual handling of the money had been a matter of much thought. When the leader ordered most of his men out of the mine, he took with him those of whom he had felt least sure, and left the saddle-bags to the custody of those whom he considered his most reliable followers. His estimate had been seventy-five per cent accurate. One only of the four was untrustworthy.

Lute himself had designated the custodian of the treasure, and had fixed a rendezvous at a long-abandoned and decaying cabin in a remote and thicketed locality. Shortly before dawn he arrived there, unaccompanied, and expecting to find his man awaiting him; but complications had developed.

The quartet who left the mine last held a hurried conference outside, and the squad-leader explained that the very essence of precaution now lay in their separating and seeking individual cover. Two of the men concurred, but the fellow who had attacked Alexander had become insurgent through drink, chagrin, and cupidity.

"Boys," he darkly suggested, "we warn't hired ter go through no sich rough time as we've done encountered. I reckon these fellers owe us right smart more than what they agreed ter pay fust off. Moreover, what sartainty hev we got thet we're goin' ter git anything at all?"

They argued with him, but his obduracy stood unaffected.

"Thet small sheer thet I agreed ter take hain't ergoin' ter satisfy me now," he trucu-

lently protested. "I aims ter go along with the money hitself, an' ter git paid off without no sort of dalliance. I aims ter get my own price, too!"

Finally, since they could not overlook the menace of disaffection, the leader agreed to take this man to Lute Brown for an adjustment of the dispute; and the two set off together, while the other two left them at a fork of the trail. On the way to the cabin, the disgruntled one drank more moonshine liquor.

When they arrived there, the place was seemingly empty; for Lute, watching with hawklike vigilance, had made out that two men, instead of one, were approaching. Not knowing what this meant, he had slipped out through a back door into the darkness. A lantern without a chimney burned in the deserted cabin, and showed the two newcomers that there was no one waiting there.

To the excited and suspicious member of the band this seemed an indication of broken faith. Perhaps, after all, he had been lured here to be paid off with treachery and murder!

"So ye lied ter me!" he bellowed in an access of passion. "Hit war jest like I thought! Now I aims ter take hit all myself!"

Snatching out a knife, he hurled himself on his comrade. The other man dropped the saddle-bags and fumbled for his pistol, but before it cleared the holster they had grappled and were stumbling about the room.

Lute, watching from without, considered this the moment for intervention. He appeared in the door with drawn revolver, shouting out for an end to the struggle. Unfortunately, it was only his loyal adherent who heeded his voice, and the other, freed from the grip that had held him in chancery, stabbed twice before the object of his attack collapsed.

Then Lute fired. Before that moment he would have had to fire through the loyal man to reach the traitor. The delay was fatal, for the shot missed its target, and in another moment Lute, too, fell under a furious blow of the knife.

The murderer stood for a moment, panting heavily. Then, still unsteady of step from his exertions, he picked up the saddle-bags, ransacked them with frenzied haste, and plunged out of the door with a package that bore spots of red sealing-wax. He did not stop to open it, for at any moment

others of the band might arrive and discover his crime. Just now the vital thing was flight.

When, at length, deep in the forest, he judged it safe to strike a match, he ripped open the bundle, over which so many men and one woman had fought. It contained only tightly packed newspapers and a few small pieces of broken brick, added to give it the plausibility of weight.

In accordance with his plan of leaving the stage before his presence lost dramatic effect, Holloway did not offer to go all the way back to Shoulderblade Creek with Alexander. He accompanied her to a point where the dangers of her journey were over, and then said farewell to her, leaving her still under the escort of Brent, Bud Sellers, and O'Keefe.

"I reckon," he announced abruptly, as they stood on the crest of a steep hill, "I'll turn back hyar. I don't dwell over yore way, an' thar hain't no use fer me ter fare further. I'll bid ye farewell—an' mebbby some day all us fellers 'll meet up again!"

Alexander was surprised, and a sharp little pang of disappointment shot through her breast. She did not analyze the emotion, but just then, and with no reason that emerged out of the subconscious, she remembered the instant when she had hung to the sycamore branch and he had swept her in and pressed her close. She only nodded her head and spoke gravely.

"I reckon we'll all miss ye when ye're gone, but thet hain't no reason fer takin' ye no further off'n yore course."

Then for the first time Holloway said something that might have been construed as a compliment to the girl. He disarmed it of too great significance with a quizzical smile.

"I reckon, Alexander, thar hain't nothin' better than a good man, an' ye've done proved yoreself one; but I tell ye thar's a mighty outstandin' woman wasted when ye does hit!"

Alexander flushed. Perhaps the germ of the awakening that Holloway had predicted was already stirring into unrecognized life; but she was ashamed of the blush, and in order to cover it made a retort which was not by any stretch of the imagination a compliment.

"Thar's gals a plenty, Jack." The people of the hills fall naturally into the use of the first name. "A feller like you mout

find hisself one, ef he tried hard enough. I'll give ye some mighty good counsel, because atter all I was borned female, an' I knows thet much erbout 'em."

"Waal?"

Holloway smiled inquiringly, and the girl went on.

"Ye won't niver make no headway with none of 'em whilst ye goes round lookin' as bristly an' as dirty as a razorback hog thet's done been wallowin' in the mire. Ef ye ever got clean once, hit mout be diff'rent."

The big fellow roared with laughter as he turned to Brent.

"Kin ye beat thet now, Mr. Brent? Kin ye figger me in a b'iled shirt, with a citified shave, an' perfume on me, a settin' out sparkin'?"

None of the rest knew why Brent laughed so hard. He was trying to picture the expression that would have come to Alexander's face had she seen Jack Holloway as he himself had seen him—groomed to perfection, with pretty heads turning in theater foyer and at restaurant tables to gaze at his clean-chiseled features and godlike physique.

Bud had little to say, and after the parting the girl traveled in a greater silence than before. Both were thinking of the time, now drawing near, when they should reach the house of Aaron McGivins and learn whether or not it was a house of death. Both, too, were thinking of the man who had turned back; but their thoughts on that subject were widely different.

Then they came to the road that ran by the big house, and Joe McGivins, who had sighted them from afar, came to meet them. When Alexander saw her brother, she found suddenly that she could not walk. She halted and stood there with her knees weak under her and her cheeks pallid. The moment of hearing the verdict of life or death was at hand, and the strength that had carried her so far forsook her.

But Joe, however weak, was considerate. When, still at a distance, he saw her raise a hand weakly in a gesture of questioning and insufferable suspense, he shouted out his news:

"He's gittin' well!"

The girl groped out blindly with her hands. But for Jerry O'Keefe, who caught her elbow, she would have fallen. The taut nerves had loosened in unspeakable relief,

but for the moment it was a complete collapse.

XVIII

BRENT had left the mountains a week after Alexander's safe return, but within two months he had occasion to return, and he rode over to the mouth of Shoulderblade Branch. He had been told that Aaron McGivins, though he had made a swift recovery from his wound, had, after all, only been reprieved. The old man had recently taken to his bed with a heart attack—locally they called it "smotherin' spells"—and no hope was held out for his recovery.

As Brent rode on from the railroad toward the house, he gained later tidings. McGivins was dead.

He dismounted at the stile, to find ministering neighbors gathered there. As never before, the almost biblical antiquity of this life impressed itself on his realization. Here was no undertaker, treading softly, with skilled and considerably silent helpers. No mourning-wreath hung on the door. The rasping whine of the saw and the clatter of the hammer were in nowise muted as men who lived near by fashioned from undressed boards the box that was to be old Aaron's casket. Noisy sympathy ran in a high tide where the bereaved doubtless sought only privacy.

Alexander's face, as she met Brent at the door, was pale with the waxen softness of a magnolia petal. Though the vividness of her lips and eyes was emphasized by contrast, suffering seemed to have endowed her remarkable beauty with a sort of nobility—an exquisite delicacy that was a paradox for one so tall and strong.

The appeal of her wistful eyes struck at his heart as she greeted him in a still voice.

"I heard—and I wanted to come over," he said.

Her reply was simple.

"I'm obleeged ter ye. I wants ye ter look at him. He war a godly man an' a right noble one. Somehow his face"—she spoke slowly and with an effort—"looks like he'd already talked with God, an' war at rest."

At once she led him into the room where the sheeted figure lay upon the four-poster bed. With a deeply reverent hand she lifted the covering.

To Brent it seemed that he was looking into features exemplifying all the wholesome virtues of those men who built the republic.

The face was one of rugged strength and unassuming simplicity. Its lines bespoke perils faced without fear and privations endured without complaint. In its expression Brent recognized the simple kindness to which courtesy had been a matter of instinct, not of ceremony, and the rude nobility of the man to whom others had brought their tangled disputes, in all confidence, for adjustment.

"I understand what you mean," he declared, as his eyes traveled from the father to the daughter, "and I'm glad you let me see him."

Moving unobtrusively about, engaged in many small matters of consideration, Brent recognized Bud Sellers and Jerry O'Keefe. He himself remained until the burial had taken place, and was one of those who lowered the coffin into the grave; but when the rites had been concluded, and another day had come, Brent sought for Alexander to make his adieu.

She was nowhere about the house, and he went in search of her. He could not bear to remain longer where he must endure the pain of her stricken face. Of all the women he had ever known, she stood forth as the most unique, and in some ways the most impressive. She was undoubtedly the most beautiful. He realized now that, though they were of different planes of life, there had never been a moment since he had first seen her when he would not, save for the curb of reason, have fallen into a headlong infatuation. Now he wished only to prove himself a serviceable friend.

When he had vainly sought her about the farm, it occurred to him to go to the lonely "buryin'-ground." He found her there, but he did not obtrude upon her solitary vigil.

For Alexander was abandoning herself to one of those wild and nerve-racking tempests of weeping that come, a few times in a lifetime, to those who weep little. She had thrown herself face down on the ground beneath which Aaron McGivins slept, with her arms outflung as if seeking to reach into the grave and embrace him. As she had been both son and daughter to him, he had been both father and mother to her. Spasmodically her hands clenched and unclenched, and her fingers dug wildly into the earth.

Brent turned away and left her there. It was full two hours later before he met her and led her, passive enough now, to a place from which they overlooked the river.

Under his tactful prompting she found relief in unbosoming herself.

"He war all I hed," she rebelliously declared, "an' whilst he lived thet war enough; but now I hain't got nothin' left!"

After a little she broke out again.

"I hain't a woman, an' hain't a man. I hain't nuthin'!"

"Alexander," said Brent gently, "when I looked at your father's face in there, I was thinking of what Parson Acup once told me. He said that if your father had been a wishful man"—he used the hill phrase for ambition quite unconsciously—"he could have gone to the Legislature, perhaps to Congress."

"I reckon he mout hev hed any honors he craved," she replied. "Folks was always pesterin' him ter run fer office."

The man looked off across the valley, which was so desolate now, and which would soon be so tenderly green, so tuneful with leaf and blossom. His eyes were seeing a vision, and some of it he tried to voice.

"Suppose, Alexander, he *had* gone. Suppose he had taken his seat in Congress, instead of staying here. He would have become trusted there, too; but how different your life would have been! There would have been schools and—well, many things that you have never known."

"I hain't hankerin' fer them things," she said. Then, with a sudden paroxysm of sobs that shook her afresh, she added: "All I wants is ter hev him back ergin!"

"Now that he is here no longer, Alexander, there is something else you must let me say," Brent continued. "Perhaps you've never thought about it, but you have such a beauty as would make you famous in any city of the world. Men will come, and they won't be turned back."

For the first time since Aaron's death the old militant fire leaped into her eyes.

"Wait an' see if they won't be turned back!"

Brent smiled.

"You think that now, Alexander; but nature is nature, and there must be something in your life. You've played at being a man, and done it better than many men; but men can marry women, and you can't. Along that road lies a heart-breaking loneliness. Some time you'll see that, since you can't be a man, you'll want to be a man's mate."

She shook her head with unconvinced obduracy.

"I know ye aims ter give me kindly counsel, Mr. Brent, but ye're plumb wastin' yore breath."

The man rose.

"After all, I only came to say good-by," he told her. "You aren't going to keep men from loving you. I know, because I've tried to keep myself from doing it—and I've failed. But this is really my message. If you do change your ideas, choose your man carefully; and if you ever reach a point where you need counsel, send for me!"

Along Fifth Avenue, from Washington Square to Central Park, spring was in the air. Trees were putting out that first green which, in its tenderness of beauty, is all hope and confidence. With the tide of humanity drifted Will Brent, whom business had brought from Kentucky to New York; but his thoughts were back there in the hills where the almost illiterate Diana, who knew nothing of life's nuances of refinement and who yet had all of nature's allurements, was facing her new loneliness.

He reached a bookstore and turned in, idly looking through volumes of verse, while he killed the hour before an appointment. His hand fell upon a small volume bearing the name of Gilbert Chesterton. Opening it at random, he read the lines descriptive of the illuminated breviary from which Alfred the Great, as a boy, learned his spiritual primer at his mother's knee:

It was wrought in the monk's slow manner of
silver and sanguine shell,
And its pictures were little and terrible keyholes
of heaven and hell.

"That's what my memories of it all come to," Brent mused; "'little and terrible keyholes of heaven and hell'!"

That evening he went to dine with Jack Halloway at his club, which looked out across the avenue and the park. He had written to Halloway in advance of his coming, and by wire had received an invitation couched in terms of urgency.

This was not Appalachia, but Manhattan, and yet, when Halloway met him, Brent could not but smile at life's contrasts. The huge fellow rose from his chair to greet him, as splendid a physical thing as human eyes could look upon. There was no stubble on the face that seemed cast in smooth bronze. In lieu of the calculated slovenliness that he had affected in the hills, he was immaculate in the fineness of his linen

and the tailoring of his evening clothes. But as he held out his hand, he drawled:

"Waal, stranger, how fares matters back thar on Shoulderblade?"

Brent sketched the events that had happened there—the death of old Aaron, and the fact that Jerry O'Keefe had been trying to sell his farm near Coal City, in order, presumably, that he might take up his abode nearer the McGivins place.

Talk ran idly for a time; then Halloway rose and stood towering in the Fifth Avenue window. Beyond park and plaza the sky was still rosy with the last of the afterglow. Under the broken roof-lines of the tall buildings multitudinous window-panes were gleaming. Over it all was the warm breath of spring.

The big man's hands, idly clasped behind his back, began to twitch and finally settled into a hard grip. His shoulders heaved, and when he spoke there was a queer note in his voice.

"See the rhododendron over there in the park? Soon it will be in flower—not only *that* rhododendron, but—" He stopped abruptly. "This atmosphere is stifling me!" he cried, and then quoted, low-voiced and tense:

"May your path be straight before you,
When the old spring fret comes o'er you
And the red gods call to you!"

Into Brent's tone came something almost savage:

"I know what you're thinking. Quit it! Don't harken to the red gods. It won't do."

Slowly Halloway turned. For a moment his fine face was drawn with actual suffering. Then he nodded.

"You're quite right, Will, it won't do; but it's hard to forget—when one has seen a comet. Touch that button, if you don't mind. It's time for a cocktail."

XIX

ABOUT the lonely house of Alexander McGivins the woods were burgeoning and tuneful. Stark winter contours of landscape had become lovely with the spring, and Alexander, preparing for the activities of "drappin' and kiverin'" in the steep corn-fields, felt the surge of vague influences in her bosom.

Joe McGivins had carried a stricken face since old Aaron's death. He looked to his sister, as he had looked to his father, for direction and guidance; and though he

worked, it was as a hired man might have worked—patiently rather than keenly, and without initiative.

But keeping busy failed to comfort the empty ache in Alexander's heart, because in the grave over yonder lay all that had filled her world. There were times when her lovely lips fell into lines of irony, and when she half-consciously felt that her playing at being a man had been a bitter and empty jest. She had only forfeited her woman's rights in life, and had failed to gain the compensation of man's.

Once or twice, when she passed youthful couples, love-engrossed, on the road, she went on with a wistfulness in her eye. For such as these life held something; but in her obduracy of inexperience she felt that for her there was no objective.

Ever since she had been old enough to think at all, she had been inordinately proud of being a man, and profoundly contemptuous of the women about her, whose colorless lives spelled thralldom and hard servitude. That long-fostered and passionately held creed died hard; but insidious doubts were assailing her. She fought against them, and to outward seeming she was more the "he-woman" than ever before; but in her inner heart the leaven of change was at work.

"I've got ter be a man," she told Joe, who mildly objected, even while he leaned on her strength. "Now thet paw's gone, I hev greater need than ever ter stand squar' on my own two feet."

The youth nodded.

"I reckon ye're right," he acknowledged; "but folks talks a heap. I'm always figgerin' thet I'm goin' ter hev ter lick somebody erbout ye. I wouldn't suffer nobody ter speak ill of ye when I war present!"

Alexander looked steadily at the boy.

"I'm obleeged ter ye, but I'll do my own fightin', Joe," she told him calmly. "I'll even make shift ter do some o' yourn; an' yit—"

She paused a moment, and he inquired:

"What's on yore mind, Alexander?"

"—an' yit," she went on slowly and thoughtfully, "I'd be mighty nigh willin' ter prove the cause of ye gittin' in one or two good fights, ef hit couldn't be brought ter pass no other way."

"Paw always counseled peace, ef a feller warn't pushed too fur," he alleged in defense of his pacific attitude.

"So does I; but hit's jest on yore own account, Joe, thet I'd like ter see ye show

more sperit. Folks talks erbout *you*, too. I know what blood ye've got—commandin' blood; an' ef ye got roused up wunst, hit 'd make a more upstandin' man of ye. I knows hit's a lie, but I've heared ye called the disablest feller on Shoulderblade!" A touch of contempt stole into her voice as she added: "An' ye're paw's only son!"

He went away somewhat sulkily, but she had ignited a spark in the lad. Bred of a fighting line, the acid of self-scorn began eating into his pride. A few days later, when he halted at a wayside smithy, which was really only a "blind tiger," and came upon a drinking crowd, the ferment of his thoughts developed into action.

Sol Breck was sitting with his back turned as the boy strolled in, and it chanced that he was talking about Alexander. The girl herself, with her square sense of justice, would have recognized his comments as crude jesting, and would have passed them by unresented; but Joe had been bitterly accusing himself of timidity, and he needed sustenance for his waning faith in his own temerity.

It was characteristic of him that he should pick an easy beginning, as a timid swimmer seeks proficiency in shallow water. Sol Breck had the unenviable reputation of one who never declined battle, and never emerged from one crowned with victory. Joe hurled at him the challenge of the fighting epithet, and after a brief but animated combat had him down and defeated. Then he returned home with a swelling breast, and just enough marks of conflict upon his own person to bear out his report of counsel heeded and resolution put to the touch.

Alexander listened without interruption to the end, for Joe had told her all but the name of his adversary and the exact words that had precipitated battle; but when the narrative came to its conclusion she inquired quietly:

"What did he say erbout me?"

"Oh, hit wasn't so much what he said as the way he said hit," was Joe's somewhat shamefaced reply. "Ef hit hed been erbout any other gal, I reckon I mout hev looked over it."

"What was it?"

"He jest 'lowed that if, 'stid of wearin' pants an' straddlin' horses, ye'd pick ye out an upstandin' man an' wed him, thar mout come ter be some real men in th' fam'ly."

The girl's face crimsoned.

"I thought ye said hit war *me* ye fought erbout, Joe!"

"I did say so, Alexander."

"An' ye didn't see no aspersion thet called fer a fight—in the way them words teched *you*?"

That phase of the matter had not occurred to Joe at all. He was used to being overlooked.

"He warn't thinkin' erbout me," he lamely exculpated. "I reckon he hed hit in head thet I hain't quite twenty-one yit!"

One day shortly after that, when Joe came unexpectedly into the house, he surprised Alexander attired as he had never before seen her—in the skirts of her sex.

"Fer the Lord's sake!" exclaimed the boy. "Thet's the fust time I ever seed ye in petticoats. Looks like ye must hev on a half-score of 'em!"

"Like as not hit's the last time ye'll ever see hit, too," retorted Alexander hotly, while her cheeks flamed. "Some day I mout hev ter go down below ter some big town on business. A woman's got ter w'ar these fool things thar, an' I was practisin' so's I could l'arn ter walk with 'em flappin' round my legs!"

Yet she walked, for all the alleged difficulty, with an untrammelled and regal ease. With a sweep of hauteur she left the grinning boy, and when she returned a few minutes later she was breeched and booted as usual.

Sometimes, in these days, she went to a crest from which the view stretched for leagues over the valley, and beyond that over ridge after ridge of hills. There she thought of many things, and was very lonely. She could not have worded it, but, deep in her heart, she felt the outcry of the spring voice:

Make me anything but neuter when the sap begins to stir.

But could this be any impulse of love in Alexander? Love, she had always heard, must fix itself upon some one endearing object and lay its glamour over definite features.

The most magnificent figure of a man she had ever seen often reared itself in her thought-pictures, with its straight-limbed strength, its eaglelike keenness of eye, and its self-confident bearing.

"Ef I could really be a man," she told herself, "I'd love ter be a man like thet

Halloway feller—ef only he wasn't so plumb dirty and raggedy!"

One day, on her way back from the fields, she saw a tall figure loafing near the front door of her house. At that distance she thought that it was Halloway. It stood so tall and straight that it must be—but that was because the setting sun was in her eyes, and the man showed only in silhouette. So seen, Jerry O'Keefe—for it proved to be Jerry—suffered little by comparison with any man she knew, except Halloway.

But Alexander did not greet him with any great warmth. She was angry with herself because her heart had started suddenly to pounding at the instant when she had imagined this man to be the other. She was angry, too, with Jerry for disappointing her. So she nodded coolly and demanded:

"What's yore business hyarabout?"

Jerry was there because, since he had seen her last, he had carried no other picture in his thoughts, and now that the world was in bloom he wanted to see her against a befitting background. To that end he had sold his small farm and rented a plot and cabin near by. If there was to be no welcome for him here, he had merely sold himself out of a home.

But the gray-blue eyes were whimsical, and the mobile lips smiling. He was unrebuffed as he made a counter query.

"Kain't a feller come broguin' in hyar without some special business brings him?"

Alexander felt that she had been unneighborly, but in her memory Brent's warning had become a sort of troublesome refrain:

"Men will come, and they won't be turned back."

When she spoke, her voice was surly and her look forbidding.

"Ef ye hain't got no business hyar, ye hain't got no business hyar, an' thet's all thar air ter hit!"

"Mebby ye're the business yoreself, Alexander," he suggested, and there was a persuasive quality in his voice.

"I'm my own business, nobody else's."

In this mood that had troubled her of late, Alexander was positively combative. She was not willing to surrender her code—not willing yet to be treated as a woman.

"I hear tell thet ye've moved over hyar, bag an' baggage. Ef I kin help ye out any way, I'll seek ter convenience ye out'n a sperit of neighboriness." She spoke in a deliberate fashion that presaged a storm. As

she stood there with her head high, and her eyes undeviatingly meeting his, she had the beauty of a war goddess. "But when ye hain't got no matter of need, don't come!"

Jerry had no intention of being lightly repulsed, for his purpose of courtship had become his governing law. He had learned enough of this Amazonian woman to set himself, not to an easy conquest, but to a hard campaign. The man who, merely to be near a certain woman, sells a river-bottom farm that he has nursed into something like prosperity, and takes on rocky acres in its stead, has shown by his works the determination of his spirit.

Jerry's humorous eyes rifled with a quiet amusement.

"I didn't say thet I come without business, Alexander. Mebby I hain't stated hit yit."

"Then ye'd better state hit. Ye don't seem ter be in no tormentin' haste!"

O'Keefe thought that "tormentin' haste" in his position would probably be fatal; and yet the streak of whimsy that ran through him brought a paradoxical answer.

"My hearth's cold over thar. I come ter borry fire."

He was watching her as he spoke. Now that he no longer stood under the disadvantage of comparison with Jack Halloway, he was no mean figure of a man. One could not miss the fine, if slender, power of his long and shapely lines from broad shoulder to tapering waist. His hair curled crisply and incorrigibly, and he bore himself with a lazy sort of grace, agile for all its indolence. Alexander could not be sure whether his eyes were insolent or humble.

When he stated his mission of "borrowing fire," he used a quaint phrase eloquent of a quainter custom. It had to do with the isolated life of a land where, until recently, matches were rare, and when the hearth fire died one had to go to a neighbor's house and hasten back with a flaming fagot for its relighting.

"Ye don't seem ter hev the drive of a man borryin' fire. Why didn't ye ask Joe? I hear him in thar."

"Hit's goin' home, not comin', thet a man's got ter hasten with his fire," he reminded her. "I didn't ask Joe because—he hain't got the kind of fire my hearth needs, Alexander."

So her suspicion was true! He had been speaking not literally, but in the allegory of a suitor, and her gathering wrath burst.

"Then I hain't got hit fer ye nuther. Let yore hearth stay cold, an' be darned ter ye—an' now be gone right speedily!"

With pure effrontery the young man laughed. Into his voice he put a pretense of appeal, as he calmly stuffed his pipe with tobacco-crumbs.

"Alexander, ye wouldn't deny a man such a needcessity as fire, would ye?" he questioned.

Even as he said it, he drew from his pocket a box of matches and struck one. So he had made deliberate and calculated sport of her! Her anger saw in his presence the first insulting attack of those men who "would not be turned back," and once more the rage in her came to its boiling-point.

She wheeled and went into the house. When she came out, her face was pale to the lips and her brows drawn in a resolute pucker, while in her hands she carried a cocked rifle.

"Down yonder lays my fence-line," she autocratically told the young man, who had continued standing where she had left him. "I've got a license ter say who crosses hit. Ye've done sought ter make sport of me, an' now I commands ye ter cross the fence an' be gone from hyar!" She paused a moment, because her breath was coming fast with passion. "I warns ye nuver ter put foot on this farm ergin! I aims ter see thet ye don't; an' when ye starts away don't tarry ter look back, nuther!"

Slowly Jerry O'Keefe nodded. A man ordered from a woman's house must obey; but the twinkle had not altogether faded from his eyes and there was nothing precipitate in his movements, albeit the rifle was at ready and the girl's deep breast was heaving with unfeigned fury.

"All right!" he acceded. "I'm goin' now; but as fer not lookin' back, I wouldn't like ter make no brash promises. You're hyar, an' hit mout prove right hard ter keep my eyes turned t'other way. I'm an easy-goin' sort of feller, an' I likes ter let my glance kind of rove hyar an' thar."

Alexander's hands trembled on the gun, and her voice shook into huskiness.

"Begone!" she warned. "I kain't hold down my temper much longer."

"An' as fer comin' back," Jerry continued blandly, "thar's somethin' hyar thet 'll pull me hither stronger then guns kin skeer me off!"

The girl sat on her door-step with her rifle across her knees. Half-way to the

fence-line Jerry paused and looked back. The rifle came up—and dropped back again as Alexander belatedly pretended that she had not seen him. At the gate O'Keefe paused to turn his head again. He even waved his hat, but still Alexander saw nothing.

When she had been sitting broodingly for a long while, the cloud slowly dissipated from her face. In her eyes a twinkle of merriment battled with the fire of righteous indignation, and at last she laughed with a low, pealing note like a silver bell.

"He's an impudent, no-'count devil!" she said. "But he's got right unfalterin' nerve, an' thar's a mighty pleasin' twinkle in his eyes."

Not long after that Alexander made a journey to a near-by town. Since it was one near the railroad, she went in woman's attire, paying a new deference to public opinion, which she had heretofore scorned. She was busily occupied there all day, and her mission was one of mystery.

XX

THE earliest manifestations of spring had ripened into a warmer fulness. Everywhere the rhododendron was bloom-loaded, and the large-petaled flower of the cucumber-tree spread its waxen whiteness. Hillsides were pink with the wild rose, and underfoot violets and dandelions made a bright mosaic.

Again Alexander was approaching her door with her face set toward the sunset, and again she saw before her house the figure of a man who loomed tall, and who for a brief space remained a featureless silhouette against the colored sky.

She hastened her step a little, resolved that this time she would teach Jerry in unforgettable fashion that her edicts of banishment were final, and that they could not be lightly disobeyed; but this time it was not Jerry.

The man was Halloway. He was looking in another direction, and did not see the fleet yet instantly repressed eagerness that flashed into and out of her eyes. It was a self-collected young woman with a distinctly casual manner who confronted her visitor.

As he turned and saw her, he started impulsively forward, but recovered himself and adopted the same matter-of-fact demeanor that she had assumed.

"Howdy, Jack?" said the girl carelessly. "I didn't know ye war hyarabouts. I'd jest erbout forgot ye altogether."

"I reckon that would be a right easy thing ter do," he handsomely admitted.

Each having indulged in the thrust and parry of an introductory lie, they stood there in the sunset, eying each other in silence.

Alexander recognized a transformation in the man's appearance, and if she seemed tepid of interest, the semblance belied her throbbing pulses. Halloway was too accomplished an actor to have abandoned his pose or make-up. He must remain in character and dress the part, but he had used consummate skill in doing so. In every detail of clothing he remained the mountaineer, yet there was no longer any trace of the slovenly or unclean.

He was close-shaven and trim of hair. His flannel shirt, still open at the throat, was of good quality. The trousers that were thrust into high, laced boots were not so new as to attract undue attention, but they fitted him. The note of carelessness was maintained, but with artistry to accentuate the extraordinary effect of physique and feature. He was eye-filling and rather splendid.

Alexander felt that some recognition of this metamorphosis was expected of her, but she had no intent of admitting the true force of its impression.

"Hit's a right smart wonder I knowed ye at all, Jack, ye've done spruced up so," was the dubious compliment with which she favored him after a deliberate scrutiny. "I hain't niver seed ye with yore face washed so clean afore."

"I 'lowed I'd seek ter make a killin' with ye," he bantered easily.

She sniffed her simulated disdain. They had moved together up the steps of the porch, and he stood there looking at her, quelling the uprush of admiration and avid hunger in his eyes. Then she said curtly, for in these days she was always on the defensive, and meant to be doubly so with the man whom she secretly feared:

"Ye're in the house, now. Ef ye wants ter make a killin' with me, take off yore hat. Don't folks hev no manners whar ye comes from?"

Halloway shook his head, not forgetful that one playing a part must remain in character.

"I don't take off my hat ter no man," he replied, stressing the final word ever so lightly.

"I'm a man when I wants ter be, but when I wants manners I aims ter hev 'em," she declared.

Her visitor stood, still covered, in her presence.

"Wait hyar," she said, after a moment, and, turning swiftly, she disappeared into the house.

Floods begin slowly with trickles, but they break suddenly with torrents. A flood had seized Alexander at that moment. Perhaps she did not pause to recognize or analyze her motive. She merely acted on an impulse that had come with a sweep of conscious and subconscious tides. It was a motive that had to do with her activities that day when she had gone to the near-by town.

Halloway remained there, frankly puzzled. Unless she was acting, like himself, her interest in his arrival was pallid and lukewarm. He had counted much on appearing suddenly before her at his best, and the impression seemed to have been negligible.

Where had she gone? He asked himself that question several times during the considerable interval of his waiting. The sunset was coming to its final splendor behind the empurpled mountains. Through the blossom-laden air stole a seductive intoxication that mounted to his head. The voices of the red gods had mastered him, and he had come.

Then he saw a vision in the doorway, and his senses reeled.

Alexander stood there as he had never seen her before. She was in a woman's dress, very simple of line and unadorned; but her beauty was such as could support and glorify simplicity. Indeed, it required simplicity as a foil for its own delicate gorgeousness. The lithe slenderness of her figure was enhanced by the transformation. Her long hair hung in heavy braids that gave an almost childlike girlishness to her appearance.

Halloway thought her wholly delectable. As he stared at her, she flung him look for look and commanded:

"Now, take off yore hat!"

He tossed the thing away from him and hesitated for a moment, gazing at her, while his eyes kindled. Then, with no word, but with an inarticulate sound in his throat, he sprang forward and caught her to him in arms that would not be denied.

(To be concluded in the February number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)



ALF (COLIN CAMPBELL), MAGGIE (KENYON BISHOP), OLD BILL (MR. COBURN), BERT (CHARLES MCNAUGHTON), AND KATE (RUTH VIVIAN) IN THE LAST ACT OF THE UNIQUE BAIRNSFATHER WAR-TIME COMEDY HIT, "THE BETTER 'OLE"

From a photograph by White, New York

THE STAGE

AN UNPRECEDENTED CONDITION OF AFFAIRS IN THE THEATRICAL WORLD, DUE TO
NO FAULT OF ITS OWN, WITH A GLANCE AT SOME
MID-AUTUMN OFFERINGS

By Matthew White, Jr.

THE war and the menace of increased taxation loomed large in the managers' minds after the bustle of the opening season had begun to subside; and then, in mid-autumn, behold, an evil worse than war and taxes descended upon them out of a clear sky! The so-called Spanish

influenza stalked through the land, closing theaters from coast to coast, disorganizing vaudeville and other bookings, and causing the leading picture-producing firms to cease their output for four weeks.

The only big cities in which the theaters were not shut were New York and St. Paul.



OLIVE WYNDHAM, LEADING WOMAN WITH WILLIAM COLLIER IN HIS NEW FARCE SUCCESS,
"NOTHING BUT LIES"

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York

The epidemic scare, however, had such a deterrent effect on Broadway business that some of the managers almost begged the Health Department to order their houses closed, in which event there would be less outgo, even if there were no intake.

Strange results of this unprecedented condition of affairs were the return to Manhattan for additional performances of the Ziegfeld Follies and "Tiger Rose," because Philadelphia, to which they had betaken themselves, was one of the first cities stricken.

Despairing of finding small try-out towns open, the Selwyns took "The Crowded Hour," a vivid, war-reflecting drama by Channing Pollock and Edgar Selwyn, to Chicago. It played one night at the Woods, and next day all the theaters in the Lake City were ordered shut. The piece had a cast of thirty principals alone, so the cost of involuntarily making Chicago a one-night stand may be imagined.

In default of "dog" towns on which to experiment, some producers gave two or three preliminary performances on Broadway to audiences composed only of soldiers and sailors, whose uniforms were their passports for admission.

In the minds of some folk, so far as the falling off in New York attendance was concerned, compensation might be found in the fact that the ticket-speculators were badly stuck on their advance "buys." Life for them, in any case, has not been all peaches and cream of late. The fact that some managers control many shows results in the agencies being forced to load up with purchases for less attractive productions in order to be allowed to carry all they desire on the sure-fire hits put out by the same firm.

It was specially unfortunate that the advent of the influenza epidemic coincided with the height of the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign. The fact that the theaters did their bit in helping the loan over the top shows how hard the speakers worked in the few houses left open. President Wilson chose "The Girl Behind the Gun," at the New Amsterdam, to see when he came to New York for Liberty Day, October 12, and John E. Hazzard, one of the comedians, utilized his presence in the house for an appeal that gathered in three-quarters of a million. Without any such extraordinary aid seventy thousand dollars were obtained on the second night of "Nothing

but Lies," at the Longacre. And how Douglas Fairbanks gathered millions in New York and Washington, between which cities he flew in government planes, is matter known the country wide. There was no picture house so lowly that, while it remained open, did not do its utmost to sell bonds. In all, despite the handicap of the epidemic, the New York houses sold \$41,154,650 worth of bonds for the fourth loan.

As to the direct influence of war on the playhouse, London's experience is most cheering. A note in the *Stage* of that city for September 19 states that a chronicle of the London theaters for the four-year period of hostilities would be "a pleasing tale of prosperity." On that date "Chu-Chin-Chow" was in its third year at His Majesty's, while both "The Boy," at the Adelphi, and "The Better 'Ole," at the Oxford, were in their second. At Daly's "The Maid of the Mountains"—which lasted a bare five weeks on Broadway, by the bye—was nearing its seven-hundredth performance. Of plays from America, "Nothing but the Truth," at the Savoy, had scored its three-hundredth time, and at the Playhouse "The Naughty Wife," a practical failure in New York, had rounded out its two-hundredth representation. "Yes, Uncle," at the Shaftesbury, had even a better record, while for many months ten performances a week have scarcely sufficed to take care of the audiences anxious to see "By Pigeon Post," at the Garrick. Almost equal good fortune has waited on "The Man from Toronto," at the Duke of York's.

It may be that the abounding popularity of Ruth Chatterton will bring success to this last comedy over here, where it has been offered as the opening autumn attraction, under the new name of "Perkins," at Henry Miller's Theater. Mr. Miller appears as the *Man from Toronto*, while to Miss Chatterton falls a rôle scarcely more than a stone's throw from the one she impersonated to the delight of multitudes in "Come Out of the Kitchen."

During the early autumn she acted on the road with Mr. Miller in "A Marriage of Convenience," the spring revival of which, with Billie Burke, proved such a delightful second bill for Mr. Miller's handsome new playhouse. Miss Burke's contracts with picture concerns, and her plan to star, later on, under her husband's man-



MARGARET LAWRENCE, ARTHUR BYRON, AND FRED PERRY, AS THE WIFE, THE FRIEND, AND THE HUSBAND RESPECTIVELY IN THE HIGH-COMEDY DELIGHT, "TEA FOR THREE"

From a photograph by White, New York

agement in "The Little Clown," prevented her continuance in the Sydney Grundy costume play. Miss Chatterton took her place, and the new combination might have continued to tour indefinitely had not the influenza closed the provincial theaters, compelling Mr. Miller to find her a vehicle for New York, where his house had remained idle until past the middle of October. In "The Rainbow" and "Daddy Long-Legs," the Manhattan public had welcomed her with an enthusiasm only a trifle less warm than that which they lavished on Laurette Taylor, and even the banalities of "Come Out of the Kitchen" failed to budge her from her pedestal of popularity. It remains to be seen whether the crudities of the new piece, by one Douglas Murray, can do it.

"A dull drama, indifferently acted," said one reviewer in his next day's comment on "Perkins." "The play was taken at an exasperatingly slow tempo, which served to display to the audience the threadbare character of the text, written with no effort at any kind of literary style," said another,

while a third pathetically wrote of "moments last night, particularly in the last act, which were reminiscent of all that is painful in amateur theatricals." Produced on October 22, the 9th of November saw the end of the play so far as America is concerned, with a revival of "Daddy Long-Legs" underlined.

Press and public, on the other hand, were united in praise of another English importation from the list I have just enumerated. This was "The Better 'Ole," based on the war cartoons drawn by Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, and prepared for the stage by Bairnsfather himself and Captain Arthur Eliot. Without any pretensions toward fine writing, the observance of any dramatic rules, or the slightest attempt to adapt it to American audiences, this "romance of *Old Bill*, a fragment from France in 'two explosions, seven splinters, and a short gas attack," swept the audience off its feet on its initial performance here by the Coburns. Perhaps the best summing up of the appeal in the piece is the comment of a Scotsman resident in America:

"It's the most British and at the same time the most human thing I have seen in many moons—its very crudity lending it a barrellful of charm."

Before the war Bairnsfather was an engineer, but he entered the army in 1914,

amusement, and for the pleasure the sight of them imparted to his fellows. Then somebody suggested that possibly a larger public would like to see them, so he sent one to the *London Bystander*. To young Bairnsfather's amazement the drawing was



MARCIA VAN DRESSER, AS FREEDOM, IN THE CENTURY THEATER SPECTACLE OF THAT NAME

From a photograph by White, New York

and has seen service on every fighting-front. He was with our boys at Château Thierry and St. Mihiel, and says of them:

"I never saw a finer or more courageous lot of men."

He first began to draw cartoons suggested by experiences in the army for his own

not only printed, but he received a check for it and a request for more.

Later on his productions were collected into a book called "Fragments from France," which included the famous picture "The Better 'Ole," from which the play takes its title. It shows two Tommies



FRANCES STARR AS SALLY, THE COOK, IN "TIGER, TIGER!" THE NEW PLAY OF LONDON LIFE
WHICH IS INDEED A FAR CRY FROM MR. BELASCO'S OTHER PRODUCTION
OF SOMEWHAT SIMILAR TITLE, "TIGER ROSE"

in a shell-hole, with projectiles bursting all around them. To the complaint of one as to the discomfort of their present quarters, the other makes reply:

"Well, if you knows of a better 'ole, go to it!"

As for the play, it was staged by Percival Knight, remembered for his effective work in "Getting Together," and he is also responsible for some of the music. Reminiscent of the *Three Musketeers* are the trio of actors in the lead—*Old Bill*, of the walrus whiskers, played by Mr. Coburn; *Alf*, crazy to bestow his identification-tag on all the French girls he meets, falling to Colin Campbell; and *Bert*, with his non-workable cigarette-lighter and susceptible heart, getting a capital interpreter in Charles McNaughton. Mrs. Coburn contented herself with the French girl, *Victoire*, for "The Better 'Ole" is distinctly a man's play, although all women will love it.

I remember seeing the Coburns first something like five summers ago, when they did "As You Like It" one evening under the trees on the Columbia University campus. At that time they made a specialty of traveling about the country, giving Shakespeare by special arrangement with colleges and societies. Two seasons ago they came to Manhattan again, this time registering with a spirited performance of Molière's "Imaginary Invalid," which actually achieved a small run. Mr. Coburn hails from Savannah, Georgia, and set out to do for the United States what Ben Greet had done for England.

Captain Bairnsfather was in New York at the *première* of his play, being on his way to Australia to recruit for the British army.

As I write, announcement is made that "The Better 'Ole" removes from Greenwich Village to the Broadway region to play out the season at the Cort Theater.

A far more ambitious war piece, offered in the following week, will have passed into the discard by the time you read these lines about it. Patriotically entitled "Freedom," involving thousands of dollars in the preparation, and an enormous cast, as well as all the mechanical resources of the Century stage, the very immensity of the thing made for its undoing, and its early demise was soon announced. Rather neat, however, was the basic idea—two boys dreaming of liberty, to whom came the embodied spirit of Freedom, and showed them in a

series of twenty-three scenes what love of liberty has meant in the history of England and America.

Not mere tableaux, but actual episodes, from the time when Alfred the Great let the cakes burn in the swineherd's hut of A.D. 880, down to a scene in the British trenches in the France of 1917, were shown to the two lads, who made twentieth-century comments thereon by way of comedy relief. The three acts were entitled respectively, "England in the Making," "America in the Finding," and "America Enters the World," the whole being sponsored by Lee Shubert and Julie Opp Faversham, with some big names of the financial world in the offing. Bigger names in the cast might possibly have served the cause better, although it was manifestly out of the question to offer mere bits to men and women of high renown.

Nothing but praise went out to Marcia Van Dresser as *Freedom*, a statuesque figure to fill the eye, and declaiming her lines with a clearness of enunciation that made it a delight to listen. Miss Van Dresser returned to the speaking stage, not after an excursion into filmland, as that phrase usually implies, but from the operatic field. I recall her first as following Blanche Bates at Daly's on the second night of "The Great Ruby." Miss Bates at the opening had carried everything before her in a rôle supposed to be secondary to that of Ada Rehan, and back-stage politics demanded an instant sacrifice in the cause of peace. Of late years Miss Van Dresser had been singing in opera on the Continent, but the breaking out of the war sent her back to the United States, where she has been giving recitals.

Apropos of actors' temperament, it was whispered about in the early fall that William Collier threatened to leave his new piece, "Nothing but Lies," flat, because the author, Aaron Hoffman, would not stand for certain alterations Mr. Collier wished to make in the lines. The Longacre was left dark for some weeks, lending a certain shadow of truth to the report; but having seen the play, I find it difficult to believe that any personal desire on the part of the star to "hog" all the good things at any time prevailed.

No player with such exalted ideas of his own importance would have surrounded himself with so able a cast as assists Mr. Collier in one of the cleverest farces of



RUTH CHATTERTON, WHO HAS FALLEN BACK ON A REVIVAL
OF HER FORMER BIG SUCCESS,
"DADDY LONG-LEGS"

From her latest photograph by White, New York

business life I have laughed at in many a moon—since I saw "It Pays to Advertise," in fact. There's Rapley Holmes, who was *Canby* in the all-star revival of "Arizona," and who spent two years in "The Man of the Hour," besides an equal period with Mr. Collier in "Nothing but the Truth"; William Riley Hatch, the famous originator of the sea captain in "Paid in Full," and Grant Stewart, who not only is a sterling character actor, but has been equally successful as a playwright.

Stewart wrote two Collier farces of the past—"Caught in the Rain" and "A Little Water on the Side," and was part author of one of the earliest and brightest, if not particularly popular, war plays—"Arms and the Girl." In "Nothing but Lies" he is George Washington in the prologue and the self-important lawyer in the last act. Olive Wyndham is the leading lady, and I never before noted such close resemblance in both appearance and voice to her equally attractive sister, Janet Beecher. Miss Wyndham's first important part was *Ethel Granger-Simpson* in "The Man from Home." She was then added to the stock forces at the New Theater. More recently she was *Edith Tarleton* in Eugene Walter's thriller, "The Knife."

"Nothing but the Truth," by James Montgomery, lasted Mr. Collier two seasons, and, as I have already mentioned, is likewise a big hit with Charles Hawtrey in London. "Nothing but Lies" ought to serve both stars in similar fashion. Aaron Hoffman, its author, is a lucky man, being cowriter with Samuel Shipman of another of this season's successes—"Friendly Enemies."

In the same mid-autumn

week with the production of the Collier piece, Leo Ditrichstein added a third to his trio of temperamental-artist impersonations. First it was the pianist in "The Concert," next the opera-singer in "The Great Lover,"

two plays were acclaimed with hearty enthusiasm, the last had only a lukewarm reception, and at the end of the first fortnight Cohan & Harris, Mr. Ditrichstein's managers, wished to withdraw the piece.



MARY BOLAND, IN FRANCE WITH THE FIRST AMERICAN STOCK COMPANY OF THE OVER THERE THEATER LEAGUE, TO ENTERTAIN OUR SOLDIERS PENDING DEMOBILIZATION

From her latest photograph by Campbell, New York

and now the actor in "The Matinée Hero," written by Mr. Ditrichstein himself in collaboration with A. E. Thomas. But from present indications these good things are not to go by threes, for whereas the first

The star insisted, however, that it should have a longer trial. Did he not have a chance to declaim copious extracts from "Hamlet" in the course of the action, which had to do with the disgust of a peo-

ple's favorite who is kept playing popular parts when the soul within him longs for the classics? The outcome of the deadlock was the withdrawal of the managers and the star's decision to manage himself. If "The Matinée Hero" is still running at the Vanderbilt when you read this, you may know which party was in the right.

Mr. Ditrichstein was transferred from the German Theater in Irving Place to the English-speaking stage farther up-town something like twenty years ago, when A. M. Palmer wanted a man with a fetching little accent to play *Zou-Zou* in "Trilby." He scored an instant hit, and has advanced steadily into the lime-light ever since. He did "The Concert," "The Temperamental Journey," and "The Phantom Lover" under Belasco, then went to Cohan & Harris along with "The Great Lover," and it was for them he acted in "The King" last season.

But Mr. Ditrichstein has an anchor to windward in case it should prove that Cohan & Harris were justified in the stand they took in regard to "The Matinée Hero." Up his sleeve repose the rights to a play from the French of Henri Lavedan, one report on which credits it with a run of two years at the Comédie Française. This I refuse to believe, for the Française, as every one should know, is a government theater devoted to repertory. Possibly, however, rumor has named the wrong house in Paris. I hear that the piece is of such radical description that no commercial manager would dare to venture on it with our audiences. Now, being his own manager, Mr. Ditrichstein believes that the golden hour to test it out has arrived.

COMPOSERS AND CASTS IN MUSICAL PLAYS

Glorious *Pat* has come back to us in "Glorianna." In other words, Eleanor Painter, that charming exponent of musical comedy whom New Yorkers met first in "The Lilac Domino," and then grew to love in "Princess Pat," was the attraction chosen to replace "Going Up" at the Liberty, where that knock-out play of songs and fun—also a big hit at London's Gaiety—put in forty-four consecutive weeks.

In these days of paucity in invention on the part of librettists, it almost goes without saying that "Glorianna" is based on a piece that had been here before without tunes. Although the program doesn't tell us so—probably because the same author,

Catherine Chisholm Cushing, wrote both versions—this was "Widow by Proxy," played by May Irwin some five years ago. If one had not ceased to be surprised over any somersaults in the theatrical world, one could scarcely imagine a farther cry than from the buxom May to the more or less pulchritudinous Eleanor. The music to "Glorianna" is by the consistently melodious Friml, but it is Miss Painter who takes the piece and "lifts" it by the sheer power of her personality and the graces of her art.

Rudolf Friml is also the composer of "Sometime," written by the indefatigable Rida Johnson Young and staged—without apologies to "Chu-Chin-Chow"—partly by means of oval inserts in a special drop. The theme of the piece was a risky one to try, as plays about stage life, with but few shining exceptions, are seldom popular. However, Ed Wynn, as the property-man, works like a trooper on the comedy end of the thing, and the music has all the lilt the most ardent anti-Wagnerite could ask for. Francine Larrimore, fresh from the failure of "Double Exposure," makes an attractive figure of the girl who suffers through thorns in love's pathway.

The piece was fairly well received, and when the sequel to "The Blue Bird" knocked at the stage door of the Shubert, "Sometime" was not sent out of town, but across to the Casino, which would appear to have become a house of refuge for shows turned out of their first abiding-place. To a certain extent "Sometime" reminds me of "Maytime," which, after playing in five Manhattan theaters for more than thirteen months without a break, finally took to the road in mid-October. Its place at the Broadhurst fell to "Ladies First," a musicalization of Hoyt's "A Contented Woman" of twenty years ago. Then Mr. Hoyt's beautiful wife, Caroline Miskel, who died not long afterward, was the suffragette who ran for mayor; now the part falls to Nora Bayes. There are songs by A. Baldwin Sloane, and William Kent, as the diminutive husband of a buxom wife, came out of the experiment as one of the winners.

There seems to be little doubt of the popularity of the new vehicle for Julia Sanderson and Joseph Cawthorn, although it is fairly well agreed that brighter books have frequently been seen than the one that served to set off the music by Ivan Caryll,



JANE COWL, STARRING IN THE NEW YORK COMPANY PRESENTING THE DRAMA BY CHANNING POLLOCK AND EDGAR SELWYN, "THE CROWDED HOUR"

From her latest photograph by White, New York

Irving Berlin, and others. Shakespeare to the contrary notwithstanding, in the case of "The Canary" the actors are the thing. Cawthorn is funnier than ever as the man who swallowed the diamond for safe-keep-

in "Princess Pat," and who scored again as *Sam Springer* in "The Riviera Girl." Hardy was also in "A Pair of Sixes," in which farce Maude Eburne, also a laugh-creator in "The Canary," made her sen-



IRENE FARBER, WITH AL JOLSON IN "SINBAD," THE WINTER GARDEN'S BIGGEST HIT

From a copyrighted photograph by Strauss-Peyton, Kansas City

ing, while pretty Julia Sanderson never exerted such charm.

But Mr. Dillingham, the manager, has not stopped at providing two such magnetic stars. He has added Sam Hardy, who was prime fun-maker as *Bob Darrow*

sational hit as a slavey. Besides the foregoing, the dancers, Doyle and Dixon, whom Mr. Dillingham translated from burlesque to "Stop, Look, Listen!" a few years ago, add to the nightly joys exuded at the Globe.

"Rambler Rose" was last season's ve-



ELSIE LAWSON, WHO DANCES AS ONE OF THE MAIDS IN "GLORIANNA," THE MUSICAL COMEDY
STARRING ELEANOR PAINTER

From a photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston



LOLA FISHER, WHO IN "BE CALM, CAMILLA" HAS REGISTERED A HIT TO MATCH THE ONE SHE ACHIEVED IN THE OTHER CLARE KUMMER COMEDY, "GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"

From her latest photograph by Moffett, Chicago

hicle for the two stars, one to which, by the bye, the public did not take quite as kindly as to "Sybil" and its predecessors, but with "The Canary" they are back to form.

THE PREDECESSORS OF CAMILLA

Clare Kummer is another who strayed from the beaten path of success with her last offering, "The Rescuing Angel," but has now returned to it. Her present venture is a happy companion piece to "Good Gracious Annabelle," and bears the no less felicitous name of "Be Calm, Camilla."

Arthur Hopkins has found the same clever exponent for Miss Kummer's altogether different humor, and it only remains to be said that Lola Fisher is as thoroughly successful with *Camilla* as she was with *Annabelle*.

Miss Fisher, a native of Oak Park, within Chicago's commuting zone, assuredly deserves to be in a succession of hits, though her early career seemed destined to be bound up with a procession of failures. Starting out as an artist in black and white, she grew discouraged because her sister made swifter progress than herself; so, having had some success in amateur theatricals, she decided to become an actress. Broadway, of course, was her destination, but a Jersey City stock company gave her her first job.

New York being only just across the river, she kept hammering away at the agencies until she secured a small part with Zelda Sears in "The Nest Egg." This being booked for the Great White Way, Miss Fisher thought she was fixed, but unhappily the piece failed, and the young beginner was fain to accept an offer to join a stock company as far from the goal of her hopes as San Francisco. At the Alcazar she gained wide experience, and in due time returned East, where she found an opening with Francis Wilson. He, too, proved a broken reed on which to lean so far as length of run was concerned, and so did a baseball play, "The Girl and the Pennant," with which Miss Fisher next identified herself.

One might think that after such an experience almost any girl would have been discouraged, but this one must have read in the biographies of actresses that more frequently than not the darkest hour is just before the dawn.

At any rate she stuck, and her next engagement, with "Under Cover," kept her in Manhattan almost an entire season. After that came a part with Ethel Barrymore in "Our Mrs. McChesney," and her good work here caused Augustus Thomas to pick her for the rôle of heroine in his "Rio Grande."

Arthur Hopkins saw her in this, with *Annabelle* as the result.

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF VICTORY

The signing of the armistice found ten war plays running at New York theaters. Those not heretofore mentioned in this place are "The Big Chance," with Mary Nash, showing how the war redeemed men headed on the wrong road; "The Long Dash," with Robert Edeson and Henry E. Dixey, which, though persistently advertised as "not a war play," has everything to do with a big gun; and "Tiger, Tiger!" which, though primarily a problem drama, uses the war as the most convenient means of getting rid of a hero who has proved himself to be a cad.

This last play was written by Edward Knoblock, who, though American born, has lived for years in London, and was a captain in the British army when he turned out "Tiger, Tiger!" He is the author of Miss Starr's previous vehicle, "Marie-Odile," a veritable classic compared with the present piece, than which nothing franker has ever been seen on the Broadway stage. Poor Miss Starr is compelled to be a cook with whom a member of Parliament falls desperately in love at first sight.

In blinding contrast to "Tiger, Tiger!" the same November week saw launched "Home Again," a comedy by Robert McLaughlin, based on the folk poems and stories of the late James Whitcomb Riley. In spite of a remarkable cast, including Macklyn Arbuckle as *Doc Townsend*, Tim Murphy as *The Raggedy Man*, and Charles Dow Clark for *Jap Miller*, the town marshal, I doubt if the ultrasentimentality of this rural piece will be any stronger in its popular appeal than the patent rawness of the Knoblock play.

The latter not only leaves a bad taste in the mouth but fails to prove anything in the end; while the Riley compilation seems little more than fragments lying at loose ends without a sufficiently strong connecting thread.

The Soul of Her Child

BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

Author of "The Stranger at the Hearth," etc.

IT was during the summer we spent at Oldport that Esther first spoke to me of her curious dream about the baby—in her case a most unlikely subject for dreams to fasten upon, for Esther is one of those women in whom the maternal sense seems non-existent. I always felt that her tremendous concentration upon her art had consumed all of that natural quality; yet her effect was entirely feminine. While she was never at any stage the sort of girl to whom men are the supreme interest—her talent was too big for that—Esther would, I am sure, have consciously missed something vital in her life had she merely been, as the phrase goes, wedded to her art.

Certainly she would have failed to fulfil her artistic destiny had she not married Roger Dearing, for Roger is also a painter, and they work, as poor Haskin puts it in his rather slangy way, "in double harness." The curious thing about it is that their united work seems to be absolutely the creation of a single mind. Whether they paint separately or together, there is always an inexplicable fusion of forces that has nothing in common with collaboration as we ordinarily understand it.

The jealousy which sometimes arises between married artists would never have been possible in their case. Roger and Esther were artistically one. There were certain canvases which, though bearing—honestly enough, in the literal sense—the signature of one, were so truly the work of both that you could not say where one began and the other ended.

There was just one significant difference. Esther's gift, which had promised so much originality in her girlhood, seemed to become entirely contributory, fused in that of her husband, creating a new combination. Some of Roger's work still retained a certain distinguishing mark of individuality—a superiority which the critics explained by the fact of his sex. The Dear-

ings' productions, in short, might be classified as Roger's work and as Roger's-and-Esther's.

Esther and I were schoolmates during such irregular periods as she had spent at school—for even then she gave most of her time to art. For a really talented girl her home environment was exceptionally favorable, since her parents were more than glad to give her every opportunity for development. In my observation of the gifted ones among whom my inconspicuous lot has been cast, it has sometimes seemed to me that the degree of parental anxiety for the manifestation of a gift in the offspring is usually in inverse ratio to its degree and quality. Esther, however, as Roger expressed it, had chosen her parents wisely.

A serious student from the start, she progressed to the professional ranks in her twenties. Then she met Roger Dearing.

How completely they lived, moved, and had their being in the world of paint I never realized until that summer at Oldport. In the old fishing town of silver-gray, weather-stained shingles and tree-shaded white houses with green blinds they had taken roomy quarters in a farmhouse where lobster-pots mingled with chicken-houses in the yard, and boats were drawn up on the grass in close proximity with the cows—the industries of land and sea commingling in friendly fashion. Roger had converted an empty barn into a studio, and they were both as truly happy as if Esther had not been brought up in conventional luxury, and Roger in a rectory, with four years at Harvard intervening between St. Paul's and Julian's.

My room was next to theirs, and through the thin partition I heard their conversation as if I were in the same apartment. It would have been no betrayal of confidence to retail it, for their talk was ever and always of paint, foregrounds, values, debatable points of color, and composition.

Assuredly, I reflected, with Esther and Roger, art and life were one. It was not only as painting affinities that each was interwoven into the fabric of the other's being. The human relationship, as I divined it, could scarcely have been closer and more satisfying.

I had wondered—for I am a widow and childless—that love of Roger had not awakened in Esther the desire for children that her woman's instinct had apparently failed to implant; yet it was clear that neither of them felt the lack of that third element in the perfect human cycle. They frankly did not want children.

II

I REMEMBER with especial clearness the afternoon on which Esther took me out to the barn to show me their decoration for a new Western concert-hall. The idea of the design was not unusual—the origin of music, pagan and spiritual, the dance and the choral; yet there was something about it that had the unmistakable quality of inspiration. As I looked at the large canvas stretched the length of the barn wall, I knew that in it Roger and Esther had reached their artistic high-water mark. Under that perception I had some deeper recognition of the part played by this subverted expression of the creative impulse that caused me to say to Esther, who stood waiting for my verdict:

"That is your child, Esther!"

She gave me a quick look, smiled queerly, and turned away without answering.

That evening, as we walked among the wharves at sunset, she told me about her strange fancy. Quite suddenly, out of musings that I felt sure were concerned with cobalt-blue and *émeraude*, she asked me the question:

"Olive, did you ever have a recurring dream?"

I obligingly recalled a nightmare that had repeated itself at intervals during my childhood, and then, interested to hear her probably more original communication, added:

"Why—have you?"

"Yes!" Esther seemed lost in her reverie. "Not a nightmare, but a queer sort of dream that I somehow cannot get away from."

She paused so long there that I brought her back.

"Are you going to tell me about it?"

I studied her thoughtful face as I waited for her answer—the clear, madonna brow combined a little incongruously with the square chin of the executive woman, yet both elements harmonious with the warm line of the lips. She turned her quiet, gray eyes upon me with a new, an undecipherable expression visible in their lucid depths.

"It is a dream of a little child, a baby."

She paused again, so long that finally I ventured:

"Yours, you mean?"

Esther's eyes rested a moment upon mine—sane, reflective, yet vaguely troubled.

"Yes, only it is not mine yet. I know in my dream that it is a child that wants to be mine; that somehow—in some way that I don't understand—belongs to me and ought to come to me." She hesitated as if actually considering some problem, then suddenly seemed to discard the whole idea. "Isn't it absurd?"

Speculation arose in my mind. I never felt that I really understood Esther.

"Yet you really don't want children—you have never wanted them," I began suddenly.

Then I paused, fearing that I had blundered upon sacred ground.

"No, I don't now," Esther confessed frankly. "I didn't mean to imply that in any way. I have never wanted anything but Roger and painting. In my waking hours that feeling is unchanged, but at night, when the little being comes—when I can see it and feel it there—I want it terribly. I know that it ought to be mine. It is as if it had been mine in some time or place behind the veil that we push aside for a moment when we come here." Esther was now wandering in metaphysical speculations quite beyond my depth, yet I listened, spellbound if bewildered. "I even wake wanting it for a fleeting instant—with a sense of loss, an emptiness in my arms; but in another moment it is gone, and I am my natural daylight self again."

"And you never want it in the daytime? You are never haunted by any memory of it while you are awake?"

"No."

Esther rose and began to walk homeward, and I followed her. It has been so since our childhood. I have no initiative. With Esther to decide is to carry out.

I wondered, thinking it over afterward, if some hidden, unrealized need of her wo-

man's nature might be expressed in Esther's dream. I wondered most of all at the curious way in which she had spoken of it; for I am, no doubt, as Esther says, matter-of-fact, although I take a sympathetic interest in the flights of my more temperamental friends.

III

THE next morning I came upon Esther sitting idly in the studio, apparently lost in thought.

"Not painting to-day?" I commented.

She moved and raised her eyes as I spoke. Picking up a pencil, she began restlessly playing with it.

"I dreamed it again last night," she said, without further explanation or prelude. "The curious part is that it grows a little older, you know—like a real baby."

I felt rather at a loss for a suitable response to this.

"When did you first have the dream?"

I finally asked.

"About six months ago." Esther began drawing lines upon a scrap of paper that lay at her elbow. "I can see its little face so plainly! I can draw it as if I had actually seen it in the flesh."

She made a rapid sketch, then, before I had half seen it, crumpled it and threw it from her with a frown.

"It is getting on my nerves," she said.

"I believe I will consult Dr. Warren the next time I go to town."

"Have you ever spoken to Roger about it?" I ventured to ask, in my harmless psychologic curiosity.

Esther shook her head.

"He wouldn't understand."

I had never heard Esther say that about Roger before, yet I realized the truth of it perfectly. Except for his feeling for Esther—which always seemed to me the only human thing about him—Roger was essentially the impersonal painter. One couldn't imagine him in the rôle of a father.

I looked up to meet her eyes. Something in their expression made me speak impulsively.

"But why not—I mean, why shouldn't you—"

I broke off in embarrassment, feeling that I was after all voicing an absurdity. Esther answered as if I had completed my sentence.

"Because I don't really want it." She said it with the air of one definitely con-

cluding the discussion of some entirely feasible proposition.

The state of mind in which this conversation left me was indescribable, as if I had been carrying on some preposterous argument with a lunatic. Yet I knew Esther to be entirely sane—indeed, I had always regarded her as almost unsympathetically normal.

A few days later, having a number of things to do in Boston, Esther really did consult the family doctor about her "delusion," as she jestingly called it. Dr. Warren, who was a thoroughly human person, and a sparing purveyor of drugs, was disposed to take her fancy lightly. He advised her to go to the mountains and to stop painting for a time. He also gave her a harmless tonic, which Esther, with a supremely healthy woman's childlike faith in medicine, insisted upon having.

IV

I LEFT Oldport in August, and did not see Esther again until midwinter. Up to the time of my departure I knew that the tonic had not exorcised the dream baby. After I left I had no news of it, for Esther's brief and infrequent letters left most things unsaid.

Our town association offered little opportunity for confidential talks, but one day, finding myself alone with Esther, I asked about her delusion.

"Gone!" she assured me with her old lightness. "Quite gone!"

I wondered whether she was really glad to be rid of it, or if she missed her shadow-land baby. While I was still speculating, she answered my unspoken question.

"I was glad to have him go"—it was a boy, then; Esther had not mentioned his sex before—"because after a time I could feel him near me in my waking hours as well."

I stared wordless. It was impossible to look at Esther and doubt her complete and utter sanity.

"I could feel him there all the time," she went on in her quiet voice, "as if he were waiting permission to come—yet as if, too, he had a *right* to come; and I felt as if I were closing the door in his little face. I used to imagine that he reproached me with his great eyes. I could picture him lonely, uncared for, motherless, wandering about in desolate space. I believe I was getting quite dippy about it. Finally

I told Roger, and he whisked me off to Bermuda. The baby went with us—though I didn't tell Roger of that. Then, when we came back, we were terribly busy about the decoration. We had to go West and make alterations after it was in place. Do you know, I almost grew to hate it! You remember how you said, 'That is your child, Esther'? I began to feel that something had gone into our work that belonged to him—to the baby, I mean. I was getting quite morbid about it; but we were working night and day, and perhaps it was because I slept more soundly—anyway, one night he went away, and he has never come back. I was horribly depressed for a few days, and that was the end of it."

"And you were never sorry—" I began, and then paused, overcome with a sudden consciousness of my intrusion into the realm of the spirit's intimacies.

As before, Esther answered me quite simply and directly.

"It is better as it is," she said. "There were moments when I wondered if it would not be wiser to let him come to me." I noted that Esther spoke as if her fancy were a reasonable hypothesis, as if it actually was for her to decide whether or not the baby—that particular baby—should be born to her and to Roger. "Then I decided that we were better off as we were without him," she concluded in her quiet, firm voice.

V

It was more than three years before the subject came up between us again, and again it was at Oldport, where Roger and Esther had just built a wonderful house of their own, filled with the loot of various leisurely wanderings across the sea.

One morning, as I sat with Esther on the terrace overlooking the harbor, she spoke of it as she had spoken the first time, out of what seemed to be her painter's reverie.

"My child has come back!" she said.

"Still knocking at the closed door!" I exclaimed.

Esther glanced about and lowered her voice so that no chance passer-by might hear.

"No. I mean—it was different."

"Different in what way?" I asked.

"I can't define it exactly, beyond saying that it was different."

"Was the image less clear? Did he seem less real?"

I rather pressed my question upon Esther, for her reticence made me curious to hear more.

"Oh, no, not that. If anything, he was more real. You see, he is three years old now." She laughed lightly, and fell silent for a moment. "He has such a delicious little nose!" She looked up at me out of her reverie. I could not restrain a smile at that characteristic observation. "He was with me all night, and we played together on the grass. An exquisite little creature he was, a fair-haired child. I never wanted to play with a child before. I have only wanted to paint them. I gathered him up so." She indicated the movement with her arms. "His little head lay back in the hollow of my elbow, my other arm was under his knees. He laughed up at me under his half-closed lashes with his naughty elfin smile, a smile full of that delicious coquetry of childhood—and in my dream I loved him achingly." I wondered if it could be the Esther I knew who was speaking! "But there was something different about it all"—she spoke more slowly and in a lower voice—"something that hurt, as if I had lost something I might have had. Then I woke up."

Esther looked about her, as at a place left vacant by some one beloved. There was a look in her eyes that I had never seen before; then it passed, and her tone changed.

"After all, he *would* have been in the way, wouldn't he? He would have painted into my pictures, like the Wortleys' boy, or fallen out of the trees on my palette, like the Raymonds' Dickey. The other day Dickey drank some kerosene that his father used to wash brushes in, and the poor child has looked green ever since!"

Esther rose and stooped to pick some withered nasturtiums from the vines.

"After all," she added, "one can't be a mother and a painter both."

As she went off apparently cheerful and smiling, with her hands full of dead flowers, I could see no trace of the emotion I had glimpsed in her eyes a moment before. How real was Esther's feeling about her dream child? With artists, I decided, one could not always hope to distinguish between imagination, temperament, and the realities.

Not long after that, while I was in the studio with Esther, helping her to make some classification of her smaller canvases,

I came upon an oil sketch of a child's face. It had some arresting quality that caused me to stop in my work and ask, as I turned it about:

"Who is it?"

I caught a curious expression, like a shadow, crossing her face.

"Oh, that!" She gave a glance, quick yet lingering, at the child's face. "I just *chic'd* it. It isn't a portrait."

She said no more for several moments; then suddenly, as if from some compunction, she added:

"That isn't exactly true, either. It is the face of my dream child. I did it one morning, hoping to get rid of him."

I studied the picture more closely then. Many young children are generic in their charm and prettiness. Esther's dreamland boy was very special, and had a distinct personality of his own. I stood silent, fascinated by the charm of a little being who did not exist.

"He is adorable!" I said at last.

"I knew then that something in the queer experience had power to hurt Esther—how deeply I could not gage. I knew, too, that it was not the fact of her childlessness, but some obscure consciousness of loss, as if the child had died.

VI

I HAD intended to bring my visit to a close a few days after that, but Roger was suddenly summoned to the assistance of a fellow painter in straits—one, indeed, who chronically lived, and eventually died, in that condition. When he reached poor Haskin's house, he immediately telegraphed Esther that he would be detained there for several days, and she persuaded me to stay on with her until his return.

Haskin was an unpractical creature with talent who had never entirely arrived. His wife was very ill—dying, in fact—and Haskin was in the last embarrassing extremity of debt. It appeared that Roger, successful and generous, was the only one, except a young sculptor as penniless as Haskin, to respond to the call.

On the third day after Mrs. Haskin's death, toward evening, Roger came home. He told us that Haskin was tubercular, and that he had a plan for sending the poor invalid to the Adirondacks. I can see him as he told us the pitiful story—not seated in his big chair with cigar or pipe, in Roger's comfortable fashion, but stand-

ing about with folded arms, leaning against the mantel, or walking up and down the room, with a restlessness most unnatural to him.

"Poor old chap!" Roger said. "I never saw a man so down and out—all the hope gone out of him. It was a pitiful sight. He had loved the poor little girl who lay in the next room with her troubles ended; but it seemed as if the poverty and struggle had eaten into his very grief, so that he scarcely spoke of her. He was fretting and worrying over what was to become of him and his little boy. He was sure he wouldn't last long himself; he knew he wasn't able to take care of the child. If only he could feel that it had a home—he said that over and over—he could just let go comfortably and die. The game was up so far as he was concerned. It was rather awful to hear him!"

Roger paused by the window and looked out.

"I don't believe I knew that men went through things like that," he added presently. "It's hideous what the lack of just a little money can do!"

Roger turned from the window. I had caught sight of a woman's form outside, and, with my mind upon poor Haskin's tragedy, I wondered if some one were dropping in to tea.

Roger came back to Esther's side and stood looking down on her.

"He got it into his head that we could take the child."

I saw Esther start and look quickly up at him.

"All night, half out of his head, he begged me. The end of it was—that I promised."

Esther rose and stood beside Roger, her hands clasped and moving slightly.

"You mean you promised to—bring it here to stay with us, as our child?"

Roger hesitated.

"That was what he asked. I don't know that I quite committed myself to that. I promised that the boy should be well looked after, and I took him away with me to quiet the poor old chap."

Esther glanced about quickly.

"He is here *now*?"

Anticipating her probable objection, Roger made a disclaiming gesture.

"In the circumstances—what else could I do?"

"But where?"

I saw that Esther was greatly agitated. Roger made a movement of the head indicating the veranda.

"Out there," he replied.

"Bring him in," Esther said quietly.

Without a word Roger turned and left the room, and without a word Esther and I stood waiting.

In an instant Roger returned, holding a little boy about four years old by the hand. I gave one glance at the child's face; then I looked at Esther's. She had gone absolutely white, and grasped the back of the chair for support as she stood staring at it for one moment. Then, with what seemed a single movement, she had reached the

child's side and had it in her arms. For the face of poor Haskin's boy was the face that had spoken to my heart from Esther's canvas—the face of her dream baby.

She looked up at me over his fair curls, her hand pressing his head against her arm. I have never forgotten her words.

"He *had* to come to me, don't you see? He is mine! He *had* to be mine! Four years, four precious years of his little life I have lost!"

Then, with arms tightening about the small form, she lifted and held it as she had held her dream baby.

"Anyway," I heard her whisper, "*I have him now!*"

ROMANCE

ROMANCE is how you look at things,
Just what they mean to you;
Not the mere nightingale that sings
To roses drenched with dew;
These are romantic, too—

These have been sung a thousand times,
We weary of their praise;
The rose and her unending rimes,
The nightingale, his lays—
So many nights and days.

Yet we who weave the starry song
And strike the golden string
Must have a ready rhythmic tongue
For many a wearier thing;
If not, what use to sing?

Unless from out the dust and dross
Your song can sing the gold,
And trill despair and doubt and loss
Into the gay and bold,
Best leave the tale untold!

Of desolation make the lark,
Of doom the butterfly;
Weave morning from the web of dark,
Be glad with those who die—
Laugh, and then sigh.

Tell the strange goodness born of sorrow,
Glory refusing fame,
How small to-day, how great to-morrow;
That life's eternal flame
And death's are but the same.

And tell, tell this—whate'er comes after,
Whatever dooms or fates,
That God's best friend that we call laughter
Opens the blackest gates,
Whatever darkness waits.

Richard Le Gallienne

Beyond the Veil

PEACE WILL LIFT THE SHADOW OF MYSTERY THAT FELL OVER THE MIGHTY HOST
OF HER SONS WHOM AMERICA SENT ACROSS THE SEA

By William Slavens McNutt

IT didn't seem at all real to me when my kid brother enlisted. The first time I saw him in uniform we grinned at each other foolishly, and talked of golf and tennis and other things that had no relation to the war or to his part in it. I was proud of him, and wanted to say so; but, being a brother, naturally didn't know how; and so the initial emotion resultant from his enlistment in the army passed off in trivialities.

He was stationed in a camp near New York for some time, and was frequently home on short leave. I grew accustomed to seeing him come and go in his uniform, and I was never very keenly conscious of its significance.

Then came a cold, foggy morning in December—the day before Christmas, to be exact. A little after five o'clock that morning a troop-train jolted into the station at Hoboken and a crowd of soldiers, with their packs, scrambled out and lined up along the platform. There was no blare of bands or waving of flags; just a scuffling of feet and a growling of orders in the inhospitable half-light of the early winter day. The soldiers formed in a column of fours and trudged away toward the near-by docks. My kid brother was among them.

No secrets are altogether dark, not even military ones, and I had learned that my brother was to be there that morning to embark. There were seven hundred soldiers in that contingent, and of all their

relatives my father alone was there in the bleak chill of that early winter morning to see them off on the Great Adventure. For several blocks he trudged beside my brother down the water-front, and then came the order for the double-quick.

"Well, so-long, dad," the kid called as he broke into a run. "See you later!"

What a futile thing is language in high moments! My father stood in the street and watched until the column of troops swept out of sight through the dark entrance to the dock, where armed men barred the way to all but those who wore the olive-drab garment of consecration to the country's service, and then—the veil!

And because that veil is there, that veil of secrecy hanging between the eyes of America in the United States and the heart of America in France, because so many hundreds of thousands of kid brothers have passed behind that veil, this story of my meeting with my own kid brother in France, beyond the veil, may be of interest. Such as it may be, I dedicate it to the millions in America who wait and wait and must yet wait, but may not watch, because the veil is there to hide.

That day, the day before Christmas, I first became acquainted with the killing mood. I had often enough been fighting mad, in the mood where I could have taken delight in hammering a man senseless—and then loaning him a handkerchief to hold to

-EDITORIAL NOTE—Mr. McNutt, author of "A Bad Guy," "A Burglar's Feelings," and other delightfully humorous stories, is so well known to the readers of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE that they will be interested to have a glimpse of him in his present occupation as a correspondent with the American forces in France. "Been having some time!" he wrote in a recent personal letter. "Was in the big scrap between the Argonne and the Meuse. Got all I wanted and then some. Five days right up at the front under constant artillery fire. They did everything but light on me. Big hundred-and-five lit not eight feet from me when I was standing in the open. Real stuff! I'm candidating hopefully for a trip down through the Balkans into Turkey and then across into southern Russia with whatever army of occupation goes in there. Then I'll come home to be a fiction-writer once more."

his nose, and tenderly advising him about the best way to administer beefsteak to the unfortunate eye; but never before had I really known what it was to be eager to slay. My kid brother had passed beyond the veil, out into that vague, dread "somewhere in ——" irrevocably and inevitably committed to the service because a crazy Kaiser and a lot of bloody-minded conspirators and intellectual perverts had attained such a degree of idiocy as to undertake the impossible task of conquering the world. I was glad that my kid brother had gone, but for the first time in my life I was in a mood to kill.

There are certain people in New York, certain Kaiser-apologists, certain pseudo-humanitarians who mouth treachery in the words of what they call the "broader outlook," certain lukewarmists who consider toleration of Germany's crimes as evidence of superjudgment in the midst of popular hysteria, who are fortunate not to have met me on that day or the immediately succeeding days. If they had met me then, and had said things that I have heard them say at other times, they would have ceased to exist.

I do not believe in mob law. I do not believe in lynchings; but on the day when my kid brother passed beyond the veil I realized that the time had come in America when the man who publicly espoused the cause of the Kaiser, or cheered a German victory, would have small chance to state his case to judge or jury.

"SOMEWHERE" BEYOND THE VEIL

I wrote the kid several times during the months that followed, but many of the letters I did not mail. I had but little impulse to mail them. It seemed an utterly foolish thing to do—like standing in a field on a dark night and shooting into the blackness on the chance of hitting a duck that might possibly be flying somewhere about. He had passed beyond the veil, and I had a curious feeling that he had temporarily ceased to exist; that that vague "somewhere" from which came vague letters was in reality nowhere at all. Looking back now it seems to me that I felt that his identity had ceased for the duration of the war, that events had brought about a hiatus in his very existence. Such was the effect of the veil.

One day I saw a letter from a girl who had met my brother in France. It

seemed a wonderful thing to me—that letter from one who had met and talked with him, beyond the veil; very wonderful and a bit uncanny, almost like a verified message from beyond the eternal border.

And then I came to France.

I hoped, of course, that I might meet the kid in France, but my expectation was not very strong. He was still, to me, in that vague somewhere that could not possibly be located.

On my second day in Paris I met the girl—a Red Cross worker—who had written of seeing him.

"Your brother's been looking for you," she told me.

And still I didn't "get it." I learned from her that he was stationed near by, and hurried for a taxi to go out and see him; but I didn't believe that I was going to see him. I was quite sure that there was some hitch about it. The effect of the veil was still strong on me.

The taxi stopped before a huge building in a suburb of Paris. A number of soldiers were lounging about a gate in the iron fence.

"Do you know a chap by the name of McNutt?" I asked hesitantly.

I felt very foolish. I was quite certain, you see, that I was asking a foolish question. I knew that he couldn't possibly be there. The veil had done a good job with me!

"He was here a minute ago," the soldier said. "You his brother?"

"Yes."

"He's been looking for you. Wait here; I'll find him."

I waited, feeling dazed, as if I were in the grip of a dream. Then I saw the kid hurrying across the courtyard, and I went forward to shake hands with him.

"Yea, bo! Hello, Bill! Gee, I'm glad to see you! How are you?"

"Fine. How's yourself?"

"Great. How are all the folks?"

"All right."

"When did you get in?"

"Couple of days ago."

"I saw your name in the list of arrivals. Been looking for you ever since. Gee, but it's great to see you!"

"That goes double."

We stood and grinned at each other rather foolishly. There was much to say, and we had no idea how to say it.

"Wait here for me a minute, Bill. I'll see if I can get a pass."

While he was gone, I met a young fellow whose mother I had visited the day before I left New York. How important the possibility of my seeing him had seemed then! For you see the veil was there.

"I saw your mother just before I left," I told him.

"So? How was she?"

"Fine."

There didn't seem to be much more to say. I found myself wishing fervently that the mother might have stood there, if only for a moment, for the healing that the commonplace matter-of-factness of it all would have accomplished. A moment there would have dispelled the mystery and the sense of remoteness that the veil has wrought in the minds of those who must wait and may not watch.

My brother returned with his pass, and we climbed into the taxi.

"Where do you want to go?" I asked him.

"I'll tell you what I want—I want to go down to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club in Paris and get a dish of real ice-cream."

So away we went toward Paris, and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club—and real ice-cream. On the way I showed him pictures of the family that I had brought with me. We looked at them, talked at random of trivial things, and frequently grinned at each other—for no apparent reason, but in reality to express sentiments that words refuse to convey from one man to another.

I felt dazed, and the world seemed topsy-turvy. Everything was familiar and commonplace and yet all reversed and awry. I had been so long in the atmosphere of mystery that results from the presence of the veil that the sane normality of actual things seemed strange.

AT THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' CLUB

We rode down the Champs Élysées, across the Place de la Concorde, and up to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club on the Rue Royale, not quite midway between the Place de la Madeleine at one end of the short street and the Place de la Concorde at the other. There I made my first acquaintance with one of the most important institutions in Paris to-day, so far as the American enlisted man is concerned.

It is in truth a Soldiers' and Sailors' Club. The soldiers and sailors have for it an affection that men have only for their club. It is not run in competition with the

Y. M. C. A., but in cooperation with it. It is a real club, where an enlisted man can feel comfortably snobbish in the knowledge that officers are excluded.

It was started in the fall of 1917 by Rodman Wanamaker, and its chief executive officer is the Rev. Frederick Warren Beekman, dean of the Episcopal diocese of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. On the third floor of the building, where formerly was a Wanamaker department, we discovered a reception-room, a billiard-room, a library with a thousand volumes and files of forty newspapers, a canteen, and—the only soda-water fountain in France! The canteen, which sells cigarettes, chocolate, cigars, shaving-soap, the *Stars and Stripes*, and various other luxuries and necessities, is open daily from three to six in the afternoon and from a quarter to eight to a quarter to ten in the evening. Three hundred and sixty men had ice-cream sodas there during the course of our day. Shades of the barbarous days of booze! They told me that more than fifteen thousand soldiers and sailors had used the club, and of all that number only one man had shown signs of intoxication. Other things in warfare besides guns and tactical methods have altered with the fleeting years.

On the fourth floor there is a restaurant which modestly advertises the best three-franc-fifty (seventy-cent) dinner in France. The club is served throughout—canteen, dining-room, and all—by volunteer American women, many of them of the old American colony in Paris. One of the most commonly heard reasons for the club's popularity goes about like this:

"The women down there know how to be nice to you without making you feel like a fool."

The club is one of the homiest places in France for an enlisted man, and in its unostentatious, clubby way it is one of the finest of influences.

The day I first entered it in company with my brother it was crowded with soldiers, reading and smoking, playing billiards, pool, checkers, and chess, and inflicting heavy punishment on ice-cream, ice-cream soda, chocolate, and stick-candy. I know nothing funnier, in the light of the not too distant past, than to see a group of husky, service-roughened soldiers sitting at the tables there solemnly eating successive plates of ice-cream and biting away at sticks of striped candy!

My kid brother and I sat at a table and enthusiastically ate through the whole menu, with ice-cream, chocolate, stick-candy, and cookies! Oh, it's a wild life in the army these days!

There were soldiers in there with the two gold stripes denoting one year of service abroad, and others with bandaged arms or heads—men who bore scars to witness that the American army was on the fighting-line.

IN A SUBURBAN CAFÉ

Toward evening we returned to the suburban town at which my brother was stationed, and there I made the acquaintance of the *monsieur, madame*, and Marie. Marie is the daughter, *monsieur* and *madame* her parents. They run a tiny little doll's house of a hole-in-the-wall café, with a diminutive rear garden walled in and partly roofed with the overhanging branches of trees. There are funny little benches and tables out in that tiny garden, where *monsieur, madame*, and Marie vociferously collaborate in the service of meals to the rich American soldiers; and my, how the money rolls in!

Monsieur, madame, and Marie are entitled to a place of honor among the profiteers. It was a terrible war till the Americans came, and of course it is still a very frightful thing; but there are certain compensations! If some sort of peace could be concluded that would insure the continued presence of the Americans, why *monsieur, madame*, and Marie would be for it. Otherwise—well, it's a problem!

The regular meal there is an omelet, with bread, jam, and chocolate. On that night a dozen or more of the soldiers passed up the near-by army mess and contributed their mite to *monsieur's* bank-roll. We ate and talked, and my brother found himself unanimously envied.

"Gee, I wish my brother 'd come busting in on me like that!" one young fellow sighed wistfully.

"Any member o' the family 'd do me," another declared. "Boy, but wouldn't I like to see some o' my folks come walkin' in on me? You know us guys are kind of out o' luck. These Frenchies get a permission, an' they beat it home an' help out with the gardening an' so on. The same way with the English; but when we get a permission what do we do? Unless we got money, we just stay somewhere in

France, an' if we have money we go somewhere else in France. It costs a man at least one leg to get home. Way I feel right now, I'd give both of mine for a ticket to New York!"

OPINIONS OF A FRIENDLY CANADIAN

We went back to Paris after dinner and cruised about, ending up about dark at a music-hall. It would take the period necessary for the acquisition of a college education for a man to familiarize himself with the varieties of uniforms that were there. A burly, swaggering, sunburnt Canadian, passing, grinned and hailed us.

"Lo, Yank!"

"Howsaboy? Sit down."

"Don't care if I do. How they comin'?"

"So-so. How things with you?"

"Same old grind. Where you from?"

"New York."

"That's a town! I worked there for a couple o' years. Big bunch o' you Yanks over here now."

"Yes, the boys seem to be coming in pretty fast."

"You said it! It's gettin' so there ain't any place in France but what you see a lot of 'em."

"How do you think we're going to be as troops?"

The burly Canadian straddled his chair and leaned forward with his elbows on the table, suddenly very earnest.

"Now listen, Yank, I'll give you the dinkum on this thing, see? The French, now, they don't know what you're goin' to be like up in the line, see? They hope you're goin' to be good, but they're wonderin' about it. Same way with the English. They think you'll be good fightin' men, but they don't know, see? But us Canadians, we know what you're goin' to do, see? We've known all the time. Man, I wish you could 'a' seen us in the trenches the night when we heard you'd declared war! If ever there was a bunch o' wild men, we were it. I guess the boches thought we'd gone off our nut. We was yellin' an' whoopin' an' raisin' thunder for fair. Now I'll give you the real dinkum on this thing, Yank. I been in since 1914, an' I know somethin', see? You guys are goin' to be just the same as we was when we first come over, see? Man, we was a bunch o' wild men then! We're tired now—everybody's tired. We've had a long go at it, an' we're tired. I don't mean that we feel like quit-

tin', or anything like that—thunder, no!—but we're tired, see? Well, you're goin' to be just the same as we were when we first come over, see? You're not tired, an' you're keen for the game, an' there's enough of you to do whatever you want to do, see? That's the dinkum on the thing, see? I know, an' I'm tellin' you!"

A thin, whiskered attendant came threading his way through the crowd, calling out in a loud, monotonous voice:

"*Alerte! Alerte! Alerte!*"

My brother jumped to his feet, grinning.

"Here they are, Bill! Come on!"

"Here's who?"

"The Gothas. It's an air raid. Hustle! Let's beat it down to the Place de la Concorde, where we can see something."

PARIS DURING AN AIR RAID

We hurried out through the crowd that was taking its own sweet time in strolling out of the theater. The dark night was loud with the sliding howl of the siren. The kid grabbed one end of my cane, and, thus connected, we raced through the dark, narrow streets to the boulevard. The grumble of the anti-aircraft guns was beginning to be audible.

"Remember how we used to say that if they ever did raid New York, we hoped we'd be there to see it?" the kid panted as we ran down the boulevard. "Didn't think we'd have our first look at a raid together from Paris, eh?"

At last we reached the wide, open space of the *Placé de la Concorde*. The shells were cracking almost directly overhead, the bursting shrapnel making golden flashes of light in the black sky. The crackle of the barrage fire was punctuated at intervals with the dull, roaring boom of the bombs. The Gothas were over that night and doing damage!

Some marines were standing near by, and at each explosion of a bomb they would wince and swear. Watching Paris raided from the air is a bit like standing by helpless and seeing a beautiful but defenseless woman repeatedly struck and wounded by a filthy thug.

"The dirty dogs!" One of the marines swore sullenly. "Wait till we get a fair crack at 'em!"

I thought of his remark when the news came in from *Château-Thierry*!

The kid and I moved over near the fountain in the middle of the wide square.

An American lieutenant and a Red Cross nurse were sitting on the waist-high stone wall surrounding it, swinging their feet and idly watching the show, as one might watch a Fourth of July exhibition.

"He does dance well," the girl was protesting as I passed.

"He ought to be able to dance!" the lieutenant answered in an aggrieved voice. "He can't do anything else. I didn't think you were the sort of a girl who'd be attracted to a man who—"

"Oh, look at that one! That was close, wasn't it?"

Love and war, the two oldest pastimes, and here in competition!

The flare from a fire was lightening the sky off to the left of the *Louvre*. The *barrage* was dying away.

"I guess I'll have to be getting on out," the kid said regretfully. "Ride a piece with me?"

I rode with him to one of the city gates, and there he left me.

"So-long, Bill. See you to-morrow?"

"Yes, I guess so. I'll probably be out along toward evening."

"See you then. Good night!"

"TILL THE BOYS COME HOME"

I rode on back alone in the open taxi, free of a trouble that had been to me like a disease since the day when the kid passed beyond the veil. The commonplace meeting and association had dispelled the sense of vague, dread mystery.

The moon was just coming up as I rode down the *Champs Elysées*. As I neared the *Grand Palais* I heard a young tenor voice raised in song from the darkness under the trees at the left of the road:

"Keep the home fires burning
While the hearts are yearning—"

A shaft from the one headlight of a wheeling taxi for a moment revealed the singer under the trees—a slender young American sailor, with a round, white cap tilted back on his head, swinging along the graveled pathway. The shaft of light swept on as the taxi completed the turn and rattled away, but the boy's voice came clear and pleasant from the shadow as I rode by:

"There's a silver lining
Through each dark cloud shining;
Turn the dark cloud inside out
Till the boys come home!"

The Odd Measure

The Unsettled
Case of the
William P.
Frye

*A Significant
Specimen of
Hohenzollern
Diplomacy*

THE diplomatic interchanges that arose from the sinking of the American ship William P. Frye by a German raider were suspended when our guns began to talk to the Kaiser; but the affair will no doubt come up for settlement under the terms of the peace treaty. Meanwhile it stands as one of the most interesting exhibitions of Teutonic methods. In order to get a clear view of it one must review a little history.

Frederick II, since called the Great, was the most notable reformer of modern times—on water. On land, Frederick may have stolen provinces and scoffed at treaties, but his rascality stopped at the shore. On the sea he did nothing but “uplift work.”

Of course, in ancient days, sea captains were accountable only to God for their acts, like the Hohenzollerns in their palmy days; but long before Frederick was born the world had established a code of maritime law. The recognized rule in regard to commerce in time of war was that of search and seizure—search of the vessel and seizure of contraband if any was found in the cargo. The Consolato del Mare, the highest authority on naval affairs, sanctioned it, and nobody questioned it.

Now Frederick had no navy, but he had a considerable merchant marine, and he also had plenty of wars just ahead of him. It would be greatly to his advantage if a set of rules could be adopted which would enable not only his ships, but ships of all neutrals, to bring him supplies in war-time. So in 1752 he pointed out to the world that free ships ought to make free goods. He urged an agreement that in war, “as in full peace, the vessels of the neutral party may navigate freely to and from the ports of the belligerent party, free vessels making free goods, insomuch that all things shall be adjudged free which shall be on board any vessel belonging to the neutral party, although such things belong to an enemy of the other; and the same freedom shall be extended to persons who shall be on board a free vessel, although they shall be enemies of the other party, unless they be soldiers in actual service of such enemy.”

This, however, was too radical, and Frederick knew it. He saw that he had flashed on a greater amount of millennial dawn than the lagging world was ready for; so he put in an easy-steps-for-little-ones proviso:

Nevertheless, it shall be lawful to stop such vessels and articles and detain them for such length of time as the captors may think necessary to prevent inconvenience or damage that might ensue from their proceeding.

The captor might even use all or part of a war cargo, provided he paid for it promptly; but in such a case a reasonable compensation for the loss occasioned by such arrest should be paid to the owners of the goods. Furthermore, “if the master of the vessel stopped will deliver out the goods supposed to be of contraband nature, he shall be permitted to do it, and the vessel shall not in that case be carried into any port, nor further detained, but shall be allowed to proceed on her voyage.”

Holland, Spain, Denmark, Sweden, and others who profited by maritime trade, but had few ships of war, welcomed this new doctrine; and later, in 1799, the United States and Prussia signed a scrap of paper containing the stipulations quoted.

There pass one hundred and sixteen years in which certain humanitarian doctrines have dominated the earth. Enter the German navy.

It is the Kaiser's birthday. The American four-master William P. Frye is on the high seas, bound from Seattle to England with a cargo of wheat. The German auxiliary cruiser Eitel Friedrich stops her. First, Captain

Thierichens decides to throw the wheat overboard; then he changes his mind and sinks the Frye by blowing the bottom out of her with dynamite.

Diplomatic correspondence begins. We, the plaintiff, dismiss the question of the cargo because it did not belong to us, but assert that the captain of the Frye should have been allowed to "deliver out the goods supposed to be of contraband nature" and "proceed on his voyage"; and as our treaty has been violated, Germany should make settlement for the boat through diplomatic channels and not subject the owners to the long-drawn-out and vexatious proceedings of a prize-court.

When this reached Berlin, William saw that Frederick's reform had come home to roost. "My illustrious and sainted ancestor," however, had pointed the way out of difficulties of this kind. Had he not said that a Kaiser should "break treaty engagements the continuance of which would be harmful to his country"? Had he not uttered the noble maxim, "If there is anything to be gained by it, let us be cheats!"

So the defendant's reply nonplused us. It said that the treaty had not been violated. The right to stop contraband, it argued, implies the right to destroy the ship—especially in extreme cases. The treaty merely obligates the party at war to pay the neutral for the damage. The treaty does not say how the amount is to be determined, but according to the principles of international law the exercise of the right of control over contraband is subject to the decision of the prize-courts. Therefore, submit your claims to our prize-court at Hamburg, and we'll decide what we can do for you.

After we got our breath we again cited. And then they cited. This continued for some time. We usually cited specific sections of the agreement. They cited for the most part "general principles of international law."

Suddenly, however, Germany became magnanimous. She said that she had a right to destroy our ships, but, "to furnish evidence of her conciliatory attitude," she had issued orders to her naval forces not to sink any more American merchantmen loaded with conditional contraband. Then, before the case could go any further, the successors of Frederick junked all agreements, and threw maritime matters not merely back to where old Frederick found them, but back to the conditions that prevailed in the Mediterranean before Pompey hunted down the pirate fleets.

* * * * *

Marriage in France Is a Complicated Affair

*The Girls Whom
Our Soldiers Left
Behind Them May
Be Glad to
Know It*

THE grocer's lady was disturbed. Indeed, so great was her perturbation that she handed out too much change.

"You'd be just as bad," said she, "if you were in my shoes, what with the war all over, and my brother a mechanic in the Aviation Corps at Tours, in France, and a very educated gentleman telling us he'll get our Christmas package there all right this year, and maybe next year, too. Think of them boys with nothing to do till they come back except gallivanting around! You know yourself how they go off when they see a pretty girl, and they do say how the French girls are all *some* pretty, as my brother himself has wrote home to us; and then with Nellie—that's his girl—coming around every evening after supper to cry her eyes out because perhaps he'll come back with a French wife—I tell you, a body would dislearn counting change for less than that!"

No doubt there are many Nellies in the land, many thousands of girls of all stations in life who have fears and forebodings like those that moved the young mechanic's girl. There are, too, about two million American mothers who are asking themselves with pangs of doubt what family complications may not arise if their boys should return betrothed or married to girls from the land which we love and admire, but of which we have so little intimate knowledge, and of whose women some one has said that they do not need to be pretty to be fascinating.

These American women know our men, with their emotional weaknesses, but also with their moral soundness and strength. If they knew

as much of French women and their background, and especially of French marriage laws and customs, they would lay aside most of their misgivings.

Speedy marriages, in the sense of meeting to-day and marrying to-morrow, which Europeans, with some justice, believe to be so common in America, are impossible in France. Both custom and law stand in their way. Even if a girl were so carried away emotionally that she would renounce the traditional months of courtship and wish to marry immediately, she could not do so, because her parents would prevent her. The written consent of the parents of both young people is necessary in law, so long as the lovers are under age. After that, until the age of thirty, if the parents refuse their consent, a *sommaton respectueuse*, or friendly summons, has to be delivered into their hands three times, at intervals of two weeks. Only after this can the bans be published. These must be posted for three weeks at the place of domicile of each contracting party. When this is done and no objection raised—the birth certificates having been found in good order before the publication can take place—the marriage may be celebrated. A civil marriage ceremony is compulsory. A religious one may follow, but would be illegal without the civil one preceding it.

From the American point of view, this is a staggering amount of red tape, when looked upon impersonally; but just now it has become a very personal matter to many American homes, and those who know the threads of the tape bless each one of them. The more complicated the better!

* * * * *

Chief of the
Chemical
Warfare
Service

Major-General
Sibert and His
Share in Winning
the War

A CHAPTER of war history that cannot be fully revealed until peace has finally been signed and sealed is the development of "chemical warfare"—that new and terrible arm which played so important a part in the later phases of the great struggle. There have been conflicting reports as to our success in turning out, at short notice, the *matériel* of this deadly method of attack—without which we could not have defeated an enemy who so perfidiously introduced poisonous gases as weapons of war and used them so relentlessly and on so vast a scale.

For more than a year after we entered the war the control of this portion of our great military effort was a divided one. The scientific side of the subject was entrusted to the Bureau of Mines, a branch of the Department of the Interior. Independently of this bureau, the Medical Corps of the army was responsible for designing gas-masks that would protect our men from the enemy's poisons; while the Ordnance Department studied the problems of making and charging gas shells.

It is not surprising that this dispersal of responsibility proved unsatisfactory, and that there were credible reports of culpable delay in supplying our men at the front with the munitions they so urgently needed. At any rate, it was decided to unify the work under a single head, and the Chemical Warfare Service was created by an executive order issued June 28, 1918.

For the head of the new agency the government chose a man on whom it had more than once called when there was a difficult and important task to be undertaken. Major-General William Luther Sibert had spent seven years at Panama, where he built the great locks and dam at Gatun and a breakwater in Colon Harbor. He had made the Ohio River more serviceable to man by damming and regulating its intractable waters. He had built railroads in the wilds of the Philippines. He had been sent by the United States to advise China on her stupendous problem of flood-prevention, in an effort to reduce the vast losses she periodically suffers when her uncurbed rivers flow out on the plain. In this war he had gone to France with Pershing, with the first troops to sail in 1917.

Under Sibert's command the Chemical Warfare Service took hold of its work vigorously, and our troops at the front could scarcely have done what they did if it had not produced effective results. Of its operations on the offensive side—the means taken to give the enemy a heaping dose of his

own poisonous medicine—few details have been disclosed; but of its defensive preparations more can be said. Not only has the American gas-mask proved the best in use, and been produced in enormous quantities, but General Sibert organized a remarkably thorough system of protective instruction.

Both here and in France he established schools for the training of gas experts; and as fast as it was possible to get men instructed they were fitted in as gas officers of armies, corps, divisions, regiments, and even companies—for each company had two non-commissioned officers specially trained in gas warfare. It was the province of these men to detect the presence of gas, to give the alarm, to see to it that their subordinates took every precaution, and that the necessary measures were continued until the poison had disappeared. Undoubtedly this system saved the lives of thousands of our men.

Personally General Sibert is a big, bluff, genial fighting man, with five sons in the service. A good portrait of him appears on page 631.

* * * * *

Sailors Who Fought Well on Land

*Naval Units Did
Good Work in
the British Army
and in Our Own*

DURING the last weeks of the war it was announced that American naval guns, under the command of an American admiral—Rear-Admiral Charles P. Plunkett—were “cruising” northern France on railroad trucks, and that they had helped to “sink” St. Quentin and other German fortresses a hundred miles from the sea. The correspondents who recounted their prowess could not shake off the navy’s way of putting it, so tenacious is the sailor, even on land, of his seagoing customs.

In this he is carrying on the traditions of navy men everywhere. There is a British naval division with a record on land to be proud of, in which the men talk of “going to the galley” when Tommy Atkins speaks of “going to the kitchen,” and of “going to sick-bay” when ordered to the dressing-station. They “go adrift” when they are missing from parade, they ask to “go ashore” when they want leave, and they “go aloft,” like poor *Tom Bowling*, when they fall in battle.

From Antwerp to Gallipoli, from Egypt to the Greek islands and Saloniki, that British division had a history of thrills and perils. It was toward the end of August, 1914, that Winston Churchill organized a division of reserve seamen, stokers, marines, and recruits drawn from the mines of the north of England and Scotland for service abroad in an hour of great danger. The navy called them “dry-land sailors”; to the soldiers they were “salts.” They knew themselves as Winston’s Own. Sir Ian Hamilton praised them at Gallipoli, and General d’Amade did not forget them, but they won their most signal fame at Beaucourt-sur-Ancre, in a critical stage of the desperate battle of the Somme.

Their battalions were named after famous admirals—Drake, Nelson, Collingwood, Howe, and Hood. The Collingwood battalion was wiped out at Gallipoli—Rupert Brooke was a member of it, though he did not die in battle; but greatest of all was the Hood battalion, and its foremost hero was a young officer named C. B. Freyberg.

Freyberg was born at Wellington, New Zealand, less than thirty years ago. He was adventuring in Mexico when the great catastrophe came, and he set out on foot for San Francisco, where he arrived penniless. Finding some swimming races on, he entered, and won enough money to take him to London, where he got a commission as a lieutenant in Winston’s Own. At Antwerp he missed being electrocuted. That was when he stole out one night to reconnoiter, and on the way back stumbled on his own live wire and was fired on by his own men, who thought he was a German. When Winston’s Own went to the Levant, Freyberg had new experiences. He landed from a canoe all alone on the shore of the Gulf of Saros with a load of flares and a revolver, to pretend to the Turks that he was a whole platoon. He lit his flares and got his information, but lost his canoe,

and had to swim for two hours before he was picked up by a British destroyer. For this he got the D. S. O.

From Gallipoli Winston's Own moved to the Somme, and Freyberg went in command of the Hood battalion. On November 13, 1916, they were ordered to attack the fortified village of Beaucourt-sur-Ancre. Freyberg had his shoulder and right arm done up in bandages, but off he went, and soon got so far ahead of his men that he rubbed his eyes and said:

"I believe I forgot to tell them to follow!"

They followed quickly enough, all that was left of them, and stormed Beaucourt. Freyberg had four more wounds by that time, but he got the V. C. for his daring leadership.

* * * *

The Head of the New Hungarian Republic

*Count Michael
Karolyi Has
Long Fought for
Independence
and Democracy*

A FEW weeks before the Teutonic empires launched the great war upon the world, the son and political successor of Hungary's great fighter for the cause of freedom and democracy, Kossuth, was buried at Budapest, and the cry rang out among his party followers:

"Kossuth is dead! Long live Karolyi!"

Now, the very man whom the Independence Party then acclaimed, Count Michael Karolyi—a Magyar of the Magyars, an aristocrat in blood and breeding, but a democrat in his political convictions—is at the head of a Hungary that has achieved the first step toward democratic freedom which Kossuth considered necessary—its independence of Vienna and of imperial Hapsburg rule.

One afternoon in the second week of July, 1914, the writer of this article met Count Karolyi at the home of a prominent Magyar-American in New York, where he was stopping on his way to visit our industrial and agricultural centers and to study American methods. The first impression upon seeing him, and before he spoke, was excellent. He was a tall, athletic-looking man of about forty, well-groomed in an unobtrusive way, gentle of manner, though a certain nervousness sometimes caused a staccato gesture, and with a long, intelligent face. The second impression, when the count uttered a few polite phrases of welcome, was disappointing. Could this be the man chosen to defend Hungary's aspirations toward independence? He spoke with entire mental ease and a careful choice of words, but with a physical difficulty, a combination of lisp and stutter that was surprising in the leader of a political party.

However, when the conversation turned to the subject nearest Karolyi's heart—the political and economic future of his country—he caught fire, as it were, and the listener forgot his first and second quick impressions, drawn by the ardor of the man. In the low, fervent tones one unconsciously uses when speaking of the things one holds most sacred, Karolyi drew a sober picture of the freer, better Hungary to which he had consecrated every effort of his manhood, and with the conciseness of one who has long matured his ideas he spoke of the ways by which he hoped to attain his goal.

The first step he had in view was separation from Austria, now a fact. The other steps would follow as a matter of course, he was confident. In order to fulfil the program of his party—which may be summed up as "political rights for the people, land for the people, bread for the people"—there must be electoral reform, the abolition of the aristocracy's ancient privileges, and land reform. This latter involves the sequestration by the state of the millions of acres held by the great Magyar landowners, partly reserved as hunting-grounds, partly left barren out of sheer lack of interest. The state, said Karolyi, would take over these estates and allot them in parcels to the peasantry, much as the British government organized land reform in Ireland.

No one in Hungary will make a greater personal sacrifice, if this plan is carried out, than Karolyi. As the chief of his family, he owns a castle in every corner of Hungary, each in the midst of wide acres.

Who Pays?*

BY MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

Author of "Children of Passion," "A Candle in the Wind," etc.

XXV

FOR a moment Roxanna hardly recognized Harold. His face was haggard, there were dark circles under his eyes, and his lips were compressed. He had the manner of a man trying to repress some strong inner excitement, trying to bluff with a blunt, offhand manner that was essentially unlike his natural one.

"Hello, David!" he said carelessly. "Can I use the phone? I want to get a taxi to take me over to the station."

David, who had known Harold from boyhood, saluted his superior officer.

"I'll call one for you, captain," he said stiffly.

He went back to the telephone by the stairs. Harold, who had sauntered in with his hands in his pockets, suddenly became aware of Roxanna.

"Oh, I say—Mrs. North!" he stammered, and reddened to his hair.

Roxanna, silhouetted against the white wall by the stairs, was a tall, black figure with a tragic face; but the sight of McVeagh brought back Marion Grant's words, and she returned his look steadily.

"So you are out here?" she said. "Nancy expected to meet you at your aunt's luncheon. She came back early this evening, much disappointed."

He was taken aback, and showed it.

"I didn't know she was here." He groped for an explanation and found none. "I was out here on—on business. I thought she was still in town. I came out early—she couldn't have been there when I was in town."

David, having secured a taxi even at this late hour, turned from the telephone to speak to Harold. His face was flushed with anger, and he forgot their relations as officer and private.

"I met Miss Nancy at the station shortly

after I gave you the letters for General Goldsmith," he said quickly.

Harold met David's eye for an instant; then he turned his away and stared sullenly at the wall opposite.

"I don't know what you mean, Locke!"

His tone was even and cold, yet there was something febrile in it. He struck Roxanna as a man under a strain, trying to play out a scene which he had prepared beforehand. Yet he could not have prepared this scene!

"I mean the letters that Colonel Lockmore ordered me to deliver to you for General Goldsmith," said David in a repressed voice, his eyes fixed on Harold's face.

"You're out of your depth to-night, David," the other retorted quickly. "Here, of course, I'll overlook your way of addressing your superior officer, but I can't overlook your imagination. You gave me no letters!"

There was a sharp silence. Roxanna, looking from one to the other, was struck with their different expressions. Harold's face had paled again, and was fixed. He had squared his shoulders, and had the air of flinging a challenge; while David, fairly aghast at the boldness of the falsehood, still showed the slow, horrible misgiving of a man who sees a chasm yawning at his feet at a moment when he is powerless either to turn back or to leap over it.

"Is it possible that you've forgotten?" he exclaimed. "I met you at the Pennsylvania Station and handed you the papers, according to orders. Surely you remember?"

Harold deliberately took out his cigarette-case and lit a cigarette; but Roxanna noticed that the hand that held the match was unsteady.

"You've been dreaming, David," he said harshly, between whiffs. "I saw you, of course, at the station. I remember that perfectly; but you gave me no letters."

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David uttered an inarticulate exclamation and took a step forward. He was struggling with an overmastering emotion. He was denying himself the privilege of calling his superior officer a liar.

"I gave you the letters for General Goldsmith, Captain McVeagh," he said sharply.

Harold swung around and faced him, quivering with passionate resentment, fairly choking with it.

"I deny that you gave me any papers!" he retorted.

David drew himself up to his full height and was silent. The two young men measured each other for a full minute—a minute that was terrible to Roxanna. She knew that Harold was not speaking the truth. It seemed to her that the very glitter of his eyes and the grimness of his young mouth betrayed him. He had done something wrong, he had failed somewhere, and he was steeling himself to hide it, to lie about it. He was not in the habit of falsehood, and he did it poorly.

"If you deny that you received those letters from me, Captain McVeagh," said David with studied politeness, "I'm a ruined man."

Harold knocked the ashes from his cigarette with a nervous jerk of his little finger.

"I'm sorry, David," he said hardily, "but I didn't receive them, and I haven't got them. It's up to you to explain it all."

David said nothing. He folded his arms and stood looking fixedly at Harold. His face had grown pale, and he seemed to be incapable of speech.

Harold, perhaps to avoid the look, turned to Roxanna.

"Mrs. North, I'm sorry. Tell Nancy, please, that I thought she was still with my aunt; otherwise I should have come here earlier. I have to report for duty tomorrow morning, and I must go back on this train. She—I'm sure she'll understand," he added more hastily, relief showing in his face as they all heard the taxi stop at the door.

"Yes," Roxanna replied slowly, "I think she'll understand!"

He caught her eye and reddened again, but he held out his hand.

"Tell her I'll come up in a few days—if I have luck. I'm late now—good night!"

He wrung her hand nervously and started to walk away; but David took a step forward and interposed his big frame between Harold and the door.

"For God's sake, Harold," he said in a low voice, "forget that we're in the army, consider me as man to man, think what this means—I gave you two letters!"

There was a second's hesitation—a second in which Roxanna thought Harold wavered and came near to breaking down; then he tossed his cigarette away and moved forward with a hardened look.

"I'll overlook your way of addressing me, David, for I remember we were boys together; but I can't help you. You gave me no letters."

He was carrying it off well now, but he was nervous, and blushed under the other man's steady gaze. David said no more, however. With a quick, enigmatical gesture he moved aside; and Harold went out, jumped into the taxi, and slammed the door.

Both Roxanna and David stood listening to the rush of the big tires on the soft country road until finally the last throb of the machine had died away, and they heard only the reedy piping of frogs. The silence was intolerable to Roxanna. She was aware of David's tall figure standing there, with its fine military uprightness. She could not see his face, but she knew that McVeagh had told a falsehood.

She knew, too, that David would suffer for Harold's refusal to admit that he had received the letters. How important or how far-reaching the matter might be she did not know, but something in David's silence carried it home to her consciousness more terribly than speech.

A few moments before, she had been absorbed in her own misery, bent on her own dismal resolve; but even that slipped out of sight before this young soldier's grim silence, his resolute struggle with himself. She stood, still leaning on the banisters, watching him, and thinking of Nancy. Harold was engaged to Nancy, and yet she had seen to-night that Marion Grant's story had foundation in fact. She knew that he had come from the Zedlitz house.

Suddenly this thought brought another and a clearer light on the situation. Roxanna took a step forward and laid her hand on David's arm.

"You're in trouble," she said softly. "I'm sorry!"

He started, for he had forgotten her.

"Yes," he replied slowly. "I'm in trouble. I'm a soldier, and bound to obey orders. I did obey. I took two letters from

Colonel Lockmore and delivered them to Harold at the Pennsylvania Station. He denies this, and"—David turned and began to walk the floor restlessly, his face set—"that means that I'm liable. It lies between us. I am only a non-commissioned officer, and his word will outweigh mine. I have no evidence. I'm liable to court martial, I suppose!"

"He wasn't telling you the truth just now. He knew that you had given them to him—I saw it in his eyes."

David smiled bitterly.

"That will not help me, if he persists. It seems to me unthinkable that he will persist! I couldn't understand him to-night, he wasn't himself."

"He had been at the Zedlitz house," said Roxanna dryly. "He may have had too much liquor. They have plenty of it—and drugs, too."

David, remembering what she had endured through Zedlitz, flushed.

"I've never known Harold to drink—it isn't one of his faults."

Roxanna sat down on the lower step of the stairs and seemed to meditate.

"This is a terrible trouble for you," she said after a while, "but there must be some way out. You gave him those letters early, didn't you? Nancy told me that he never came to his aunt's house, where he was expected to lunch."

David winced. He knew now that he had been right—Nancy had expected to meet Harold.

"I gave them to him about luncheon time."

"He came out here with them, then, when he should have stayed in town. You can tell them that—tell them where he was. That will help you a little."

"I can't do that."

"Why not?"

He looked at her strangely.

"Mrs. North, I shall try to establish my own innocence, but I can't accuse him. I wouldn't if I could. He's engaged to your daughter. I can't help thinking of Miss Nancy. I must think of her as far as he's concerned."

Roxanna considered this. It seemed to lay hold of her imagination more strongly than anything else that David had said. He was thinking of Nancy at a moment when it seemed to her that every instinct of his nature must have been clamoring for a weapon with which to strike at Harold.

She had a curious sensation of failure, of self-accusation.

She had thought that she was going to do the only thing left for her to do—to take herself out of the way and free her daughter from all obligation to her; but she had not thought of the effect upon Nancy, beyond the mere naked fact of her release. Now she saw that this young fellow, this stranger, wanted to shield Nancy, that he would forego any personal attack upon Harold rather than hurt Harold's promised wife.

It was a new angle, something that she had not thought of before—that any one should give up any personal advantage at all to protect another. Since the mad folly and sin of her own flight from her husband she had felt only the hard and cruel conditions of life. She had encountered so many hard and cruel people!

She looked curiously at David; he was different. Gradually, as she sat there looking at him, she began to perceive the difference.

"If you don't discredit him, you'll have to suffer for him," she argued.

"I know that!"

As he spoke, David sat down on the settle opposite and leaned his head on his hand. He was, in reality, in black despair. He knew perfectly that his fate as a soldier, his future in the army, depended on the possibility of Harold's deciding—overnight—to tell the truth. He had very little hope of such a confession. He felt sure that McVeagh had lost the letters and had suddenly determined to save himself by a lie at David's expense. It was a wicked and cruel expedient!

Back in his mind David could recall incidents—scattered and few, it is true, but still incidents—which established something of Harold's character. They showed a cruel, weak, selfish nature that would be good and fertile soil for the propagation of just such an impulse as this—the fierce instinct of self-preservation, even at the cost of personal honor.

David saw the end of his own unsullied record, the collapse of his pride in doing his duty. He had absolutely no means of proving that Harold had the letters and had lost them. He was done for!

He sat there with his head still in his hands, unable to decide what to do, with a grim kind of fatalism in his way of looking at it. He had only to wait until the blow fell, for there was absolutely no way of

avoiding it. If he went out and collected evidence that Harold had spent the day carelessly, idling with Lucile Zedlitz, indifferent to duty, it would do him no good. It would not produce the letters, and it would strike a blow at Nancy.

But to suffer for disobedience, to be punished for a breach of duty when he was innocent, was bitter. Unconsciously he groaned aloud.

Roxanna rose from her seat on the stairs and went over and stood beside him. He did not notice her, and she looked down at his bowed head for a moment in silence. The light in the hall seemed dim, and flared a little in the breeze from the open door. It was very late now, past midnight, and there was a sweet dampness in the air.

David did not lift his head. He was lost in his own problem, facing it grimly, desperately, seeing no way out. Roxanna did not see his face; she only saw the arch of his head and the rumpled mass of his thick brown hair. He looked so young! It touched her, it appealed to her as only youth can appeal to a woman in such grief as hers—a woman who felt alone, isolated, by her own act, from the youth that should have clung to her maturity, as a part of it and a blessing to it.

"I'm sure that Lucile Zedlitz has in some way got hold of his letters," she said slowly. "If that is so, you can ruin him quite as easily as he can ruin you."

David raised his head and looked at her with his face set.

"I don't want to ruin him," he replied harshly. "I know that—your daughter cares for him."

Roxanna said nothing for a moment. She shivered a little and moved to the door.

David rose to his feet, straightened himself, and tried to order his thoughts. He had to report for duty at noon the next day, and he would go back to face it. Then he became aware of the dark figure in the doorway, and it flashed into his mind that it was strange that Roxanna should have stayed there so long.

At the moment she turned, came back, and laid her hand on his arm, looking up at him with those tragic eyes of hers.

"David," she said gently, "do you love her—I mean Nancy?"

He gave her an aghast look, turning away almost rudely.

"Why do you ask me? What difference can it make?" he cried bitterly.

"It makes a difference to me. Do you?"

He turned again and looked at her, very pale.

"Yes," he said doggedly.

With a sudden gesture she put up her hand and touched his cheek lightly. Then she turned without another word and went out into the night.

The moon had set, and the sky had an ineffable depth of starry darkness, while the earth beneath her feet was still less discernible. She was surrounded by space and shadows, not moving, but stationary—the shadows of shrubs and tall trees, close cloaked in verdure, for the summer was far spent, like the night. But it was not silent; there were continuous and multitudinous sounds—the hum of insects, the rustle of leaves, the stirring of life. Far off she discerned a luminous spot in the sky—a glow, a warmth, the earliest beginning of daybreak.

She walked as rapidly as she could in the darkness. She had an object in view totally different from the purpose that had brought her down-stairs—a purpose to rebuild and not to destroy. She began to see that perhaps there might be a purpose in the scheme of life, that while she was paying the price for selfishness and sin she might yet be led to a way to do something unselfish, something to help save a brave man from another's falsehood, the humiliation she had endured might not be without fruit, or even without profit, if it laid an opportunity ready to her hand in the hour of need.

She turned her eyes involuntarily toward the thick mass of trees at the shore. Behind them was the Zedlitz house, and no one knew better than she did the ways of that house. She smiled bitterly in the darkness, but she was no longer desperate, no longer bent on making an end of it all. She knew now that she would return, and would keep her purpose from Nancy a little while longer; but it did not matter if she could retrieve a little of the harm she had done. For she realized that she had made Nancy pay for all that she had done, that she had dragged the girl down from security and smirched her with scandal.

In spite of this, or because of it, there was yet something for her to do.

She had come to a bridge—the bridge that led to the Zedlitz house. Below it the water lapped hungrily against the old

wooden piles, for it was high tide, and the inlets rippled to their brims. Roxanna stopped, and, resting her hand on the rail, looked down. It was so dark that she could distinguish only the water by the greater depth of blackness below her; but while she stood there the light at the horizon grew keener, and far off she perceived a glimmer where the river widened and met the sea.

It was here she had thought there might be a silence and a swiftness that would sweep her into a harbor of oblivion; but now she stood looking down and wondering a little why David's youth, and his honesty, and his clumsiness in his danger, had so touched and awakened her. It was as if the immortal seed of love had suddenly taken root in her heart and revealed it to herself. She had sought only for happiness, for comfort, for love for herself. She could not have them, she knew that now; but for the first time in her whole life she wanted all these things keenly for some one else.

She lifted her face mutely toward that distant and ineffable sky. She stretched out her hands with a new and unaccustomed gesture that was, as yet, dumb and groping—like that of a heathen just rebelling against his false gods, without having fully attained the spiritual attitude of prayer.

XXVI

WHEN Nancy arose the next morning, she found that her mother had already laid the breakfast-table and was quietly preparing the coffee. Roxanna was very pale, but so unusually calm that her daughter drew a breath of relief.

One of the most difficult features of their life together had been its emotional climaxes. Nancy, accustomed to the equable temperament of Susan Blair, had been suffering a succession of shocks. She could not feel at home with Roxanna because she was always on edge, expecting that something would go wrong; but she noticed a change in her mother now, a composure that rather surprised her.

Roxanna was calm even when the postman brought a letter to Nancy. It was from Susan Blair, and the girl was eager to open it. Her cheeks flushed as she saw the familiar handwriting. It still seemed so impossible that any one else could be her mother!

Roxanna glanced up from her place at

the table, and with her usual keenness recognized the letter in Nancy's hands. She saw that the girl was going to put it aside, evidently afraid to open it before her, and she remembered the episode of the apron with something like shame.

"Open your letter, Nancy," she said coldly. "Don't mind me. In fact, I would rather know if they're coming back here. I heard they were."

Nancy opened it reluctantly, but her face changed and softened as she read, her eyes lit up, her lovely lips parted. It was as if she looked into a mirror of happiness, and the reflection shone on her face. Roxanna, watching her jealously and sadly, saw it. It was like turning the knife in the wound, but she said nothing; she even refrained from a movement or a sound.

Nancy folded the letter up and put it into her pocket, her face still changed and relieved.

"They're in New York again," she said softly. "They got back to Sixty-Eighth Street yesterday. Papa is better. He rode out last evening, and he goes to court this Wednesday."

"I didn't know that your father had been ill," Roxanna remarked quietly, without looking up. She had seen too much already in the girl's tremulous face.

"He wasn't very well when they left for the Adirondacks," Nancy hastened to explain. "You know the doctor advises him to be careful and take out-of-door exercise. It's terrible sitting for hours in stuffy, ill-ventilated court-rooms."

Roxanna made no reply to this, but a deeper streak of red showing suddenly in her pale cheeks recalled to Nancy's memory the horror of her one experience in Judge Blair's court. The girl felt again the self-reproachful anguish that she had experienced so often in those grievous moments when she had inadvertently touched on a sore spot in her mother's past.

But Roxanna gave her no time to dwell upon it now. She turned the subject aside.

"Nancy, did Harold send no excuse to his aunt for failing to appear at her luncheon?"

Nancy, who dreaded the subject of the luncheon, colored.

"Not that I know of, mother. I suppose he may have done so later."

"Don't you think he should have done so to you?" Roxanna asked pointedly.

Nancy hesitated.

"I suppose he will. You know they get so little leave from those camps, and Harold is an officer," she added, with a touch of something like pride in him.

Roxanna rose from the table and began to put away the things.

"I think he gets a good deal of leave," she remarked dryly.

Her daughter did not dispute this, and the talk languished, as it was apt to languish after one of Roxanna's emotional storms. In fact, Nancy was glad to escape even to her duties in the bookkeeper's cage in Chubb's shop, though her work had its moments of bitter irksomeness.

Since she had been regularly employed she had made a discovery that chilled her with a recognition of the limits of poverty. Before she left her father's house she had had ample time to help in war charities, had worked for the Red Cross, and had done a hundred and one things to keep in touch with the great and growing struggle into which the nation had plunged. But now, tied to a bookkeeper's duties, or helping her mother to keep their little apartment neat, she had barely time to do more than knit a little, and even this was up-hill work. She began to realize that she had set a limit on her own activities, and that those who must work to live could not live to work. Sharp as the paradox might seem, it was true, and to-day she spoke of it to Pap Chubb.

"I seem so useless here," she remarked, looking over the top of her ledger. "I'm only keeping accounts when I ought to be helping to win the war!"

Mr. Chubb was, at the moment, leaning on his counter, figuring up a customer's order. He looked up over his spectacles.

"Haven't you released a man?" he retorted bluntly. "Lem's gone to fight. I guess that's a good deal for a girl to do!"

This was a view of it that had not reached Nancy before, and she stopped to consider it. She did not like to reply that some other girl with a more limited horizon could have done that; and she did see the justice of the old man's point of view. She remembered, too, her glimpse of Lem in his new khaki with his extraordinarily big feet, and she smiled. So he was her substitute in battle!

"When will they all get leave again?" she asked idly, thinking of Harold and wondering why he had failed to appear.

"They won't get another spell off for a

week or ten days, I reckon," Mr. Chubb replied shortly.

He spoke with unusual gruffness, and Nancy noticed that he seemed preoccupied and worried. She watched him idly after that, from time to time, and felt more sure than ever that something was wrong. Two or three customers strayed in and out, and Mr. Chubb waited on them without his usual willingness to gossip and joke. Old Mrs. Levine, who had long ago quarreled over the price of potatoes, wanted to know if Mrs. Chubb had signed the food-conservation card yet.

"I guess she has," Pap replied tartly, tying up her package and biting off the string. "We've got three boys in—we count 'em as ours, all three—an' I guess she'd sign anything to help."

"I've signed," said Mrs. Levine, "an' I think it's goin' to be just as easy as easy! Folks take it hard at first, but I says, 'You're eatin' too much, look at your hangin' chins!' Seems to make 'em mad, too."

"Shouldn't wonder."

Mr. Chubb pushed her package across the counter, and taking off his spectacles, wiped them carefully. She stopped at the door and looked anxiously at the sky.

"I believe it's goin' to rain," she observed. "Mrs. Simpson said it was."

Mr. Chubb glanced skyward.

"It does look like a she-storm—kind o' squally," he admitted.

"It's beginning to drop now!"

The old woman opened her umbrella and departed. Mr. Chubb slammed down the top of his sugar-barrel.

"Food-conservation ain't goin' to hit her a mite," he growled. "She lives on dried lima beans and canned salmon. Ain't bought anything else but a pound of potatoes an' a box of matches in two months!"

"Mr. Chubb," said Nancy, "you're out of sorts."

He gave her a quick look of surprise and sat down in the old chair that he kept by the bookkeeper's desk. His face grew suddenly old and lined, and he took off his spectacles again and rubbed them.

"Miss Nancy," he said, "you're right. I *am* out of sorts. I'm all broke up!"

Nancy pushed aside the detested ledger, which a moment before had seemed an extraordinary barrier between her and achievement, and leaned her hands gently on the bare, worn old desk, where David had long ago whittled his initials.

"I hope it isn't anything serious," she said softly, a vision of financial collapse rising before her.

Pap, having once given way, was apparently sinking deeper and deeper into dejection.

"It's very serious," he admitted. "The fact is—" Looking up and catching the soft kindness of her eyes, he faltered. He felt that he had contemplated dealing her a blow. "I—I guess I'd better not say anything," he stammered. "Martha was afraid I'd make a mess of it. She's up-stairs cryin' now."

"Oh!" said Nancy, and then softly and kindly: "Is it—is it anything that papa could help you about, Mr. Chubb?"

Mr. Chubb shook his head.

"I don't know that it rightly is."

Nancy, reluctant to intrude on his confidence, drew back. She had a warm friendship for the kindly old man, and his evident trouble touched her. She did not know what to say, but she averted her eyes. Looking straight ahead, she could see the service-flag floating from its staff outside the door, and the gentle fall of the rain that was beginning to cast a faint blur over the village street.

"I'm so sorry," was all that she ventured to say.

Then she heard steps, and her mother came into the shop. It was an unusual thing for Roxanna to do. She almost always avoided contact with people, and seemed to prefer to be entirely alone; but she came in now with a strange look on her face, and Nancy instantly surmised that she had been talking to Mrs. Chubb. This was confirmed, too, by her first words.

"Mr. Chubb, your wife has just told me of your nephew's letter," she said directly, coming over and standing by Nancy, her hand on the desk.

He looked up in a dazed way and nodded his head.

"It ain't true—I mean about David."

Nancy was startled.

"Is there anything the matter with him—I mean with David?" she asked quickly.

Mr. Chubb looked up and caught Roxanna's eye.

"Martha, she allowed I mustn't tell her," he said bluntly.

"You mean my daughter?" Roxanna looked at Nancy. "I think she must know. Nancy, Mrs. Chubb received a letter from

her nephew, Peter Layman, this morning. He sent it to her by a messenger. It seems that Colonel Lockmore, down at the camp, gave David two letters to carry up to New York and deliver in person to Harold McVeagh. Harold was to take them on to General Goldsmith, who had some work for him to do—something special. General Goldsmith, it turns out, was not at the hotel. He was out of town for the day, and the letters have disappeared. David says he delivered them to Harold on time, at the Pennsylvania Station in New York. Harold says they were not delivered to him at all. David is consequently under arrest at camp, and the whole matter is being investigated. It's very bad for poor David!"

This was too much for Mr. Chubb. He rose from his seat, took off his coat, and hung it up. The thing made him hot all the way through.

"It ain't true!" he broke out. "I'm sorry, Miss Nancy, I don't mean to offend you, but—standing right here in my hall—David says to me: 'I delivered two letters to Harold to-day, an' he ought to be up at General Goldsmith's, but he's down there now—th's minute—at the Zedlitz house!' It's my belief—I'm not sayin' anybody lies—but it's my belief Harold lost them two letters, or he had his pocket picked, an' he's puttin' it off on David!"

"No!" cried Nancy. "No—that's past belief!"

"Is it?" stormed the old man. "Ain't it past belief that David—our David—would lie about them letters?"

Nancy rose with a flushed face.

"Yes," she replied in a low voice.

"That's past belief, too!"

Mr. Chubb began to walk about the shop frantically.

"Then where are you?" he demanded.

"What 're you goin' to do about it? One of 'em lost the letters. I know it wasn't David, but he's got to suffer!"

Nancy's mind was on another point—a point that moved it nearer to her.

"Was Har—was Mr. McVeagh here last night?" she asked quietly.

Roxanna, who was watching her narrowly, said nothing; but Pap Chubb spoke. He had got past all minor considerations.

"He was. I guess I know. I saw him go by with Lucile Zedlitz in her tin Lizzie. He oughter have been with the general then. No one knows just what happened, but there's one thing that's all-fired certain,"

burst out the old man; "an' that is, David's ruined if he can't prove it, an' he's such a blamed fool he won't tell where he knows Harold was! He says, so Peter writes, that it don't have anything to do with his part of it, for he gave Harold the letters in New York."

"That's like shielding Harold at his own expense," remarked Roxanna quietly.

"Do you mean," said Nancy slowly, "that this will hurt David?"

"Hurt him?" Pap Chubb groaned. "I guess you don't know anythin' about the army, Miss Nancy!" He seized his coat and jerked it on again. "Excuse me, miss, I can't stay here. If I do, I'll say things I hadn't oughter!"

He plunged out into the rain and disappeared toward his potato-field, his gray head bare and his coat only half on.

Nancy stood quietly looking down at the desk. On it she saw the carved letters of David's name.

"I can't understand," she said slowly. "It's pretty bad, isn't it, mother? But I can't make it out!"

"It's quite simple," Roxanna replied. "I went to speak to Mrs. Chubb and found her crying. I read the letter. Of course, it's only what Peter has heard, but the missing papers were of great importance, and somehow they have been made away with. It lies between Harold and David. Harold denies that he ever received them, and his word as an officer counts. David will be court-martialed and—for all I know—either imprisoned for a while or dishonorably discharged from the service."

Nancy turned pale.

"That's terrible! He's so proud of being a soldier! I—I used to call him a slacker because he was late in volunteering. It seems he waited to pay off an old debt to papa. Why, mother, he's splendidly honest! Could he have lost them?"

"He says he gave them to Harold."

Nancy drew a quick breath.

"I remember he told me himself that he had given them to Harold."

"Then it's a question whether he had planned this and begun to tell falsehoods all around, isn't it?"

Roxanna was cool and a little cynical. Nancy threw back her head.

"I'd never believe that he was deliberately dishonest—never!"

"Then you've got to believe that Harold lies!"

"Oh, I can't do that!" the girl cried, with a little break in her voice. "I can't believe that, either!"

"Nancy," said her mother, "will you ask him?"

Her daughter turned a startled face toward her.

"What do you mean, mother?"

"I mean this. I know—I'm not willing to tell you yet how I know, but I do know that David gave those letters to Harold and Harold lost them. I'm not sure that he knows how he lost them, but he knows that it will injure him, and he's saving himself at the cost of David's ruin. Do you believe me, Nancy?"

"I've got to believe you!" the girl replied in a low voice.

"I've never told you a falsehood, Nancy."

There was something in Roxanna's melancholy and beautiful voice that touched her daughter's heart with keen reproach. It was like that of a woman who felt herself unloved in spite of her best endeavors to do right at last.

"Oh, mother!" the girl cried brokenly.

But Roxanna ignored her little gesture of affection. She was trying to bring the situation home to Nancy, to open her eyes.

"Harold will be here. He can get leave, and he knows we shall learn that he was here last night. He'll come, you see, and I want you to ask him yourself. Give him a chance to explain, to clear this up, Nancy. He has no right to ruin young Locke in order to save himself. If he lost those letters, let him say so. If he doesn't tell the whole truth about them, he'll force another man to suffer for him."

Nancy shook her head.

"I—I can't believe Harold would do that!" she said steadily. "I—"

Roxanna laid her hand gently on her daughter's arm.

"Do you still love him, Nancy?"

The girl lifted her eyes to her mother's, and blushed painfully.

"Yes," she said slowly.

"Then ask him. Your love will make him tell you the truth. If he doesn't tell it, he means to ruin another man. And I"—she hesitated—"I like David. I couldn't let him be unjustly disgraced."

Nancy said nothing for a moment. The last word seemed to force the truth in upon her.

"Disgraced!" she repeated. "It—it would be that—wouldn't it?"

"Of course," replied Roxanna. "He has no proof that he didn't give those letters to an enemy of the country."

Nancy avoided her mother's eyes. She was pale again now, and her hand lay on the desk, close beside the carved initials of David's name. In the silence that followed she moved it slowly until the two letters were covered. There were tears in her eyes.

"I can't believe it of Harold!" she cried.

Roxanna moved slowly to the door and looked out at the rain. Then she turned back to her daughter.

"Nancy," she said with new gentleness, "remember what it means. Think of it as it really is. It's a military matter. The letters, it seems, were important. No soldier can shirk or fail in his duty. The man who lost those papers, or gave them away, will suffer disgrace. I know who lost them!"

Nancy made no reply. She looked up and met her mother's tragic eyes bent earnestly upon her. Her lips quivered. She sank down, with her head on the worn letters now, and burst into tears.

XXVII

If Nancy was at first unable to visualize the terrible disaster that military disgrace would bring to David, she was made keenly aware of it when she saw the effect of the mere shadow of it upon Harold. She had been unable to bear the suspense, and had written to him. He answered her letter, as Roxanna imagined he would, by coming almost at once.

Nancy was alone in the little living-room when she heard his step on the stairs, and she tried, tremulously, to calm herself. She told herself that all her dread and her doubts would be hushed in a moment. Her mother must be mistaken; it could not be true, and Harold would reassure her. In some way he would make his innocence as clear as daylight—at least, his innocence of any intent to injure David. There had been some mistake, some accident. She snatched wildly at the hope that Harold had already been able to clear it away, that he would bring her the news of David's exoneration.

She stood waiting for him, aware of the bare little room, only softened now by the softening of the light outside, for it was early evening. She fixed her eyes eagerly on the door; but in another moment she

was shocked by the sight of his haggard eyes, his set mouth.

"Harold!" she exclaimed sharply.

He scarcely noticed her dismay. He came on rapidly, caught both her hands in his, and kissed her; but there was neither joy nor love in the caress. It was perfunctory, a matter of form. His inward torture was too great to permit any dissembling.

"I got your note, Nancy," he said in a hurried, unnatural voice, "and luckily I could come. I've got half an hour, perhaps, on my way back. I was ordered to take a squad of new men to another camp this morning. A queer lot! 'Barbarians and Scythians, bond and free,' I guess. Anyway, they didn't talk English. I left them all right, and now I've got to get back; but I saved half an hour for you, dear."

As he spoke he tried to put his arm around her, to lead her to a seat beside him; but she eluded his touch and took a low chair with her back to the window. He dropped into the one opposite and leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, looking at her.

"I felt terribly to miss you at luncheon the other day," he said, as if he was trying to remember, to piece things together, and to seem like himself. "I simply couldn't get there."

His excuses, which sounded so hollow and unnatural, fell on deaf ears. Nancy did not heed them; she was regarding him with something like a rush of pity.

"Harold, you're ill—I never saw you look like this before!"

He straightened himself, putting up a hasty hand, smoothing back his rumpled hair, and trying to smile.

"Nonsense, Nancy! I've never been better. I'm awfully fit!"

"You don't look so. I can't believe you are the same man I saw ten days ago. Are you, Harold?"

Something in her tone, and in the earnest gaze of her beautiful, shadowed eyes, made him start uneasily. He managed to laugh.

"I may have gained a pound or two."

"Oh, I don't think it's a matter of the body. It looks as if you were suffering in your spirit. What is it, Harold?"

"It's nothing!" He was a little impatient. "Nancy, you're angry with me because I didn't come to see you before. You're not like yourself—you're giving me the cold shoulder! Is that why you sent for me?"

He was bluffing, he was playing for time, but he could not conceal his desperate wretchedness.

"No, that isn't why I sent for you. Harold, I've heard all about David and the missing letters, and I can't believe he meant to do wrong. These old people here, and even my mother, insist that he gave them to you. It's all been terrible—and it's hurt me, too. Harold, tell me about it. Make it all clear to me, so that I can tell them!"

Her words had a startling effect upon him. His face turned deeply crimson and his eyes sank under hers. A moment ago he had looked like a man haggard and old beyond his years; now he was more like a schoolboy caught in a serious offense and unable to extricate himself.

"I think it's all pretty clear as far as I'm concerned, isn't it?" he said in a low voice. "I'm sorry for him, deuced sorry, you know, but I haven't the letters."

"I know—they told me. You say he never gave them to you. But, Harold, that day I went to your aunt's luncheon, you didn't come, and I—"

She stopped, blushing even at this moment as she recalled her frantic flight. He looked up puzzled.

"Aunt Diantha told me," he said awkwardly. "I say, Nancy, I'm afraid she was a brute, and she's got me into hot water! Is that it, dearest?"

Nancy shook her head.

"No, no! I went back to the station, and there, at the train gates, I met David. He told me—by accident—that he had seen you and had given you some letters a little while before. Harold, he was so certain of it—I can hear his voice now. What happened? Didn't they slip out of your pocket? Weren't you robbed? What could have happened?"

He lifted his head at that. His face lost its color, but it hardened.

"Nothing could happen, Nancy, to such letters that wouldn't ruin one of us, don't you see?"

"But you're not answering me!" she exclaimed tremulously. "Harold, tell me—make me believe that you never saw them!"

He did not reply. He sat rigidly in his chair, unconsciously twisting his service-cap about in his hands. He was very young and very weak, and he did not measure up to the part that he had cut out for himself. He was making an incredible failure under her clear eyes.

"I thought you were fond of me," he said at last, sullenly. "I can't imagine why you won't believe me. You're—why, you're as good as accusing me! I can't help it if he has to suffer. I—I tell you I'm sorry for him!"

"But you saw him at the Pennsylvania Station?" she persisted.

He stiffened up a little.

"Yes, I did. I've said so all along."

"Then can't you help him, Harold?" she pleaded. "It's terrible for him! You see, I have faith in him—he's always been so honest, so American. And these old people, the Chubbs—they're not related to him, but they're as much distressed as if he were a son. Isn't there something you can do or say, Harold, to help him?"

"What can I say?" he cried impatiently. "Suppose we lost them between us—the letters, I mean—and I attempted to shield him; I should be in the same box in a minute. It turns out that one of them was very important, and there's a deuce of a row about it. I'm lucky to get off at all."

"And you can't even remember what he said to you?"

"No, I can't!" He rose and began to walk about the room, flushed and nervous. "Nancy, I haven't seen you for two weeks—nearly three, in fact—and is this all you've got to say to me? I've had enough of it at the camp. I"—he stopped suddenly and forced a smile—"I'm a terrible cub! Forgive me, Nancy!"

"You were here that night—the night the letters were lost—dining at the Zedlitz house, weren't you, Harold?"

He started. He was taken unawares; then his mind flashed to a memory of Roxanna in the hall. What a fool he was! Of course she knew.

"I came down here for a few hours on business. I—I had business with Zedlitz. I didn't know you were here. If I'd known it, I should have come here; you must know that, Nancy!" He came over and flung himself down on a seat beside her. "I see, you think I've neglected you! That's it, isn't it? And all the while I've loved you better than any one else in the world! Won't you forgive me, dear?"

Nancy turned her pale face toward him. He was alarmed by her eyes; he had never seen them look like that before.

"Harold," she said quietly, "I wasn't even thinking of myself at all. This thing, this disgrace for a good soldier and a friend,

has got hold of me. I was only thinking of that, and of your part in it."

He winced.

"I haven't any part in it. I'm—upon my word, Nancy, I'm as sorry as you are!"

She sighed. Up to the last moment she had hoped that Harold could clear away her doubts and satisfy her. If she believed in him, she would stand by him; but there was nothing either in his words or in his manner to convince her. His look, his air, his very voice, suggested a man who was not telling the whole truth, and who hated himself for it.

As a matter of fact he felt doubly guilty before her—guilty toward his fellow soldier and guilty toward her. She had never looked more lovely. He remembered with a pang those moments with Lucile when he had complained of Nancy's mother, when he had even thought that—if he dared—he would run away with Lucile.

If he dared! That was it, he told himself bitterly; he had been a coward, and he had fallen into the snare. He knew now that it was a snare, and that they had robbed him of the letters.

Yet he dared not accuse them. To do so would spell his own ruin. And, all the while, if he had seen where his best happiness lay, where his heart really was, he would have kept out of his difficulties, would have escaped this misery!

"Nancy," he said abruptly, "we may be ordered to France any day. I think we shall be among the next to go. I don't want to go without feeling that—that you belong to me. Will you marry me, dearest, some day soon?"

As he spoke he leaned forward and took her hands in his, holding them close. She did not try to withdraw them. She let them lie in his grasp for a moment while she lifted her eyes to his face.

"Harold," she replied simply, "unless you can clear this all away, I shall never marry you."

He dropped her hands and recoiled.

"I tell you I can't clear it! You're not just to me!" he cried with indignation. "You—why, you as good as accuse me!"

"I don't accuse you, but you must clear yourself, Harold, for you have been accused to me."

He sprang to his feet again.

"Do you mean to tell me that he—that David has accused me to you?" he demanded passionately.

She shook her head with a sad smile.

"How unlike David that would be! No, it wasn't David. My mother accuses you, Harold. She says you received the letters and lost them."

He turned pale.

"Your mother? What does she know about it, what can she know about it?"

Nancy, who had also risen, came nearer, looking at him searchingly, pityingly.

"I think she knows that Zedlitz has the letters."

"Good Lord!"

The exclamation was wrung from him. He saw ruin yawning at his feet. There were things that he did not know himself. Had Zedlitz betrayed him? Or Lucile? He remembered that Roxanna had once been an inmate of the Zedlitz house, and his worst fears were confirmed. He almost reeled back against the wall, passing his hand over his eyes.

"Harold," said Nancy, "it's true! I can see that it's true—you lost those letters!"

He made no reply, but leaned on the mantel, his head on his hand. Nancy took a step forward and laid her hand, trembling and pitiful, on his arm.

"You must tell them," she said gently. "You'll have to tell them, Harold. You can't let an innocent man suffer for you. If you lost them—if—if they got them away from you, even if you know they stole them, it isn't as bad as if you gave them away. I know you didn't do that!"

"No!" he answered mechanically, bitterly, without apparently considering her. "I didn't do that!"

"Then—then surely there's some excuse! But—whatever may come, you must bear it, Harold. Oh," she pleaded eagerly, passionately, "you've only just remembered it all—isn't that it? You didn't mean to accuse David! Harold, you'll set it right, won't you?"

He made no answer. He was torn by conflicting emotions, horrified at the thought that he might be cornered. Even then it did not reach him that he was a coward not to face it. He thought only of self-preservation.

Then he raised his eyes to Nancy's, and again he thought that he had never seen her more beautiful. He loved her—he was sure now that he loved her. Lucile had bewitched and befooled him, and he had behaved like a cad. He hated Lucile for it!

"Nancy," he exclaimed with sudden passion, "I love you! You're all the world to me. Don't look at me like that!"

But she drew back. "Will you tell them the whole truth, Harold, no matter what it is? Will you clear David?"

He had already tasted the bitterness of such a disgrace, and he could not make up his mind to face it. He was willing to snatch at any straw.

"You're still dreaming!" he said resentfully. "I've never said that it was true—this thing you imagine. You don't love me, or you wouldn't ask me to disgrace and ruin myself. I—I can't do that even for you!"

Nancy said nothing. She walked slowly to the door of the inner room and stood there for an instant, looking at him sadly, appealingly, with tears in her eyes. In that instant it seemed to flash in upon her that her old life had tumbled into ruins; or perhaps it had all been unreal, and this terrible test of her mother's advent into it had dissolved the very tissue of its dream. Even Harold, the Harold whom she had loved, had utterly vanished, and this was a stranger and a weakling. She averted her eyes.

"Good-by!" she said gently and not unkindly.

Then she went out and shut the door behind her, leaving him alone.

XXVIII

SUSAN BLAIR came softly into her husband's library, found her knitting-bag without interrupting him, and quietly seated herself beside the window. She began to pick up some stitches that she had dropped when the cook came to tell her that the fish had not yet arrived for dinner. It was meatless day, and the failure of the fish had meant a hasty revision of the menu. Susan hated to give the judge anything so indigestible as fried oysters, but there are moments when one has to sacrifice safety to necessity, and she had ordered them fried in fritters.

She was thinking of this when she sat down, and she stole a look at her husband to assure herself that it was not, after all, so rash as it would have been four months ago. He was certainly better. He had gained flesh, and there was even a little healthy tan on his face—a reminder of some days of fishing on the lower Saranac; but he was not himself. He had never been

himself since that stormy scene when Nancy and he had parted because the girl felt that she must take pity on her mother.

Susan remembered it with a sigh. She understood Nancy, she could see how the girl felt; but all the while she believed that Roxanna had used her ill-health to work on her daughter's feelings, and the ruin her selfishness had made aroused Mrs. Blair's slow but righteous indignation. Nancy was still Judge Blair's daughter, but never again could she hold her head high, never again could she shake off the scandal of her wayward mother. Such selfishness, Susan thought, and looked lovingly at the picture of Nancy upon the wall behind her husband's chair. How cruel it was, but how inevitable! The child must suffer for the parent's sins.

If Nancy would only come back to them! Of course she would come back, Susan supposed, for she would have to divide her time between her mother and her father; but the thing was done—it could never be undone now! That wretched, selfish, wayward woman—what could she be like to bring such misfortune on an innocent girl whom they had tried so hard to protect? And to keep her in such a place, too! Susan thought of those small, hot upper rooms, over the shop, and then her eye traveled over the familiar library, with its wealth of good books, and the sedate old-fashioned drawing-room beyond. How Nancy must miss them!

From where she sat she could see the bay window. She remembered how often Nancy had stood there, looking toward the park, and telling her of the progress of the leaves as they came out in the spring or gradually dropped in the autumn and whirled aimlessly along the street. Nancy had always liked the house; it was her home. How intolerable to take her out of it, even for a while, and to make it seem different to her forever!

The knitting dropped on Susan's lap, and she looked again at her husband. She longed to talk to him, but she dared not. He had been terribly angry. He was writing steadily, busily, occasionally looking for a reference or turning a page. He had entirely forgotten her.

Susan rose, knitting and all, and walked slowly into the drawing-room. It was just as usual, the same gleam of dull gold frames, the same glimmer of polished wood, the old candelabrum on the table by the

door; but it lacked flowers. Nancy had always had flowers. It was like a breath of youth, that perfume of flowers; it had gone with Nancy.

Susan sighed again and looked out of the window. Almost at the steps she saw a tall, graceful, black-clad figure and a tragic face. She recoiled with a gasp. It was that woman again!

A panic seized her. She did not know what to do, but she felt that she must do something, for Roxanna had ascended the steps and rung the bell.

The judge, who was still writing, did not hear it, but he felt his wife's trembling touch on his shoulder.

"Sedgwick," she panted, "she's here again! She's just rung the bell!"

He looked up in surprise.

"What do you mean?" he asked with a little impatience.

His wife was flushed and unhappy.

"I mean Roxanna," she whispered.

"What shall I say? The girl's going to the door."

He laid down his pen.

"I'll see her," he said grimly.

Susan, bent on flight, made for the door, but she was too late. Roxanna had followed the servant down the hall, and they came face to face. Mrs. Blair drew back as if she was the guilty party, and the judge rose slowly to his feet; but Roxanna came in and shut the door behind her.

"Don't go," she said to Susan as the latter turned toward the drawing-room, the nearest haven of refuge. "I have very little to say, and I can say it to you both. In a way, it concerns you both."

As she spoke, she moved slowly across the room until she faced her former husband. She was very calm. Her old tempestuous self seemed to have disappeared; she was more like a woman who had been drawn through such mortal agony that all the life had been dragged out of her.

Judge Blair seemed to realize it, and some of his pitiless anger against her died down. He offered a chair.

"Sit down, Roxanna," he said. "You still look ill."

But she refused the chair and remained standing.

"I'm not ill. I am so strong that I'm able to take up work again. But I didn't come here to tell you that. Of course you know of the trouble about David Locke? You must have heard of it."

"Yes," replied the judge. "Mrs. Blair's nephew, young McVeagh, has told us something of it. I can't understand it. I believe there's a mistake. In fact, I am going down to the camp to see about it, to see if I can do anything."

"It will not be necessary," replied Roxanna. "The papers were found this morning in the Zedlitz house. You remember"—she looked at him now, and something like a flame leaped in her tragic eyes—"you remember their accusation of me? It was all false. They wanted to discredit me because I suspected them. When this thing happened, and I saw how David must suffer—as I had suffered—I guessed what it was. I knew—I had been told by Marion Grant and by Mr. Chubb—that Harold was mad about Lucile. The night the letters were lost I was down-stairs. It was midnight, and I was talking to David Locke at the door, when Harold came in. He had been at the Zedlitz house, and he showed that he was in great distress of mind. David spoke of the letters, and Harold denied receiving them. After he had gone, I talked with David, and I guessed what had happened. I went to the Zedlitz house and found out."

The judge interrupted her sharply.

"You were always headlong, Roxanna! How did you find out? This is serious—this ruins Harold McVeagh."

"And he's engaged to Nancy!" cried Susan, forgetting herself.

Roxanna smiled sadly.

"Let me finish," she replied. "There's a girl there, a servant at the Zedlitz house—I did her a kindness once, and she promised to return it. I went there that night and saw her. She knew what had happened, for she has been little more than a spy there. She knew that Lucile brought Harold home to dinner in her motor. It was a pleasant afternoon, and he went out to the tennis-court and took off his coat to play a match with Zedlitz. The girl saw Zedlitz's man get the letters out of the coat pocket. When Harold missed the letters, she said he was like a crazy man, and Lucile took him down and showed him the mysterious cellar—the cellar where they hatch their plots. Then he went away, still like a madman. Lucile was in a mad mood, too; she terrified her maid. Harold thought Zedlitz had taken the papers with him. Grampian dined there—after he interviewed me for you," she added bit-

terly, "and Zedlitz took him to the station. It was then that Lucile showed Harold the cellar and frightened the maid. The letters were in the house all the time—I made sure of that; then I told Nancy to question Harold. I gave him a chance to tell the truth, but he wouldn't. He wouldn't deny it, and he wouldn't admit it. Nancy saw that he had lied to save himself, and she broke her engagement."

Susan Blair sank into a chair.

"I—I can't believe it of Harold!"

The judge said nothing. He was leaning one hand heavily on the table, and his eyes were fixed on his first wife.

"It's proved by this time," said Roxanna coldly. "I told the authorities, and Zedlitz and Lucile were both arrested. They found the letters in the house."

"When did this happen?" the judge demanded sternly. "This is terrible! Harold is a nephew of ours, he's an officer, and it's intolerable!"

"He didn't mean to do it," Roxanna replied more kindly. "That's quite clear. Lucile has confessed, to save herself. She always quarreled with Zedlitz, and she's given it all away. The Secret Service men found important papers and sketches in the cellar. There was a code-book, and there's a report that they had advance information about the transports."

Judge Blair turned a stern face toward his wife.

"Susan, I fear I can do nothing. Harold will have to suffer for it; and he ought to suffer for it. It means disgrace, of course, for him."

Poor Susan Blair wiped away a tear.

"Oh, Sedgwick," she cried, "I'm thinking of Nancy! This is terrible for her, poor child!"

He glanced across at Roxanna, and his look was eloquent. It seemed to accuse her of all this accumulated misery.

"This is your handiwork," it said plainly. "Why didn't you leave Nancy alone?"

But Roxanna met the judge's glance calmly.

"That's all I have to say, I think, about Harold," she went on in a strange voice—a voice unlike her own; "but I want you to know that Lucile, when she told her story, exonerated me. She was very frank. She said that Zedlitz was afraid of me; he thought I knew more than I did, and he accused me to discredit me, to get me out of the way. I want you to know that I

was innocent, and I want you to tell Nancy."

Judge Blair looked at her sternly.

"I regret it," he said. "I regret the mortification of it, both for you and for Nancy."

There was a silence. His answer had been like the thrust of a knife in an old wound, and Susan Blair shivered. Her pity for Roxanna softened her misery over Harold and Nancy. She dared not look up, but after a moment she heard the other woman's voice again.

"I know what you mean," Roxanna said quietly. "You mean that I've made Nancy share my disgrace—that my revenge on you was to ruin my own child's happiness. But it wasn't that. I longed for her, I wanted her love—just as much as you do! I had repented, and I thought I might have that happiness. I was a fool! I couldn't have what I had thrown away—I know it now. I've made her bear it all; I've even seen people slight her—"

Mrs. Blair made an involuntary little exclamation, a cry of protest.

"No, no—not Nancy!"

"Yes, Nancy," the other woman replied gently. "I've made her suffer for me; but she shall bear no more, if I can help it. I came here to-night to tell you about Harold, and to ask you to go to her. She loves you as her mother. She doesn't know that I'm going away, and she'll need you when she does. I shall never trouble her again, but I shall love her. Ah!" Roxanna's face quivered, and she looked from one to the other. "I am punished! I love her better than life, and I can give her nothing but misery. She's better without me. Go to her and take care of her. I'm going away to-night!"

As she finished speaking, she moved toward the door. The judge roused himself. He was almost stunned by Roxanna's words, but he snatched at the fact that deliverance was coming to Nancy. His daughter would come back to him!

"Where are you going?" he asked, not unkindly.

Roxanna turned her pale face toward them again, and this time she smiled. Her eyes had fallen on the etching of the cathedral of Rheims, that mute symbol of French martyrdom; and a light came into them.

"I'm going to France," she replied simply. "I have been a nurse. Nancy doesn't know it, but I've volunteered and been

accepted. I can do that. I've been doing a selfish, a wicked thing, to kill my girl's happiness, and now I want to make a sacrifice, any kind of a sacrifice, to atone for it. I'd be willing to give my life!"

Involuntarily Susan Blair rose from her chair and went to the other woman, holding out her hands, tears in her eyes.

"I—I'm so sorry!" she stammered. "I know!"

Roxanna took her hands and held them a moment. The two women looked at each other.

"Be good to her," whispered Roxanna with white lips. "You have her heart—she loves you and trusts you. I'm only what I've made myself—an outcast!"

XXIX

It was rather late the next morning when Mrs. Chubb hung up the receiver of the telephone and came into the shop with shining eyes. She had to wait for a while before she could speak to her husband. The old man was busily engaged in despatching some customers, and Nancy's place at the bookkeeper's desk was empty. Mrs. Chubb glanced toward it, and, realizing that help was needed, did up some of the packages.

Finally the last purchaser drifted out, and there was a lull, as often happens toward the noon hour.

"Aloysius," said his wife, "David's coming. Yes, I declare he's coming to-day—an' it's all right!"

Pap grunted.

"I know it's all right. I guess Harold ain't goin' to agree with you, though."

"I'm afraid he'll have a bad time," she sighed regretfully. "I'm sorry, but I guess likely it 'll do him good."

"Maybe it will, and maybe it won't. There's a good many people beginning to find out that you can't do wrong without gettin' punished some way."

"You mean Nancy's mother? Poor child, she's feelin' bad over that letter. As far as I can make out, Roxanna's done the best thing—she's gone to be a Red Cross nurse; but the poor child feels as if she'd shown that she wasn't happy with her."

Pap Chubb smiled grimly.

"I guess it wouldn't have took a magnifying-glass to find that out. I s'pose I'm out a bookkeeper!"

"Of course you are. I forgot to tell you the judge phoned, too. The Blairs are

coming down to the house here for a month."

"Goin' to build a barn-fire an' celebrate?" asked Mr. Chubb dryly. "By the way, Martha, they found a lot of stuff—papers an' such like—in the Zedlitzes' cellar. I went down there an' collected that last flag. It kind o' hurt me to have it there. I paid 'em—the marshal's men—ten dollars for it. Say, I sold it to Zedlitz for seven!"

"Well, if that ain't just like you!" Mrs. Chubb was on her way up-stairs. "Aloysius, you see that the service-flag is up full staff. It's caught on the rose-vine now. I—dear me, I wonder—"

She paused. Pap was innocently engaged in checking up his sales, his spectacles mounted and his brows knit. She did not finish her sentence; but went up-stairs, moving rather slowly and panting a little, for she was stout. She wanted to pour out her heart. She was very fond of David, and his complete vindication had touched her deeply; but she was afraid to talk too much to Nancy. She did not know how the girl felt about Harold.

She found Nancy sitting beside the window, with a letter in her lap. Mrs. Chubb knew it was the letter that Roxanna had left behind for her, and she longed to comfort the girl, but she dared not. She achieved, instead, a cheerful smile.

"My dear," she said, "I've just got a message for you over the phone. Your father says he an' Mrs. Blair are comin' down to the house here for a month, an' will you please go over this afternoon an' see that dinner is ready for them at six o'clock."

A deep flush went up over Nancy's pale face.

"Oh!" she cried.

Then she stopped, ashamed of the thrill of joy that swept over her. Her hand closed on the letter in her lap.

"If there's anything that I can do to help?" suggested Mrs. Chubb timidly.

Nancy smiled.

"I think not, dear Mrs. Chubb. You see, there are plenty of flowers in the garden, and the grapes are ripe. The cook must have come down this morning, for mama always sends her ahead."

She stopped short with a shock. How easy it was to fall back and think of Susan—kind, even-tempered Susan—as "mama"! She rose from her seat with a desperate little gesture of sorrow.

"Oh, Mrs. Chubb, I ought to have gone down to help, but—but I just couldn't to-day!" She looked pitifully at the older woman. "I could only think of my mother's last letter!"

Mrs. Chubb nodded, fingering her apron.

"Don't take on, dear, don't! It's—it's best, I know it's best!"

Nancy dashed away her tears.

"She asks me not to grieve. I—I did try to do my best. Do—do you think I did my best, Mrs. Chubb? You saw us together."

"I know you did! Why, Mr. Chubb thinks you're a wonder. I—I don't know what to say, I'm so happy about David; but, Miss Nancy, we don't know what to say because—"

"Because of Harold." Nancy looked at her sadly. "Yes, it's terrible. He's mama's nephew; but it had to be set right. I'm so glad, too, for David."

"He's comin' to-day," said Mrs. Chubb. "He's been sent about the Zedlitz house, and he said he'd stop here. Would—would you like to see him, Miss Nancy?"

Nancy looked out of the window, and blushed so beautifully that Mrs. Chubb was startled.

"Please tell him, when he comes, that—if he has time—I should like to see him. I'm going over to the house now. I shall be there until father comes."

When Mrs. Chubb was gone Nancy knelt down beside the window, and laying her mother's letter on the sill, read it again.

It was substantially the letter that Roxanna had written that night when the recognition of David's willingness to be silent for Nancy's sake, because he thought Nancy loved Harold, had done so much to break down her own selfishness; but the end of the letter was different. She had written then that at last she had learned the inevitable lesson that we reap as we sow, and that she could never recover the happiness she had lost; but afterward she added the greater truth that had been borne in upon her—that her repentance could never save her until she had made it real by an act of self-sacrifice, of self-immolation. She was doing that now. She was going to give her daughter up to her old life, to her father's care, to happiness again; and she was going to give herself to good works, to hardship, to the saving of others, until she could feel that she had worked out her own salvation.

"Sin must be paid for," she wrote, "and I have been making you pay with me. It was wrong, dear, and I ought to suffer for it; but I sha'n't suffer if I know you are happy again."

"If I know you are happy again!" The words came back to Nancy a little later, when she entered the old house that she loved so well. It had never seemed to her so beautiful, so real, so familiar. A rush of joy filled her. She was ashamed of it, but she could not resist it.

She ran from room to room, arranging the dear, familiar things, looking at the very pictures on the walls as if she had never seen them before, touching the keys of the piano with fond, caressing fingers. She was careful to order just the dinner that she knew her father liked best, and she went into the garden herself to gather the lettuce and the fruit. She found that the peaches were ripe, and she gathered some roses and carried them into the hall; but she could not put them there, for they brought back that terrible scene when her mother had claimed her.

She stood thinking of it, thinking that it was strange, like a dream. That very morning Roxanna had sailed on a Red Cross ship for Europe. She had gone out of her daughter's life again like a shadow.

Nancy carried the roses into the drawing-room, and was arranging them there, when she heard a step on the gravel path below the window and looked out. It was David Locke. For an instant she stood silent, thinking of Harold McVeagh, of the terrible thing that had happened to him, and then she opened the long window on the veranda.

"Won't you come in here?" she said gently.

David looked up at her, and his face flushed. How tall and strong he looked, she thought, how blue-eyed, and how tremendously a soldier!

She was blushing, too, as she held out her hand. Their youth made them suddenly like two children, shy of each other. She spoke at last.

"I'm so thankful for you. But—poor Harold!"

He winced a little. He thought she loved the sinner still.

"Miss Nancy, I want to tell you everything. I don't know whether it will make it harder for you or not. Harold told them the full truth—of his own accord, before it

came out. He went to the colonel and told him the whole story. It was brave of him, and I hope it will help him. I did all I could to make it lighter. It was brave to go and set things right at such terrible cost. It was very brave, Miss Nancy, and I don't think he was himself when he denied it. Those people had got the letters away, and he was mad—mad with anxiety and dismay. You see, he says General Goldsmith was away when he went to the hotel, so he had time on his hands, and he came down here. He doesn't excuse it, but we know he never meant to lose the letters. I want you to know that I did all I could. It's been a grief to me that I seemed to be in it, to have to hurt him, when—when I knew you cared!"

"You mean that you think I love Harold?"

He looked up quickly and met her eyes. They were not full of tears, as he had feared, or even of dismay. They were looking at him so kindly, so hopefully, that he did not know what to make of it. He had come there thinking how hard it was for her!

"I—yes, I did," he replied almost bluntly.

She turned her eyes away and looked pensively at the roses that she had been arranging.

"I thought so myself," she said gently; "but I know now I never did really. I have broken the engagement, David."

He said nothing. A great light came into his eyes, and then they clouded. His glance had passed from her slender figure, in the simple cotton dress that she had worn in Mr. Chubb's shop, to the richly toned old room, the air of substantial wealth, the things that belonged to her and that he could never give her.

"You've lifted a load from my heart," he said at last, in a sober voice. "I could think of nothing but you—how it would wound and distress and mortify you. I

would have done anything, given anything, to spare you!"

Nancy took her mother's letter out of her pocket and held it in her hand. In that letter Roxanna had told her of David's confession of his love for her.

"David," she said gently, "Harold never cared for me after he knew about—my mother. I offered him his freedom then, but he refused it. He declared that what had happened made no difference, and yet I knew it did. Do you know about her—that she's gone?"

She lifted her eyes to his face, and they were full of tears.

"Yes," he replied simply. "I know. She was kind to me." He got up with an effort of self-control and held out his hand. "I suppose I must go—"

But Nancy did not take his hand. She saw the effort he was making to hide his heart.

"Why are you going?" she asked softly.

He raised his head at that.

"I'm going because if I stay I shall offend you. You're Judge Blair's daughter, and I'm only a soldier. If I stay, I shall tell you the truth. I'm human, you know, and—if you look at me like that, Nancy, I shall surely tell you the truth!"

"There's nothing nobler or better than a soldier of freedom, and I'm proud of you, David!" She smiled, and there was something of the old Nancy, tantalizing and sweet, in that smile. "Why don't you tell me the truth, David?"

"I think you know it!" he exclaimed reproachfully. Then he took a step toward her and caught her hands in his. "Are you only mocking me, Nancy?" he said passionately. "You know I love you—I have always loved you!"

"Yes," she replied softly, "I know—my mother told me in this letter."

"You know? Nancy, is it possible that—"

"I—I'm glad, David!"

THE END

WITH OUR SOLDIERS

I COULD not join them as I saw them marching,
 Since I have known too many winters' snow;
 But 'neath whatever sky is over-arching,
 My longing heart still keeps step as they go!

Clinton Scollard

